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# A TALE OF TWO CITIES

*(Charles Dickens)*

FOR

INTERMEDIATE STUDENTS

ABRIDGED & ADAPTED

BY

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AND

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## INTRODUCTION

Charles Dickens was born in 1812, the year Napoleon's army met disaster at Moscow, and died in 1870, the year of Franco-Prussian War. His early life was far from happy and he had very little of formal education—in fact, he left school at the age of fifteen after about three years there. He started writing for publication in 1833 and continued to the end. Dickens has a host of novels and stories to his credit.

Dickens, as a novelist, has two outstanding qualities. One, as a story-teller of town life, particularly of London of his time, he is unrivalled. He knew from personal experience the life of the streets, offices, and the courts of law. In this respect he was the first genuine story-teller. The other quality of his was that he made the novel an instrument for social reform. He appealed to the social conscience of his time with a smile on his lips and without much sermonizing. He was the first story-teller of genius who took common-place people for his raw material and showed us the little comedies and tragedies of their everyday lives, touched richly with his humour and over-flowing sympathy.

France was never out of men's minds in England during the lifetime of Dickens. In 1837 Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution* made a deep impression on men's minds, on that of Dickens more so. It is on a dramatic episode of the French Revolution that *A Tale of Two Cities* turns.

This novel was first brought out serially in 1859 in the weekly numbers of the journal, *All The Year Round*. That very year it was published in book form with illustrations by Hablot Brown. The two cities are London and Paris; the time is that of the French Revolution; that makes the story the most dramatic and absorbing that Dickens ever wrote. The story moves from England to France and back again, finally to settle down in Paris. England was then under George III and we have pictures of London as it was then—with its 'justice' as the old Bailey trial, and its banks and body-snatchers. Dickens the reformer is not absent from these scenes.

The main thread of the story relates to France and the French Revolution. It is the background to the tale and gives its semi-historical quality to the novel. The plot is constructed with care from the opening of the story in 1775, when Dr. Manette is brought away from Paris, through old Bailey trial in 1780 and Darnay's marriage (1782) to the outbreak of Revolution in 1789 and the arrest and escape of Darnay in 1793. In his relation of the story, however, Dickens uses great restraint, for he describes gruesome scenes only so far as they are relevant to the plot.

Characters like Sydney Carton, Darnay, Madame Defarge, Miss Pross, Jerry Cruncher, Lucie and Dr. Manette are not easy to forget. Of course, Dickens gives us his grotesque characters in Jerry Cruncher and the



faithful Miss Pross, and the exaggerated ones in Defarge and his wife. Carton is a character of high type.

Of humour, which we associate with Dickens, there is not much, and whatever little we have is usually of a grim quality. This is in the scenes where Jerry Cruncher and Miss Pross figure, and there is a sprinkling of it here and there.

The dramatic quality of such scenes as the taking of the Bastille, the escape from prison and the end at the guillotine, to point out a few, is such as will not fail to absorb the reader's attention. The story is one of action and character. The novel has been dramatized more than once, and recently as a great success as *The Only Way*.

The novel has its value also in the description of the coach-ride, Dover inn and Tellson's Bank. There is a quiet dignity and colouring about these.

The element of love is there in the story of Lucie Manette and Darnay. But through the chequered and pathos-laden story of Darnay and Lucie, through all the episodes of the story, runs the hopeless devotion of Sydney Carton for the heroine. In the novel self-sacrifice sounds like an undersong and reaches its climax in the ascending of Carton on to the guillotine for the husband of the woman he loved. That is quiet heroism.

All these qualities combine to make *A Tale of Two Cities* a story of exceptional appeal.



## CHAPTER I

### THE MAIL

*moving with great difficulty*  
It was the Dover road that lay, on a Friday night late in November, before the first of the persons with whom this history has business. The Dover road lay, as to him, beyond the Dover mail, as it lumbered up Shooter's Hill. He walked uphill in the mire by the side of the mail, as the rest of the passengers did; not because they had the least relish for walking exercise, under the circumstances, but because the hill, and the harness, and the mud, and the mail, were all so heavy, that the horses had three times already come to a stop, besides once drawing the coach across the road, with the mutinous intent of taking it back to Blackheath.

*blind*      *shaking*      *shaking*  
With drooping heads and tremulous tails, they mashed their way through the thick mud, floundering and stumbling between whiles as if they were falling to pieces at the larger joints. As often as the driver rested them and brought them to a stand, with a wary "Wo-ho! So-ho then!" the near leader violently shook his head and everything upon it—like an unusually emphatic horse, denying that the coach could be got up the hill. Whenever the leader made this rattle, the passenger started, as a nervous passenger might, and was disturbed in mind. *now*

*moving up*  
There was a steaming mist in all the hollows, and it had roamed up the hill, like an evil spirit, seeking rest and finding none. It was dense enough to shut out everything from the light of the coach lamps but these its own workings, and a few yards of road. *deep*

*moving in difficulty*  
Two other passengers, besides the one, were plodding up the hill by the side of the mail. All three were wrapped to the cheek-bones and over the ears, and wore boots. Not one of the three could have said, from anything he saw, what either of the other two was like.



"Wo-ho !" said the coachman. "So, then ! One more pull and you're at the top and be damned to you, for I have had trouble enough to get you to it !—Joe !"

"Halloa !" the guard replied.

"What o'clock do you make it, Joe ?"

"Ten minutes, good, past eleven." *pained*

"My blood !" ejaculated the vexed coachman, "and not atop of Shooter's yet ! Tst ! Yah ! Get on with you !"

Once more the Dover mail struggled on, with the jack-boots of its passengers *creating noise* squashing along by its side. They had stopped when the coach stopped, and they kept close company with it. If any one of the three had had the hardihood to propose to another to walk on a little ahead into the mist and darkness, he would have put himself in a fair way of getting shot instantly as a highwayman. *good change & foolishness*

The last burst carried the mail to the summit of the hill. The horses stopped to breathe again, and the guard got down to skid the wheel for the descent, and open the coach door to let the passengers in. *remove mud / going down*

"Tst ! Joe !" cried the coachman in a warning voice, looking down from his box.

"What do you say, Tom ?"

They both listened. *gallop*

"I say a horse at a canter coming up, Joe."

"I say a horse at a gallop, Tom," returned the guard, leaving his hold of the door, and mounting nimbly to his place. "Gentlemen ! In the king's name, all of you !" *run*

With this hurried adjuration he cocked his blunderbuss, and stood on the offensive. The passenger was on the coach step, getting in ; the two other passengers were close behind him, and about to follow. He remained on the step, half in the coach and half out of it ; they remained in the road below him. They all looked from the coachman to the guard, and from the guard to the coachman, and listened.

The sound of a horse at a gallop came fast and furiously up the hill.



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"So-ho !" the guard sang out, as loud as he could roar.  
 "You there ! Stand ! I shall fire !"

The pace was suddenly checked, and, with much splashing and floundering, a man's voice called from the mist, "Is that the Dover mail ?"

"Never you mind what it is ?" the guard retorted. "What are you ?"

"Is that the Dover mail ?"

"Why do you want to know ?"

"I want a passenger, if it is."

"What passenger ?"

"Mr. Jarvis Lorry."

Our passenger showed in a moment that it was his name. The guard, the coachman, and the two other passengers eyed him distrustfully. *with no trust.*

"Keep where you are," the guard called to the voice in the mist, "because, if I should make a mistake, it could never be set right in your life-time. Gentleman of the name of Lorry answer straight."

*Shook* "What is the matter ?" asked the passenger, then, with mildly quivering speech. "Who wants me ? Is it Jerry ?"

("I don't like Jerry, voice, if it is Jerry," growled the guard to himself. "He's hoarser than suits me, is Jerry").

"Yes, Mr. Lorry".

"What is the matter ?"

*message* "A despatch sent after you from over yonder. T. and Co."

"I know this messenger, guard," said Mr. Lorry, getting down into the road—assisted from behind more swiftly than politely by the other two passengers, who immediately scrambled into the coach, shut the door, and pulled up the window.

"He may come close ; there's nothing wrong."

"I hope there ain't, but I can't make so sure of that," said the guard, in gruff soliloquy. *call to himself*

"Hallo, you !"



"Well ! And hallo you !" said Jerry, more hoarsely than before.

"Come on at a footpace ; d'ye mind me ? And if you've got holsters to that saddle o' yourn, don't let me see your hand go nigh 'em. For I'm a devil at a quick mistake, and when I make one it takes the form of lead. So now let's look at you."

The figures of a horse and rider came slowly through the mist, and came to the side of the mail where the passenger stood. The rider stopped, and casting up his eyes at the guard, handed the passenger a small folded paper. The rider's horse was blown, and both horse and rider were covered with mud, from the hoofs of the horse to the hat of the man.

"Guard !" said the passenger, in a tone of quiet, business confidence.

The watchful guard, with his right hand at the stock of his raised blunderbuss, his left at the barrel, and his eye on the horseman, answered curtly, "Sir."

"There is nothing to apprehend. I belong to Tellson's Bank. You must know Tellson's Bank in London. I am going to Paris on business. A crown to drink. I may read this ?"

"If so be as you're quick, sir."

He opened it in the light of the coach lamp on that side, and read—first to himself and then aloud : ("Wait at Dover for Mam'selle.") It's not long, you see, guard. Jerry, say that my answer was, (RECALLED TO LIFE.)

Jerry started in his saddle. "That's a blazing strange answer, too," said he, at his hoarsest.

"Take that message back, and they will know that I received this, as well as if I wrote. Make the best of your way. Good-night."

With those words the passenger opened the coach door and got in ; not at all assisted by his fellow-passengers, who had expeditiously secreted their watches and purses in their boots, and were now making a general pretence of being asleep.

The coach lumbered on again, with heavier wreaths of mist closing round it as it began the descent.



Jerry, left alone in the <sup>excited</sup> mist and darkness, dismounted meanwhile, not only to ease his spent horse, but to wipe the mud from his face, and shake the wet out of his hat-brim. After standing with the bridle over his arm, until the wheels of the mail were no longer within hearing and the night was quite still again, he turned to walk down the hill.

"'Recalled to life.' That's a blazing strange message. Much of that wouldn't do for you, Jerry! I say, Jerry! You'd be in a blazing bad way, if recalling to life was to come into fashion, Jerry!"

He rode back at an easy trot, stopping pretty often at ale-houses by the way to drink, but evincing a tendency to keep his own counsel, and to keep his hat cocked over his eyes.

The mail-coach lumbered, jolted, rattled and bumped upon its tedious way, with its three passengers inside. As the bank passenger nodded in his place with half-shut eyes, the little coach windows, and the coach lamp dimly gleaming through them, and the bulky bundle of opposite passenger, became the bank, and did a great stroke of business.

But though the bank was almost always with him, there was another current of impression that never ceased to run, all through the night. He was on his way to dig some one out of a grave.

Now, which of the multitude of faces that showed themselves before him was the true face of the buried person, the shadows of the night did not indicate; but they were all the face of a man of five-and-forty by years. The face was in the main one face, and every head was prematurely white. A hundred times the dozing passenger inquired of the spectre; "Buried how long?"

The answer was always the same. "Almost eighteen years."

"You had abandoned all hope of being dug out?"

"Long ago."

"You know that you are recalled to life?"

"They tell me so."

"I hope you care to live?"

"I can't say."



“Shall I show her to you ? Will you come and see her ?”

The answers to this question were various and contradictory. Sometimes the broken reply was, “Wait ! It would kill me if I saw her too soon.” Sometimes it was given in a tender rain of tears, and then it was, “Take me to her.” Sometimes it was staring and bewildered, and then it was, “I don’t know her. I don’t understand.”

After such imaginary discourse, the passenger in his fancy would dig, and dig, dig—now with a spade, now with a great key, now with his hands—to dig this wretched creature out. Got out at last, with earth hanging about his face and hair, he would suddenly fall away to dust. The passenger would then start to himself, and lower the window, to get the reality of mist and rain on his cheek.

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## CHAPTER II

### THE PREPARATION

When the mail got successfully to Dover, in the course of the forenoon, the head drawer at the Royal George Hotel opened the coach door as his custom was.

“There will be a packet to Calais to-morrow, drawer ?”

“Yes, sir, if the weather holds and the wind sets tolerable fair. The tide will serve pretty nicely at about two in the afternoon, sir. Bed, sir ?”

“I shall not go to bed till night, but I want a bedroom, and a barber.”

“And then breakfast, sir ? Yes, sir. That way, sir, if you please. Show Concord ! Gentleman’s valise and hot water to Concord. Pull off gentleman’s boots in Concord. (You will find a fine sea-coal fire, sir.) Fetch barber to Concord. Stir about there, now, for Concord !”



"I wish accommodation prepared for a young lady who may come here at any time to-day. She may ask for Mr. Jarvis Lorry, or she may only ask for a gentleman from Tellson's Bank. Please to let me know."

"Yes, sir. Tellson's Bank in London, sir?"

"Yes".

As the day declined into the afternoon, and the air, which had been at intervals clear enough to allow the French coast to be seen, became again charged with mist and vapour, Mr. Lorry's thoughts seemed to cloud too. When it was dark, and he sat before the coffee-room fire, awaiting his dinner as he had awaited his breakfast, his mind was busily digging, digging, digging, in the live red coals.

Mr. Lorry had been idle a long time, and had just poured out his last glassful of wine with as complete an appearance of satisfaction as is ever to be found in an elderly gentleman of a fresh complexion who has got to the end of a bottle, when a rattling of wheels came up the narrow street, and rumbled into the inn-yard.

He set down his glass untouched. "This is Mam'selle!" said he.

In a very few minutes the waiter came in to announce that Miss Manette had arrived from London, and would be happy to see the gentleman from Tellson's.

"So soon?"

Miss Manette had taken some refreshment on the road, and required none then, and was extremely anxious to see the gentleman from Tellson's immediately, if it suited his pleasure and convenience.

The gentleman from Tellson's had nothing left for it but to empty his glass with an air of stolid desperation, settle his odd little flaxen wig at the ears, and follow the waiter to Miss Manette's apartment. It was a large, dark room, furnished in a funeral manner with black horsehair, and loaded with heavy dark tables.

The obscurity was so difficult to penetrate that Mr. Lorry, picking his way over the well-worn Turkey carpet, supposed



Miss Manette to be, for the moment, in some adjacent room, until, having got past two tall candles, he saw standing to receive him by the table between them and the fire, a young lady of not more than seventeen, in a riding-cloak, and still holding her straw travelling hat by its ribbon, in her hand. As his eyes rested on a short, slight, pretty figure, a quantity of golden hair, a pair of blue eyes that met his own with an inquiring look, a sudden vivid likeness passed before him, of a child whom he had held in his arms on the passage across that very Channel, one cold time, when the hail drifted heavily and the sea ran high. The likeness passed away and he made his formal bow to Miss Manette.

"Pray take a seat, sir." In a very clear and pleasant young voice ; a little foreign in its accent, but a very little indeed.

"I kiss your hand, Miss," said Mr. Lorry, with the manners of an earlier date, as he made his formal bow again, and took his seat.

"I received a letter from the Bank, sir, yesterday, informing me that some new intelligence—or discovery—"

"The word is not material, miss ; either word will do."

"—respecting the small property of my poor father whom I never saw—so long dead—."

"—rendered it necessary that I should go to Paris, there to communicate with a gentleman of the Bank, so good as to be despatched to Paris for the purpose."

"Myself."

"As I was prepared to hear, sir."

She curtsied to him (young ladies made curtsies in those days), with a pretty desire to convey to him that she felt how much older and wiser he was than she. He made her another bow.

"I replied to the Bank, sir, that as it was considered necessary, by those who know, and who are so kind as to advise me, that I should go to France, and that as I am an orphan and have no friend who could go with me, I should esteem it highly if I might be permitted to place myself, during



the journey, under that worthy gentleman's protection. The gentleman had left London, but I think a messenger was sent after him to beg the favour of his waiting for me here."

"I was happy," said Mr. Lorry, "to be entrusted with the charge. I shall be more happy to execute it."

"Sir, I thank you indeed. I thank you very gratefully. It was told me by the Bank that the gentleman would explain to me the details of the business, and that I must prepare myself to find them of a surprising nature. I have done my best to prepare myself, and I naturally have a strong and eager interest to know what they are."

"Naturally," said Mr. Lorry. "Yes—I—" After a pause he added, "It is very difficult to begin."

"Are you quite a stranger to me, sir?"

"Am I not?" Mr. Lorry opened his hands, and extended them outward with a smile. He watched her as she mused, and the moment she raised her eyes again, went on—

"In your adopted country, I presume, I cannot do better than address you as a young English lady, Miss Manette?"

"If you please, sir."

"Miss Manette, I am a man of business. I have a business charge to acquit myself of. In your reception of it, don't heed me any more than if I was a speaking machine—truly, I am not much else. I will, with your leave, relate to you, miss, the story of one of our customers. He was a French gentleman, a scientific gentleman, a man of great acquirements—a Doctor."

"Not of Beauvais?"

"Why, yes, of Beauvais. Like Monsieur Manette, your father, the gentleman was of Beauvais. Like Monsieur Manette, your father, the gentleman was of repute in Paris. I had the honour of knowing him there. Our relations were business relations, but confidential. I was at that time in our French house, and had been—oh! twenty years."

"At that time—I may ask, at what time, sir?"

"I speak, miss, of twenty years ago. He married—an English lady—and I was one of the trustees. His affairs, like the affairs of many other French gentlemen and French families,



were entirely in Tellson's hands. In a similar way, I am, or I have been, trustee of one kind or other for scores of our customers. These are mere business relations, miss ; there is no friendship in them, no particular interest, nothing like sentiment. I have passed from one to another, in the course of my business life, just as I pass from one of our customers to another in the course of my business day ; in short, I have no feelings ; I am a mere machine. To go on—"

"But this is my father's story, sir ; and I begin to think that when I was left an orphan, through my mother's surviving my father only two years, it was you who brought me to England. I am almost sure it was you."

Mr. Lorry took the hesitating little hand that confidently advanced to take his, and he put it with some ceremony to his lips.

"Miss Manette, it *was* I. And you will see how truly I spoke of myself just now, in saying I had no feelings, and that all the relations I hold with my fellow-creatures are mere business relations, when you reflect that I have never seen you since. No ; you have been the ward of Tellson's house since and I have been busy with the other business of Tellson's house since. Feelings ! I have no time for them, no chance of them. I pass my whole life, miss, in turning an immense pecuniary Mangle. So far, miss (as you have remarked) , this is the story of your regretted father. Now comes the difference. If your father had not died when he did—Don't be frightened ! How you start !"

She did, indeed, start. And she caught his wrist with both her hands.

"Pray," said Mr. Lorry, in a soothing tone, bringing his left hand from the back of the chair to lay it on the fingers that clasped him in so violent a tremble—"pray control your agitation—a matter of business. As I was saying—".

Her look so discomposed him that he stopped, wandered, and began anew :

"As I was saying, if Monsieur Manette had not died ; if he had suddenly and silently disappeared ; if he had been spirited away ; if it had not been difficult to guess to what dreadful



place, though no art could trace him ; if he had an enemy in some compatriot who could exercise a privilege, for instance, the privilege of filling up blank forms for the consignment of any one to the oblivion of a prison for any length of time ; if his wife had implored the king, the queen, the court, the clergy, for any tidings of him, and all quite in vain ; then the history of your father would have been the history of this unfortunate gentleman, the Doctor of Beauvais."

"I entreat you to tell me more, sir."

"I will. I am going to. You can bear it ?"

"I can bear anything but the uncertainty you leave me in at this moment."

"You speak collectedly, and you—*are* collected. That's good !" (Though his manner was less satisfied than his words.)

"A matter of business. Regard it as a matter of business—business that must be done. Now, if this doctor's wife, though a lady of great courage and spirit, had suffered so intensely from this cause before her little child was born—"

"This little child was a daughter, sir."

"A daughter.. A—a—matter of business—don't be distressed. Miss, if the poor lady had suffered so intensely before her little child was born that she came to the determination of sparing the poor child the inheritance of any part of the agony she had known the pains of, by rearing her in the belief that her father was dead—No, don't kneel ! In Heaven's name why should you kneel to me !"

"For the truth. O dear, good, compassionate sir, for the truth !"

"A—matter of business. You confuse me, and how can I transact business if I am confused ? Let us be clear-headed. If you could kindly mention now, for instance, what nine times nine pence are, or how many shillings in twenty guineas, it would be so encouraging. I should be so much more at my ease about your state of mind."

Without directly answering to this appeal, she sat so still when he had very gently raised her, and the hands that had not ceased to clasp his wrists were so much more steady than they had been, that she communicated some reassurance to Mr. Jarvis Lorry



“That’s right, that’s right. Courage ! Business ! You have business before you ; useful business. Miss Manette, your mother took this course with you. And when she died—I believe broken-hearted—having never slackened her unavailing search for your father, she left you at two years old, to grow to be blooming, beautiful and happy without the dark cloud upon you of living in uncertainty whether your father soon wore his heart out in prison, or wasted there through many lingering years.”

As he said the words, he looked down, with an admiring pity, on the flowing golden hair ; as if he pictured to himself that it might have been already tinged with grey.

“You know that your parents had no great possession, and that what they had was secured to your mother and to you. There has been no new discovery, of money, or of any other property, but—”.

He felt his wrist held closer, and he stopped. The expression in the forehead, which had so particularly attracted his notice, and which was now immovable, had deepened into one of pain and horror.

“But he has been—been found. He is alive. Greatly changed, it is too probable ; almost a wreck, it is possible ; though we will hope the best. Still, alive. Your father has been taken to the house of an old servant in Paris, and we are going there : I, to identify him if I can : you, to restore him to life, love, duty, rest, comfort.”

A shiver ran through her frame, and from it through his. She said, in a low, distinct, awe-stricken voice, as if she were saying it in a dream.

“I am going to see his Ghost ! It will be his ghost—not him !”

Mr. Lorry quietly chafed the hands that held his arm. “There, there, there ! See now, see now ! The best and the worst are known to you now. You are well on your way to the poor wronged gentleman, and with a fair sea voyage, and a fair land journey, you will be soon at his dear side.”

She repeated in the same tone, sunk to a whisper, “I have been free, I have been happy, yet his ghost has never haunted me !”



“Only one thing more,” said Mr. Lorry, laying stress upon it as a wholesome means of enforcing her attention : “he has been found under another name ; his own, long forgotten or long concealed. It would be worse than useless now to inquire which ; worse than useless to seek to know whether he has been for years overlooked, or always designedly held prisoner. It would be worse than useless now to make any inquiries, because it would be dangerous. Better not to mention the subject, anywhere or in any way, and to remove him—for a while at all events—out of France. Even I, safe as an Englishman, and even Tellson’s, important as they are to French credit, avoid all naming of the matter. I carry about me, not a scrap of writing openly referring to it. This is a secret service altogether. My credentials, entries, and memoranda, are all comprehended in one line, ‘Recalled to life’, which may mean anything. But what is the matter ! She doesn’t notice a word ! Miss Manette !”

Prefectly still and silent, and not even fallen back in her chair, she sat under his hand, utterly insensible ; with her eyes open and fixed upon him, and with that last expression looking as if it were carved or branded into her forehead. So close was her hold upon his arm, that he feared to detach himself lest he should hurt her ; therefore he called out loudly for assistance without moving.

A wild-looking woman, whom even in his agitation Mr. Lorry observed to be all of a red colour, and to have red hair, came running into the room in advance of the inn servants, and soon settled the question of his detachment from the poor young lady, by laying a brawny hand upon his chest, and sending him flying back against the nearest wall.

(“I really think this must be a man !” was Mr. Lorry’s breathless reflection, simultaneously with his coming against the wall.)

“Why, look at you all !” bawled this figure, addressing the inn servants. “Why don’t you go and fetch things, instead of standing there staring at me ? I am not so much to look at, am I ? Why don’t you go and fetch things ? I’ll let you know, if you don’t bring smelling-salts, cold water, and vinegar, quick, I will !”



There was an immediate dispersal for these restoratives, and she softly laid the patient on a sofa, and tended her with great skill and gentleness ; calling her "my precious !" and "my bird !" and spreading her golden hair aside over her shoulders with great pride and care.

"And you in brown !" she said, indignantly turning on Mr. Lorry ; "couldn't you tell her what you had to tell her, without frightening her to death ? Look at her, with that pretty pale face and her cold hands. Do you call *that* being a banker ?"

"I hope she will do well now," said Mr. Lorry.

"No thanks to you in brown, if she does. My darling pretty !"

"I hope," said Mr. Lorry, "that you accompany Miss Manette to France ?"

"A likely thing, too !" replied the strong woman.

"If it was ever intended that I should go across salt water, do you suppose Providence would have cast my lot in an island ?"

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### CHAPTER III

#### THE WINE-SHOP

A large cask of wine had been droppped and broken, in the street. The accident had happened in getting it out of a cart ; the cask had tumbled out with a run, the hoops had burst, and it lay on the stones just outside the door of the wine-shop, shattered like a walnut-shell.

All the people within reach had suspended their business, or their idleness, to run to the spot and drink the wine. Some men kneeled down, made scoops of their two hands joined, and sipped, or tried to help women, who bent over their shoulders, to sip, before the wine had all run out between their fingers. Others, men and women, dipped in the puddles with little mugs



of mutilated earthenware, or even with handkerchiefs from women's heads, which were squeezed dry into infants' mouths. A shrill sound of laughter and of amused voices—voices of men, women, and children—resounded in the street while this wine game lasted.

Samples of a people that had undergone a terrible grinding and regrinding in the mill, shivered at every corner, passed in and out at every doorway, looked from every window, fluttered in every vestige of a garment that the wind shook. The mill which had worked them down, was the mill that grinds young people old; the children had ancient faces and grave voices, and upon them, and upon the grown faces, and ploughed into every furrow of age and coming up afresh, was the sign, Hunger.

The wine-shop was a corner shop, better than most others in its appearance and degree, and the master of the wine-shop had stood outside it, in a yellow waistcoat and green breeches, looking on at the struggle for the lost wine. "It's not my affair," said he, with a final shrug of his shoulders. "The people from the market did it. Let them bring another."

There, his eyes happening to catch the tall joker writing up his joke, he called to him across the way:

"Say, then, my Gaspard, what do you do there?"

The fellow pointed to his joke. It missed its mark, and completely failed.

"What now? Are you a subject for the mad-hospital?" said the wine-shopkeeper, crossing the road, and obliterating the jest with a handful of mud, picked up for the purpose, and smeared over it. "Why do you write in the public streets? Is there—tell me thou—is there no other place to write such words in?" He then recrossed the road and entered the wine-shop.

This wine-shopkeeper was a bull-necked, martial-looking man of thirty, and he should have been of a hot temperament, for, although it was a bitter day, he wore no coat, but carried one slung over his shoulder. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up, too, and his brown arms were bare to the elbows. Neither did he wear anything more on his head than his own crisply-



curling short dark hair. He was a dark man altogether, with good eyes and a good bold breadth between them. Good-humoured-looking on the whole, but implacable-looking, too; evidently a man of strong resolution and a set purpose; a man not desirable to be met, rushing down a narrow pass with a gulf on either side, for nothing would turn the man.

Madame Defarge, his wife, sat in the shop behind the counter as he came in. Madame Defarge was a stout woman of about his own age, with a watchful eye that seldom seemed to look at anything, a large hand heavily ringed, a steady face, strong features, and great composure of manner. There was a character about Madame Defarge, from which one might have predicted that she did not often make mistakes against herself in any of the reckonings over which she presided. Madame Defarge being sensitive to cold, was wrapped in fur, and had a quantity of bright shawl twined about her head, though not to the concealment of her large ear-rings. Her knitting was before her, but she had laid it down to pick her teeth with a toothpick. Thus engaged, with her right elbow supported by her left hand, Madame Defarge said nothing when her lord came in, but coughed just one grain of cough. This, in combination with the lifting of her darkly defined eyebrows over her toothpick by the breadth of a line, suggested to her husband that he would do well to look round the shop among the customers, for any new customer who had dropped in while he stepped over the way.

The wine-shopkeeper accordingly rolled his eyes about, until they rested upon an elderly gentleman and a young lady, who were seated in a corner. Other company were there; two playing cards, two playing dominoes, three standing by the counter lengthening out a short supply of wine. As he passed behind the counter, he took notice that the elderly gentleman said in a look to the young lady, "This is our man."

"What the devil do *you* do in that *galley* there?" said Monsieur Defarge to himself; "I don't know you."

But he feigned not to notice the two strangers, and fell into discourse with the three customers who were drinking at the counter.



"How goes it, Jacques,?" said one of these three to Monsieur Defarge. "Is all the spilt wine swallowed?"

"Every drop, Jacques," answered Monsieur Defarge.

When this interchange of Christian name was effected, Madame Defarge, picking her teeth with her toothpick, coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.

"It is not often," said the second of the three, addressing Monsieur Defarge, "that many of these miserable beasts know the taste of wine, or of anything but black bread and death. Is it not so, Jacques?"

"It is so, Jacques," Monsieur Defarge returned.

At this second interchange of the Christian name, Madame Defarge, still using her toothpick with profound composure, coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.

The last of the three now said his say, as he put down his empty drinking vessel and smacked his lips.

"Ah! So much the worse! A bitter taste it is that such poor cattle always have in their mouths, and hard lives they live, Jacques. Am I right, Jacques?"

"You are right, Jacques," was the response of Monsieur Defarge.

The three customers paid for their wine, and left the place. The eyes of Monsieur Defarge were studying his wife at her knitting, when the elderly gentleman advanced from his corner, and begged the favour of a word.

"Willingly, sir," said Monsieur Defarge, and quietly stepped with him to the door.

Their conference was very short, but very decided. Almost at the first word, Monsieur Defarge started and became deeply attentive. It had not lasted a minute, when he nodded and went out. The gentleman then backoned to the young lady, and they, too, went out. Madame Defarge knitted with nimble fingers and steady eyebrows, and saw nothing.



Mr. Jarvis Lorry and Miss Manette, emerging from the wine-shop thus, joined Monsieur Defarge in the doorway to which he had directed his other company just before. It opened from a stinking little black courtyard, and was the general public entrance to a great pile of houses, inhabited by a great number of people. In the gloomy tile-paved entry to the gloomy tile-paved staircase, Monsieur Defarge bent down on one knee to the child of his master and put her hand to his lips. It was a gentle action, but not at all gently done ; a very remarkable transformation had come over him in a few seconds. He had no good-humour in his face, nor any openness of aspect left, but had become a secret, angry, dangerous man.

"It is very high ; it is a little difficult. Better to begin slowly." Thus Monsieur Defarge, in a stern voice, to Mr. Lorry, as they began ascending the stairs.

"Is he alone ?" the latter whispered.

"Alone ! God help him, who should be with him !" said the other in the same low voice.

"Is he always alone, then ?"

"Yes."

"Of his own desire ?"

"Of his own necessity. As he was, when I first saw him after they found me and demanded to know as he was then, so he is now."

"He is greatly changed ?"

"Changed !"

The keeper of the wine-shop stopped to strike the wall with his hand, and mutter a tremendous curse. No direct answer could have been half so forcible. Mr. Lorry's spirits grew heavier and heavier, as he and his two companions ascended higher and higher.

At last the top of the staircase was gained. There was yet an upper staircase to be ascended, before the garret storey was reached. The keeper of the wine-shop turned himself about here, and, carefully feeling in the pockets of the coat he carried over his shoulder, took out a key.

"The door is locked then, my friend ?" said Mr. Lorry, surprised.

"Ay. Yes," was the grim reply of Monsieur Defarge.



"You think it is necessary to keep the unfortunate gentleman so retired?"

"I think it is necessary to turn the key." Monsieur Defarge whispered it closer in his ear, and frowned heavily.

"Why?"

"Why! Because he has lived so long, locked up, that he would be frightened—rave—tear himself to pieces—die—come to I know not what harm—if his door was left open."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Lorry.

"Is it possible!" repeated Defarge bitterly. "Yes. And a beautiful world we live in, when it is possible, and when many other such things are possible, and not only possible, but done—done, see you!—under that sky there, every day. Long live the devil. Let us go on."

The door slowly opened inward under his hand, and he looked into the room and said something. A faint voice answered something. Little more than a single syllable could have been spoken on either side.

He looked back over his shoulder, and beckoned them to enter. Mr. Lorry got his arm securely round the daughter's waist, and held her; for he felt that she was sinking.

"A—a—a—business, business!" he urged, with a moisture that was not of business shining on his cheek. "Come in, come in!"

"I am afraid of it," she answered, shuddering.

"Of it? What?"

"I mean of him. Of my father."

Defarge drew out the key, closed the door, locked it on the inside, took out the key again, and held it in his hand. All this he did, methodically, and with as loud and harsh an accompaniment of noise as he could make. Finally, he walked across the room with a measured tread to where the window was. He stopped there, and faced round.

With his back towards the door, and his face towards the window where the keeper of the wineshop stood looking at him, a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy; making shoes.



## CHAPTER IV

### THE SHOEMAKER

“Good-Day !” said Monsieur Defarge, looking down at the white head that bent low over the shoemaking.

It was raised for a moment, and a very faint voice re-sponded to the salutation, as if it were at a distance.

“Good-day !”

“You are still hard at work, I see ?”

After a long silence, the head was lifted for another moment, and the voice replied, “Yes—I am working.” This time, a pair of haggard eyes had looked at the questioner, before the face had dropped again.

“I want,” said Defarge, who had not removed his gaze from the shoemaker, “to let in a little more light here. You can bear a little more ?”

The shoemaker stopped his work ; looked, with a vacant air of listening, at the floor on one side of him ; then, similarly, at the floor on the other side of him ; then, upward at the speaker.

“What did you say ?”

“You can bear a little more light ?”

“I must bear it, if you let it in.”

The opened half-door was opened a little farther, and secured at that angle for the time. A broad ray of light fell into the garret, and showed the workman with an unfinished shoe upon his lap, pausing in his labour. His few common tools and various scraps of leather were at his feet and on his bench. He had a white beard, raggedly cut, but not very long, a hollow face, and exceedingly bright eyes. The hollowness and thinness of his face would have caused them to look large, under his yet dark eyebrows and his confused white hair, though they had been really otherwise ; but they were naturally large, and looked unnaturally so. His yellow rags of shirt lay



open at the throat, and showed his body to be withered and worn.

"Are you going to finish that pair of shoes to day?" asked Defarge, motioning to Mr. Lorry to come forward.

"What did you say?"

"Do you mean to finish that pair of shoes to day?"

"I can't say that I mean to. I suppose so. I don't know."

But the question reminded him of his work, and he bent over it again.

Mr. Lorry came silently forward, leaving the daughter by the door. When he had stood, for a minute or two, by the side of Defarge, the shoemaker looked up. He showed no surprise at seeing another figure, but the unsteady fingers of one of his hands strayed to his lips as he looked at it (his lips and his nails were of the same pale lead colour), and then the hand dropped to his work, and he once more bent over the shoe. The look and the action had occupied but an instant.

"You have a visitor, you see," said Monsieur Defarge.

"What did you say?"

"Here is a visitor."

The shoemaker looked up as before, but without removing a hand from his work.

"Come!" said Defarge. "Here is monsieur, who knows a well-made show when he sees one. Show him that shoe you are working at. Take it, monsieur."

Mr. Lorry took it in his hand.

"Tell monsieur what kind of shoe it is, and the maker's name."

There was a longer pause than usual, before the shoemaker replied:

"I forget what it was you asked me. What did you say?"

"I said couldn't you describe the kind of shoe, for monsieur's information?"



“It is a lady’s shoe. It is a young lady’s walking-shoe. (It is in the present mode,) I never saw the mode. I have had a pattern in my hand.” He glanced at the shoe, with some little passing touch of pride.

“And the maker’s name ?” said Defarge.

“Did you ask me for my name ?”

“Assuredly I did.”

“One Hundred and Five, North Tower.”

“Is it all ?”

“One Hundred and Five, North Tower.”

(With a weary sound that was not a sigh, nor a groan, he bent to work again until the silence was again broken.

“You are not a shoemaker by trade ?” said Mr. Lorry, looking steadfastly at him.

“I am not a shoemaker by trade ? No, I was not a shoemaker by trade. I—I learned it here. (I taught myself.) I asked leave to teach myself, and I got it with much difficulty after a long while, and I have made shoes ever since.”

As he held out his hand for the shoe that had been taken from him, Mr. Lorry said, still looking steadfastly in his face :

“Monsieur Manette ; do you remember nothing of me ?”

The shoe dropped to the ground, and he sat looking fixedly at the questioner.

“Monsieur Manette,” Mr. Lorry laid his hand upon Defarge’s arm ; “do you remember nothing of this man ? Look at him. Look at me. Is there no old banker, no old business, no old servant, no old time, rising in your mind, Monsieur Manette ?”

He looked at the two, less and less attentively, and his eyes in gloomy abstraction sought the ground and looked about him in the old way. Finally, with a deep, long sigh, he took the shoe up, and resumed his work.

“Have you recognised him, monsieur ?” asked Defarge, in a whisper.

“Yes ; for a moment. At first I thought it quite hopeless, but I have unquestionably seen, for a single moment, the face



that I once knew well. Hush ! Let us draw farther back. Hush !”

She had moved from the wall of the garret, very near to the bench on which he sat. There was something awful in his unconsciousness of the figure that could have put out its hand and touched him as he stooped over his labour.

Not a word was spoken, not a sound was made. She stood, like a spirit, beside him, and he bent over his work.

It happened, at length, that he had occasion to change the instrument in his hand for his shoemaker's knife. It lay on that side of him which was not the side on which she stood. He had taken it up, and was stooping to work again, when his eyes caught the skirt of her dress. He raised them, and saw her face. The two spectators started forward, but she stayed them with a motion of her hand. She had no fear of his striking at her with the knife, although they had.

He stared at her with a fearful look, and after a while his lips began to form some words, though no sound proceeded from them. By degrees, in the pauses of his quick and laboured breathing, he was heard to say :

“What is this ?”

With the tears streaming down her face, she put her two hands to her lips, and kissed them to him ; then clasped them on her breast, as if she laid his ruined head there.

“You are not the jailer's daughter ?”

She sighed “No.”

“Who are you?”

Not yet trusting the tones of her voice, she sat down on the bench beside him. He recoiled, but she laid her hand upon his arm. A strange thrill struck him when she did so, and visibly passed over his frame ; he laid the knife down softly, as he sat staring at her.

Her golden hair, which she wore in long curls, had been hurriedly pushed aside, and fell down over her neck. Advancing his hand by little and little, he took it up, and looked at it. In the midst of the action he went astray, and, with another deep sigh, fell to work at his shoemaking.



But not for long. Releasing his arm, she laid her hand upon his shoulder. After looking doubtfully at it, two or three times, as if to be sure that it was really there, he laid down his work, put his hand to his neck, and took off a blackened string with a scrap of folded rag attached to it. He opened this carefully, on his knee, and it contained a very little quantity of hair : not more than one or two long golden hairs, which he had, in some old day, wound off upon his finger.

He took her hair into his hand again, and looked closely at it. "It is the same. How can it be ! When was it ! How was it !"

As the concentrating expression returned to his forehead, he seemed to become conscious that it was in hers too. He turned her full to the light, and looked at her.

"She had laid her head upon my shoulder, that night when I was summoned out—she had a fear of my going, though I had none—and when I was brought to the North Tower they found these upon my sleeve. 'You will leave me then ? They can never help me to escape in the body, though they may in the spirit.' These were the words I said. I remember them very well."

He formed his speech with his lips many times before he could utter it. But when he did find spoken words for it, they came to him coherently, though slowly.

"How was this ? — *Was it you ?*"

Once more, the two spectators started, as he turned upon her with a frightful suddenness. But she sat perfectly still in his grasp, and only said in a low voice, "I entreat you, good gentlemen, do not come near us, do not speak, do not move !"

"Hark !" he exclaimed. "Whose voice was that ?"

His hands released her as he uttered this cry, and went up to his white hair, which they tore in a frenzy. It died out, as everything but his shoemaking did die out of him, and he refolded his little packet and tried to secure it in his breast ; but he still looked at her, and gloomily shook his head.

"No, no, no ; you are too young, too blooming. It can't be. See what the prisoner is. These are not the hands she knew, this is not the face she knew, this is not a voice she ever



heard. No, no. She was—and he was—before the slow years of the North Tower—ages ago. What is your name, my gentle angel?

Hailing his softened tone and manner, his daughter fell upon her knees before him, with her appealing hands upon his breast.

“O, sir, at another time you shall know my name, and who my mother was, and who my father, and how I never knew their hard, hard history. But I cannot tell you, at this time, and I cannot tell you here. All that I may tell you, here and now, is, that I pray to you to touch me and to bless me. Kiss me, kiss me! O my dear, my dear!”

His cold, white head mingled with her radiant hair, which warmed and lighted it as though it were the light of freedom shining on him.

“If you hear in my voice—I don’t know that it is so, but I hope it is—if you hear in my voice any resemblance to a voice that once was sweet music in your ears, weep for it, weep for it! If you touch, in touching my hair, anything that recalls a beloved head that lay in your breast when you were young and free, weep for it, weep for it! If, when I hint to you of a home there is before us, where I will be true to you with all my duty and with all my faithful service, I bring back the remembrance of a home long desolate, while your heart pined away, weep for it, weep for it!”

She held him closer round the neck, and rocked him on her breast like a child.

“If, when I tell you, dearest dear, that your agony is over and that I have come here to take you from it, and that we go to England to be at peace and rest, I cause you to think of your useful life laid waste, and of our native France so wicked to you, weep for it, weep for it! And if, when I shall tell you of my name, and of my father who is living, and of my mother who is dead, you learn that I have to kneel to my honoured father, and implore his pardon for having never for his sake striven all day and lain awake and wept all night, because the love of my poor mother hid his torture from me, weep for it, weep for it! Weep for her, then, and for me! Good gentlemen, thank God! I feel his sacred tears upon my face, and his sobs



strike against my heart. Oh, see ! Thank God for us, thank God !”

He had sunk in her arms, with his face dropped on her breast : a sight so touching that the two beholders covered their faces.

When the quiet of the garret had been long undisturbed, and his heaving breast and shaken form had long yielded to the calm that must follow all storms, they came forward to raise the father and daughter from the ground. He had gradually drooped to the floor, and lay there in a lethargy, worn out. She had nestled down with him, that his head might lie upon her arm ; and her hair drooping over him curtained him from the light.

“If, without disturbing him,” she said, raising her to Mr. Lorry as he stooped over them, after repeated blowings of his nose, “all could be arranged for our leaving Paris at once, so that, from the very door, he could be taken away—”

“But, [consider. Is he fit for the journey ?” asked Mr. Lorry.

“More fit for that, I think, than to remain in this city, so dreadful to him.”

“It is true,” said Defarge, who was kneeling to look on and hear. “More than that : Monsieur Manette is, for all reasons, best out of France. Say, shall I hire a carriage and post-horses ?”

“That’s business,” said Mr. Lorry, resuming on the shortest notice his methodical manners ; “and if business is to be done, I had better do it.”

“Then be so kind,” urged Miss Manette, “as to leave us here. You see how composed he has become, and you cannot be afraid to leave him with me now. Why should you be ? If you will lock the door to secure us from interruption, I do not doubt that you will find him, when you come back, as quiet as you leave him. In any case, I will take care of him until you return, and then we will remove him straight.”

Both Mr. Lorry and Defarge were rather disinclined to this course, and in favour of one of them remaining. But, as there were not only carriage and horses to be seen to, but travelling



papers ; and as time pressed, for the day was drawing to an end, it came at last to their hastily dividing the business that was necessary to be done, and hurrying away to do it.

Then, as the darkness closed in, the daughter laid her head down on the hard ground close at the father's side, and watched him. The darkness deepened and deepened, and they both lay quiet, until a light gleamed through the chinks in the wall.

Mr. Lorry and Monsieur Defarge had made all ready for the journey, and had brought with them, besides travelling cloaks and wrappers, bread and meat, wine, and hot coffee. Monsieur Defarge put these provisions, and the lamp he carried, on the shoemaker's bench (there was nothing else in the garret but a pallet bed), and he and Mr. Lorry roused the captive, and assisted him to his feet.

He readily responded to his daughter's drawing her arms through his, and took—and kept—her hand in both of his own.

They began to descend ; Monsieur Defarge going first with the lamp, Mr. Lorry closing the little procession.

The prisoner had got into the coach, and his daughter had followed him, when Mr. Lorry's feet were arrested on the step by his asking, miserably, for his shoemaking tools and the unfinished shoes. Madame Defarge immediately called to her husband that she would get them, and went, knitting, out of the lamp light, through the courtyard. She quickly brought them down and handed them in ; and immediately afterwards leaned against the door-post, knitting, and saw nothing.

Defarge got upon the box, and gave the word "To the barrier !" The postillion cracked his whip, and they clattered away under the feeble ever-swinging lamps.

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## CHAPTER V

### FIVE YEARS LATER

Tellson's Bank by Temple Bar was an old-fashioned place, even in the year 1780. It was very small, very dark, very ugly, very incommodious. It was an old-fashioned place, moreover, in that the partners in the house were proud of its smallness, proud of its darkness, proud of its ugliness.

Outside Tellson's—never by any means in it, unless called in—was an odd-job-man, an occasional porter and messenger, who served as the live sign of the house. He was never absent during business hours, unless upon an errand, and then he was represented by his son : a grisly urchin of twelve, who was his express image. His name was Jerry Cruncher. *good boy*

The scene was Mr. Cruncher's private lodging in Hanging Sword Alley, Whitefriars ; the time, half-past seven of the clock on a windy March morning, 1780 A.D. Mr. Cruncher's apartments were not in a good neighbourhood, and were but two in number, even if a closet with a single pane of glass in it might be counted as one. But they were very decently kept. Early as it was, on the windy March morning, the room in which he lay abed was already scrubbed throughout ; and between the cups and saucers arranged for breakfast, and the lumbering deal table, a very clean white cloth was spread.

Mr. Cruncher reposed under a patchwork counter-pane, like a Harlequin at home. At first, he slept heavily, but by degrees, began to roll and surge in bed, until he rose above the surface with his spiky hair looking as if it must tear the sheets to ribbons. At which juncture, he exclaimed, in a voice of dire exasperation :

“Bust me, if she ain't at it again !”

A woman of orderly and industrious appearance rose from her knees in a corner, with sufficient haste and trepidation to show that she was the person referred to.



"What !" said Mr. Cruncher, looking out of bed for a boot, "You're at it again, are you ?"

After hailing the morning with this second salutation he threw a boot at the woman as a third. It was a very muddy boot, and may introduce the odd circumstance connected with Mr. Cruncher's domestic economy, that, whereas he often came home after banking hours with clean boots, he often got up next morning to find the same boots covered with clay.

"What," said Mr. Cruncher, "what are you up to, Aggerawayter ?"

"I was only saying my prayers."

"Saying your prayers. You're a nice woman ! What do you mean by flopping yourself down and praying agin me ?"

"I was not praying against you ; I was praying for you."

"You weren't. And if you were, I won't be took the liberty with. Here ! your mother's a nice woman, young Jerry, going a-praying agin your father's prosperity. You've got a dutiful mother, you have, my son. You have got a religious mother, you have, my boy : going and flopping herself down, and praying that the bread-and-butter may be snatched out of the mouth of her only child !"

Master Cruncher (who was in his shirt) took this very ill, and, turning to his mother, strongly deprecated any praying away of his personal board.

"And what do you suppose, you conceited female," said Mr. Cruncher, with unconscious inconsistency, "that the worth of *your* prayers may be ? Name the price that you put *your* prayers at !"

"They, only come from the heart, Jerry. They are worth no more than that."

"Worth no more than that," repeated Mr. Cruncher. "They ain't worth much, then. Whether or no, I won't be prayed agin, I tell you. I can't afford it. I'm not a-going to be made unlucky by your sneaking. If you must go flopping yourself down, flop in favour of your husband and child, and not in opposition to 'em. If I had had any but a unnat'ral wife, and this poor boy had any but a unnat'ral mother, I might have made some money last week instead of being



counterprayed and countermined and religiously circumvented into the worst of luck. B-u-u-ust me!" said Mr. Cruncher, who all this time had been putting on his clothes, "Young Jerry, dress yourself, my boy, and while I clean my boots keep an eye upon your mother now and then, and if you see any signs of more flopping, give me a call."

Mr. Cruncher's temper was not at all improved when he came to his breakfast. He resented Mrs. Cruncher's saying grace with particular animosity.

"Now Aggerawayter : What are you up to ? At it again ?"

His wife explained she had merely "asked a blessing."

"Don't do it !" said Mr. Cruncher, looking about, as if he rather expected to see the loaf disappear under the efficacy of his wife's petitions. "I ain't a-going to be blessed out of house and home. I won't have my wittles blessed off my table. Keep still !"

Towards nine o'clock he smoothed his ruffled aspect, and, presenting as respectable and business-like an exterior as he could, issued forth to the occupation of the day.

It could scarcely be called a trade, in spite of his favourite description of himself as "a honest tradesman." His stock consisted of a wooden stool, made out of a broken-backed chair cut down, which stock young Jerry, walking at his father's side, carried every morning to beneath the banking-house window that was nearest Temple Bar. There, with the addition of the first handful of a straw that could be gleaned from any passing vehicle to keep the cold and wet from the odd-job-man's feet, it formed the encampment for the day. On this post of his, Mr. Cruncher was as well known to Fleet Street and the Temple, as the Bar itself--and was almost as ill-looking.

Encamped at a quarter before nine, in good time to touch his three-cornered hat to the oldest of men as they passed in to Tellson's, Jerry took up his station on this windy March morning, with young Jerry standing by him, when not engaged in making forays through the Bar, to inflict bodily and mental injuries of an acute description on passing boys who were small enough for his amiable purpose. Father and son, ex-



tremely like each other, looking silently on at the morning traffic in Fleet Street, with their two heads as near to one another as the two eyes of each were, bore a considerable resemblance to a pair of monkeys. The resemblance was not lessened by the accidental circumstance, that the mature Jerry bit and spat out straw, while the twinkling eyes of the youthful Jerry were as restlessly watchful of him as of everything else in Fleet Street.

The head of one of the regular indoor messengers attached to Tellson's establishment was put through the door, and the word was given :

"Porter wanted !"

"You know the Old Bailey well, no doubt ?" said one of the oldest of clerks to Jerry the messenger.

"Ye-es, sir," returned Jerry, in something of a dogged manner. "I *do* know the Bailey."

"Just so. And you know Mr. Lorry."

"I know Mr. Lorry, sir, much better than I know the Bailey."

"Very well. Find the door where the witnesses go in, and show the door-keeper this note for Mr. Lorry. He will then let you in."

"Into the court, sir ?"

"Into the court. The door-keeper will pass the note to Mr. Lorry, and do you make any gesture that will attract Mr. Lorry, and show him where you stand. Then what you have to do, is, to remain there until he wants you."

"Is that all, sir ?"

"That's all. He wishes to have a messenger at hand. This is to tell him you are there."

Jerry took the letter and went his way.

Making his way through the crowd, the messenger found out the door he sought, and handed in his letter through a trap in it. After some delay the door turned on its hinges a very little way, and allowed Mr. Jerry Cruncher to squeeze himself into court.



"What is on?" he asked, in a whisper, of the man he found himself next to.

"Nothing yet."

"What's coming on?"

"The treason case."

"The quartering one, eh?"

"Ah!" returned the man, with a relish; "he'll be drawn on a hurdle to be half hanged, and then he'll be taken down and sliced before his own face, and then his inside will be taken out and burned while he looks on, and then his head will be chopped off, and he'll be cut into quarters. That's the sentence."

"If he's found Guilty you mean to say?" Jerry added. "Oh, they'll find him Guilty," said the other. "Don't be afraid of that."

Mr. Cruncher's attention was here diverted to the door-keeper, whom he saw making his way to Mr. Lorry, with the note in his hand. Mr. Lorry sat at a table, among the gentlemen in wigs; not far from a wigged gentleman, the prisoner's counsel, who had a great bundle of papers before him; and nearly opposite another wigged gentleman with his hands in his pockets, whose whole attention, when Mr. Cruncher looked at him then or afterwards seemed to be concentrated on the ceiling of the court. After some gruff coughing and rubbing of his chin and signing with his hand, Jerry attracted the notice of Mr. Lorry, who had stood up to look for him, and who quietly nodded, and sat down again.

"What's *he* got to do with the case?" asked the man he had spoken with.

"Blessed if I know," said Jerry.

"What have *you* got to do with it then, if a person may inquire?"

"Blessed if I know that either," said Jerry.

The entrance of the judge, and a consequent great stir and settling-down in the court, stopped the dialogue. Presently, the dock became the central point of interest. Two jailers, who had been standing there, went out, and the prisoner was brought in, and put to the bar.



Everybody present, except the one wigged gentleman who looked at the ceiling, stared at him. He was a youngman of about five-and-twenty, and well-grown and well-looking, with a sunburned cheek and a dark eye. His condition was that of a young gentleman. He was plainly dressed in black, or very dark gray, and his hair, which was long and dark, was gathered in a ribbon at the back of his neck : more to be out of his way for ornament. He was quite self-possessed, bowed to the judge, and stood quiet.

Silence in the court ! Charles Darnay had yesterday pleaded Not Guilty to a charge denouncing him (with infinite jingle and jangle) for that he was a false traitor to our King, by reason of his having, on diverse occasions, and by diverse means and ways, assisted Lewis, the French king, in his wars against our king by coming and going between our dominions and those of the said French Lewis falsely, traitorously, revealing to the said French Lewis what force our king had in preparation to send to Canada and North America.

The accused was quiet and attentive ; watched the opening proceedings with a grave interest. About on a level with his eyes, there sat, in that corner of the judge's bench, two persons upon whom his look immediately rested ; so immediately that all the eyes that were turned upon him, turned to them.

The spectators saw in the two figures, a young lady of little more than twenty, and a gentleman who was evidently her father ; a man of a very remarkable appearance in respect of the absolute whiteness of his hair.

His daughter had one of her hands drawn through his arm, as she sat by him, and the other pressed upon it. She had drawn close to him, in her dread of the scene, and in her pity for the prisoner. Her forehead had been strikingly expressive of an engrossing terror and compassion that saw nothing but the peril of the accused. This had been so very noticeable, so very powerfully and naturally shown, that starers who had had no pity for him were touched by her ; and the whisper went about, "Who are they ?"

Jerry the messenger, who had made his own observations in his own manner, and who had been sucking the rust off his fingers in his absorption, stretched his neck to hear who they were. The crowd about him had pressed and passed the inquiry



on to the nearest attendant, and from him it had been more slowly pressed and passed back ; at last it got to Jerry.

“Witnesses.”

“For which side ? ”

“Against.”

“Against what side ? ”

“The prisoner’s.”

The judge leaned back in his seat, and looked steadily at the man whose life was in his hand, as Mr. Attorney-General rose to speak.

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## CHAPTER VI

### A TRIAL FOR TREASON

Mr. Attorney-General had to inform the jury that the prisoner before them, though young in years, was old in the treasonable practices which claimed the forfeit of his life. That this correspondence with the public enemy was not a correspondence of today, or of yesterday, or even of last year, or of the year before. That, it was certain the prisoner had, for longer than that, been in the habit of passing and repassing between France and England, on secret business of which he could give no honest account. That, Providence had put it into the heart of a person who was beyond fear and beyond reproach, to find out the nature of the prisoner’s schemes, and, struck with horror, to disclose them to His Majesty’s Chief Secretary of State and most honourable Privy Council. That, this patriot would be produced before them. That, his position and attitude were, on the whole, sublime. That he had been the prisoner’s friend, but, in an evil hour detecting his infamy, had resolved to immolate the traitor he could no longer cherish in his bosom, on the sacred altar of his country. That, the evidence of these two witnesses, coupled with the documents of their discovering that would be produced, would show the



prisoner to have been furnished with lists of his Majesty's forces, and of their disposition and preparation, both by sea and land, and would leave no doubt that he had habitually conveyed such information to a hostile power. That, these lists could not be proved to be in the prisoner's handwriting ; but that it was all the same ; that, indeed, it was rather the better for the prosecution, as showing the prisoner to be artful in his precautions. That, the proof would go back five years, and would show the prisoner already engaged in these pernicious missions, within a few weeks before the date of the very first action fought between the British troops and the Americans. That, for these reasons, the jury, being a loyal jury (as he knew they were), and being a responsible jury (as *they* knew they were), must positively find the prisoner guilty, and make an end of him, whether they liked it or not.

When the Attorney-General ceased, a buzz arose in the court as if a cloud of great blue-flies were swarming about the prisoner, in anticipation of what he was soon to become. When it toned down again, the unimpeachable patriot appeared in the witness-box.

Mr. Solicitor-General then, following his leader's lead, examined the patriot : John Barsad, gentleman, by name. The story of his pure soul was exactly what Mr. Attorney-General had described it to be—perhaps, if it had a fault, a little too exactly. Having released his noble bosom of its burden, he would have modestly withdrawn himself, but that the wigged gentleman with the papers before him, sitting not far from Mr. Lorry, begged to ask him a few questions. The wigged gentleman sitting opposite, still looked at the ceiling of the court.

Had he ever been a spy himself ? No, he scorned the base insinuation. What did he live upon ? His property. Where was his property ? He didn't precisely remember where it was. What was it ? No business of anybody's. Had he inherited it ? Yes, he had. From whom ? Distant relation. Very distant ? Rather. Ever been in prison ? Certainly not. Never in a debtors' prison ? Didn't you see what that had to do with it. Never in a debtors' prison ?—Come once again. Never. Yes. How many times ? Two or three times. Not five or six ? Perhaps. Of what profession ? Gentleman. Ever been kicked ?



Might have been. Frequently ? No. Ever kicked downstairs ? Decidedly not ; once received a kick on the top of a staircase, and fell downstairs of his own accord. Kicked on that occasion for cheating at dice ? Something to that effect was said by the intoxicated liar who committed the assault, but it was not true. Swear it was not true ? Positively. Ever live by cheating at play ? Never. Ever live by play ? Not more than other gentlemen do. Ever borrow money of the prisoner ? Yes. Ever pay him ? No. Was not this intimacy with the prisoner, in reality a very slight one, forced upon the prisoner in coaches, inns, and packets ? No. Sure he saw the prisoner with these lists ? Certain. Knew no more about the lists ? No. Had not procured them himself, for instance ? No. Expect to get anything by his evidence ? No. Not in regular government pay and employment, to lay traps ? Oh dear no. Or to do anything ? Oh dear no. Swear that ? Over and over again. No motives but motives of sheer patriotism ? None whatever.

The virtuous servant, Roger Cly, swore his way through the case at a great rate. He had taken service with the prisoner, in good faith and simplicity four years ago. He had asked the prisoner, aboard the Calais packet, if he wanted a handy fellow, and the prisoner to take the handy fellow as an act of charity—never thought of such a thing. He began to have suspicions of the prisoner, and to keep an eye upon him, soon afterwards. In arranging his clothes, while travelling, he had seen similar lists to these in the prisoner's pockets, over and over again. He had taken these lists from the drawer of the prisoner's desk. He had not put them there first. He had seen the prisoner show these identical lists to French gentlemen at Calais; and similar lists to French gentlemen, both at Calais and Boulogne. He loved his country, and couldn't bear it, and had given information. He had never been suspected of stealing a silver tea-pot, he had been maligned respecting a mustard-pot, but it turned out to be only a plated one. He had known the last witness seven or eight years ; that was merely a coincidence.

The blue-flies buzzed again, and Mr. Attorney-General called Mr. Jarvis Lorry.

"Mr. Jarvis Lorry, are you a clerk in Tellson's Bank ?"

"I am."



“On a certain Friday night in November, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, did business occasion you to travel between London and Dover by the mail ?”

“It did.”

“Were there any other passengers in the mail ?”

“Two.”

“Did they alight on the road in the course of the night ?”

“They did.”

“Mr. Lorry, look upon the prisoner. Was he one of these two passengers ?”

“I cannot undertake to say that he was.”

“Does he resemble either of these two passengers ?”

“Both were so wrapped up, and the night was so dark, and we were all so reserved, that I cannot undertake to say even that.”

“Mr. Lorry, look again upon the prisoner. Supposing him wrapped up as those two passengers were, is there anything in his bulk and stature to render it unlikely that he was one of them ?

“No.”

“You will not swear, Mr. Lorry, that he was not one of them ?”

“No.”

“So at least you say he may have been one of them ?”

“Yes. Except that I remember them both to have been—like myself—timorous of highwaymen, and the prisoner has not a timorous air.”

“Did you ever see a counterfeit of timidity, Mr. Lorry ?”

“I certainly have seen that.”

“Mr. Lorry, look once more upon the prisoner. Have you seen him, to your certain knowledge, before ?”

“I have.”

“When ?”

“I was returning from France a few days afterwards, and at Calais, the prisoner came on board the packet-ship in which I returned, and made the voyage with me.”

“At what hour did he come on board ?”

“At a little after midnight.”

“In the dead of the night. Was he the only passenger who came on board at that untimely hour ?”



"He happened to be the only one."

"Never mind about 'happening,' Mr. Lorry. He was the only passenger who came on board in the dead of the night?"

"He was."

"Were you travelling alone, Mr. Lorry, or with any companion?"

"With two companions. A gentleman and lady. They are here."

"They are are. Had you any conversation with the prisoner?"

"Hardly any. The weather was stormy, and the passage long and rough, and I lay on a sofa, almost from shore to shore."

"Miss Manette."

The young lady, to whom all eyes had been turned before, and were now turned again, stood up where she had sat. Her father rose with her, and kept her hand drawn through his arm.

"Miss Manette, look upon the prisoner."

To be confronted with such pity, and such earnest youth and beauty, was far more trying to the accused than to be confronted with all the crowd. Standing, as it were, apart with her on the edge of his grave, not all the staring curiosity that looked on, could, for the moment, nerve him to remain in quite still. His hurried right hand parcelled out the herbs before him into imaginary beds of flowers in a garden; and his efforts to control and steady his breathing, shook the lips from which the colour rushed to his heart. The buzz of the great flies was loud again.

"Miss Manette, have you seen the prisoner before?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"On board of the packet-ship just now referred to, sir and on the same occasion."

"You are the young lady just now referred to?"

"Oh! most unhappily, I am!"

The plaintive tone of her compassion merged into the less musical voice of the judge, as he said, something fiercely, "Answer the questions put to you, and make no remark upon them."



“Miss Manette, had you any conversation with the prisoner on that passage across the Channel?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Recall it.”

In the midst of a profound stillness, she faintly began :

“When the gentleman came on board...”

“Do you mean the prisoner?” inquired the judge, knitting his brows.

“Yes, my lord.”

“Then say the prisoner.”

“When the prisoner came on board, he noticed that my father,” turning her eyes lovingly to him as he stood beside her, “was much fatigued and in a very weak state of health. My father was so much reduced, that I was afraid to take him out of the air, and I had made a bed for him on the deck near the cabin steps, and I sat on the deck at his side to take care of him. There were no other passengers that night, but we four. The prisoner was so good as to beg permission to advise me how I could shelter my father from the wind and weather, better than I had done. I had not known how to do it well, not understanding how the wind would set when we were out of the harbour. He did it for me. He expressed great gentleness and kindness for my father’s state, and I am sure he felt it. That was the manner of our beginning to speak together.”

“Let me interrupt you for a moment. Has he come on board alone?”

“No.”

“How many were with him?”

“Two French gentlemen.”

“Had they conferred together?”

“They had conferred together until the last moment, when it was necessary for the French gentlemen to be landed in their boat.”

“Had any papers been handed about among them, similar to these lists?”



"Some papers had been handed about among them, but I but I don't know what papers."

"Like these in shape and size?"

"Possibly, but indeed I don't know, although they stood whispering very near to me: because they stood at the top of the cabin steps to have the light of the lamp that was hanging there; it was a dull lamp, and they spoke very low, and I did not hear what they said, and saw only that they looked at paper."

"Now, to the prisoner's conversation, Miss Manette."

"The prisoner was as open in his confidence with me—which arose out of my helpless situation—as he was kind, and good, and useful to my father. I hope," bursting into tears, "I may not repay him by doing him harm to-day."

Buzzing from the blue-flies.

"Miss Manette, if the prisoner does not perfectly understand that you give the evidence which it is your duty to give—which you must give—and which you cannot escape from giving—with great unwillingness, he is the only person present in that condition. Please to go on."

"He told me that he was travelling on business of a delicate and difficult nature, which might get people into trouble, and that he was therefore travelling under an assumed name. He said that this business had, within a few days taken him to France, and might, at intervals, take him backwards and forwards between France and England for a long time to come."

"Did he say anything about America, Miss Manette? Be particular,"

"He tried to explain to me how that quarrel had arisen, and he said that, so far as he could judge, it was a wrong and foolish one on England's part. He added, in a jesting way, that perhaps George Washington might gain almost as great a name in history as George the Third. But there was no harm in his way of saying this: it was said laughingly, and to beguile the time."

Mr. Attorney-General now signified to my lord, that he deemed it necessary, as a matter of precaution and form, to



call the young lady's father, Doctor Manette, who was called accordingly.

"Doctor Manette, look upon the prisoner. Have you ever seen him before?"

"Once. When he called at my lodging in London. Some three years, or three years and a half, ago."

"Can you indentify him as your fellow-passenger on board the packet, or speak to his conversation with your daughter?"

"Sir, I can do neither."

"Is there any particular and special reason for you being unable to do either?"

He answered, in a low voice, "There is."

"Has it been your misfortune to undergo a long imprisonment, without trial, or even accusation, in your native country, Doctor Manette?"

He answered, in a tone that went to every heart, "A long imprisonment."

"Were you newly released on the occasion in question?"

"They tell me so."

"Have you no remembrance of the occasion?"

"None. My mind is a blank, from some time—I cannot even say what time—when I employed myself, in my captivity, in making shoes, to the time when I found myself living in London with my dear daughter here. She had become familiar to me, when a gracious God restored my faculties: but I am quite unable even to say how she had become familiar. I have no remembrance of the process."

Mr. Attorney-General sat down, and the father and daughter sat down together.

A singular circumstance then arose in the case. The object in hand being to show that the prisoner went down, with some fellow-plotter untracked, in the Dover mail on the Friday night in November five years ago, and got out of the mail in the night, as a blind, at a place where he did not remain, but from which he travelled back some dozen miles or more, to a garrison and dockyard, and there collected information; a witness was called to identify him as having been

*(Carstnapale)*



at the precise time required, in the coffee-room of a hotel in that garrison and dockyard town, waiting for another person. The prisoner's counsel was cross-examining this witness with no result, except that he had never seen the prisoner on any other occasion, when the wigged gentleman who had all this time been looking at the ceiling of the court, wrote a word or two on a little piece of paper, screwed it up and tossed it to him. Opening this piece of paper in the next pause, the counsel looked with great attention and curiosity at the prisoner.

"You say again you are quite sure that it *was* the prisoner?"

The witness was quite sure.

"Did you see anybody very like the prisoner?"

Not so like (the witness said) as that he could be mistaken.

"Look well upon that gentleman, my learned friend there," pointing to him who had tossed the paper over, "and then look well upon the prisoner. How say you? Are they very like each other?"

(Allowing for my learned friend's appearance being careless and slovenly, if not debauched, they were sufficiently like each other to surprise, not only the witness, but everybody present, when they were thus brought into comparison.) My lord being prayed to bid my learned friend lay aside his wig, and giving no very gracious consent, the likeness became much more remarkable. My lord inquired of Mr. Stryver (the prisoner's counsel), whether they were next to try Mr. Carton (name of my learned friend) for treason? But Mr. Stryver replied to my lord, no; but he would ask the witness to tell him whether what happened once, might happen twice, whether he would have been so confident if he had seen this illustration of his rashness sooner; whether he would be so confident, having seen it; and more. The upshot of which was to smash this witness like a crockery vessel, and shiver his part of the case to useless lumber.

Mr. Cruncher had by this time taken quite a lunch of rust off his fingers, in his following of the evidence. He had now to attend while Mr. Stryver fitted the prisoner's case on jury, like a compact suit of clothes; showing them how the



patriot, Barsad, was a hired spy and traitor, an unblushing trafficker in blood, and one of the greatest scoundrels upon earth since accursed Judas—which he certainly did look rather like. How the virtuous servant, Cly, was his friend and partner, and was worthy to be ; how the watchful eyes of those forgers and false swearers had rested on the prisoner as a victim, because some family affairs in France, he being of French extraction, did require his making those passages across the Channel—though what those affairs were, a consideration for others who were near and dear to him, forbade him, even for his life, to disclose. How the evidence that had been warped and wrested from the young lady, whose anguish in giving it they had witnessed, came to nothing, involving the mere little innocent gallantries and politenesses likely to pass between any young gentleman and young lady so thrown together.

Mr. Stryver then called his few witnesses, and Mr. Cruncher had next to attend while Mr. Attorney-General turned the whole suit of clothes Mr. Stryver had fitted on the jury, inside out ; showing how Barsad and Cly were even a hundred times better than he had thought them, and the prisoner hundred times worse. Lastly, came my lord himself, turning the suit of clothes, now inside out, now outside in, but on the whole decidedly trimming and shaping them into grave-clothes for the prisoner.

And now, the jury turned to consider, and the great flies swarmed again.

Mr. Carton, who had so long sat looking at the ceiling of the court, changed neither his place nor his attitude, even in this excitement. While his learned friend, Mr. Stryver, massing his papers before him, whispered with those who sat near, and from time to time glanced anxiously at the jury, while all the spectators moved more or less, and grouped themselves anew ; this one man sat leaning back, with his torn gown half off him, his untidy wig put on just as it had happened to light on his head after its removal, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes on the ceiling as they had been all day.

Yet this Mr. Carton took in more of the details of the scene than he appeared to take in ; for now, when Miss



Manette's head dropped upon her father's breast, he was the first to see it, and to say audibly, "Officer! look to that young lady. Help the gentleman to take her out. Don't you see she will fall!"

There was much commiseration for her as she was removed, and much sympathy with her father. It had evidently been a great distress to him, to have the days of his imprisonment recalled. He had shown strong internal agitation when he was questioned, and that pondering or brooding look which made him old, had been upon him, like a heavy cloud, ever since. As he passed out, the jury, who had turned back and paused a moment, spoke, through their foreman.

They were not agreed, and wished to retire. My lord showed some surprise that they were not agreed, but signified his pleasure that they should retire under watch and ward, and retired himself. The trial had lasted all day, the lamps in the court were now being lighted. It began to be rumoured that the jury would be out a long while. The spectators dropped off to get refreshment, and the prisoner withdrew to the back of the dock, and sat down.

Mr. Lorry, who had gone out when the young lady and her father went out, now reappeared, and beckoned to Jerry: who, in the slackened interest, could easily get near him.

"Jerry if you wish to take something to eat, you can. But keep in the way. You will be sure to hear when the jury come in. Don't be a moment behind them, for I want you to take the verdict back to the bank. You are the quickest messenger I know, and will get to Temple Bar long before I can."

Mr. Carton came up at the moment, and touched Mr. Lorry on the arm.

"How is the young lady?"

"She is greatly distressed; but her father is comforting her, and she feels the better for being out of court."

"I'll tell the prisoner so. It won't do for a respectable bank gentleman like you, to be seen speaking to him publicly, you know."



Mr. Lorry reddened, as if he were conscious of having debated the point in his mind, and Mr. Carton made his way to the outside of the bar. The way out of court lay in that direction, and Jerry followed him, all eyes, ears, and pikes.

“Mr. Darnay !”

The prisoner came forward directly.

“You will naturally be anxious to hear of the witness, Miss Manette. She will do very well. You have been the worst of her agitation.”

“I am deeply sorry to have been the cause of it. Could you tell her so for me, with my fervent acknowledgements ?”

“Yes, I could. I will, if you ask it.”

(Mr. Carton’s manner was careless as to be almost insolent. He stood, half turned from the prisoner, laughing with his elbow against the bar.)

“I do ask it. Accept my cordial thanks.”

“What,” said Carton, still only half turned towards him, “do you expect, Mr. Darney ?”

“The worst.”

“It’s the wisest thing to expect, and the likeliest. But I think their withdrawing is in your favour.”

Loitering on the way of court not being allowed, Jerry heard no more ; but left them—so like each other in feature, so unlike each other in manner—standing side by side, both reflected in the glass above them.

An hour and a half limped heavily away in the thief-and-rascal-crowded passages below, even though assisted off with mutton pies and ale. The hoarse messenger, uncomfortably seated on a form after taking that reflection, had dropped into a doze, when a loud murmur and a rapid tide of people setting up the stairs that led to the court, carried him along with them.

“Jerry ! Jerry !” Mr. Lorry was already calling at the door when he got there.

“Here, sir ! It’s a fight to get back again. Here I am, sir !”



Mr. Lorry handed him a paper through the throng. "Quick! Have you got it?"

"Yes, sir."

Hastily written on the paper was the word "ACQUITTED.."

"If you had sent the message, 'Recalled to life,' again," muttered Jerry, as he turned, "I should have known what you meant, this time."

He had no opportunity of saying, or so much as thinking, anything else, until he was clear of the Old Bailey; for the crowd came pouring out with a vehemence that nearly took him off his legs, and a loud buzz swept into the street as if the baffled blue-flies were dispersing in search of other carrion.

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## CHAPTER VII

### THE JACKAL

Nobody had made any acknowledgement of Mr. Carton's part in the day's proceedings; nobody had known of it. He smelled of port wine, and did not appear to be quite sober, when he turned to Darnay:

"This is a strange chance that throws you and me together."

"I hardly seem yet," returned Charles Darney, "to belong to this world again."

"I don't wonder at it; it's not so long since you were pretty far advanced on your way to another. You speak faintly."

"I begin to think I *am* faint."

"Then why the devil don't you dine? I dined, myself, while those numskulls were deliberating which world you should belong to—this, or some other. Let me show you the nearest tavern to dine well at."



Drawing his arm through his own, he took him down Ludgate Hill to Fleet Street, and so, up a covered way, into a tavern. Here, they were shown into a little room, where Charles Darnay was soon recruiting his strength with a good plain dinner and good wine : while Carton sat opposite to him at the same table, with his separate bottle of port before him.

"Do you feel, yet, that you belong to this world again, Mr. Darnay ?"

"I am frightfully confused regarding time and place ; but I am so far mended as to feel that."

"It must be an immense satisfaction !"

"He said it butterly, and filled up his glass again, which was a large one. ✓

✦ "As to me, the greatest desire I have, is to forget that I belong to it. It has no good in it for me—except wine like this—nor I for it. So we are not much alike in that particular. Indeed, I begin to think we are not much alike in any particular, you and I."

Confused by the emotion of the day, Charles Darnay was at a loss how to answer ; finally, answered not at all.

"Now your dinner is done," Carton presently said, "why don't you call a health, Mr. Darnay ; why don't you give your toast ?"

"What health ? What toast ?"

"Why, it's on the tip of your tongue. It ought to be, it must be, I'll swear it's there."

"Miss Manette, then !"

"Miss Manette, then !"

Looking his companion full in the face while he drank the toast, Carton flung his glass over his shoulder against the wall, where it shivered to pieces ; then, rang the bell, and ordered in another.

"That's a fair young lady to hand to a coach in the dark, Mr. Darnay !" he said, filling his new goblet.

A slight frown and a laconic "Yes," were the answer.



"That's a fair young lady to be pitied by and wept for by ! How does it feel ? Is it worth being tried for one's life, to be the object of such sympathy and compassion, Mr. Darnay ?"

Again Darnay answered not a word.

"She was mightily pleased to have your message, when I gave it her. Not that she showed she was pleased, but I suppose she was."

The allusion served as a timely reminder to Darnay that this disagreeable companion had, of his own free-will, assisted him in the strait of the day. He turned the dialogue to that point, and thanked him for it.

"I neither want any thanks, nor merit any," was the careless rejoinder. "It was nothing to do, in the first place, and I don't know why I did it, in the second. Mr. Darnay, let me ask you a question."

"Willingly, and a small return for your good offices."

"Do you think I particularly like you ?"

"Really, Mr. Carton," returned the other, oddly disconcerted, "I have not asked myself the question."

"But ask yourself the question now."

"You have acted as if you do ; but I don't think you do."

"I don't think I do," said Carton. "I begin to have a very good opinion of your understanding."

"Nevertheless," pursued Darnay, rising to pull the bell, "there is nothing in that, I hope, to prevent my calling the reckoning, and our parting without ill-blood on either side."

Carton rejoining, "Nothing in life !" Darnay rang. "Do you call the whole reckoning ?" said Carton. On his answering in the affirmative, "Then bring me another pint of this same wine, drawer, and come and wake me at ten."

The bill being paid, Charles Darnay rose and wished him good-night. Without returning the wish, Carton rose too, with something of a threat or defiance in his manner, and said, "A last word, Mr. Darnay : you think I am drunk ?"

"I think you have been drinking, Mr. Carton."

"Think ? You know I have been drinking."



“Since I must say so, I know it.”

“Then you shall likewise know why. I am a disappointed drudge, sir. I care for no man on earth, and no man on earth cares for me.”

“Much to be regretted. You might have used your talents better.”

“May be so, Mr. Darnay ; may be not. Don't let your sober face elate you, however ; you don't know what it may come to. Good-night !”

Sydney Carton, idlest and most unpromising of men, was Stryver's great ally. What the two drank together might have floated a king's ship. Stryver never had a case in hand, anywhere, but Carton was there, with his hands in his pockets, staring at the ceiling of the court ; they went the same circuit, and even there they prolonged their usual orgies late into the night, and Carton was rumoured to be seen on broad day, going home stealthily and unsteadily to his lodgings, like a dissipated cat. At last, it began to get about, among such as were interested in the matter, that although Sydney Carton would never be a lion, he was an amazingly good jackal, and that he rendered suit and service to Stryver in the humble capacity.

“Ten o'clock, sir,” said the man at the tavern, whom he had charged to wake him.... “ten o'clock, sir.”

“What's the matter ?”

“Ten o'clock, sir.”

“What do you mean ? Ten o'clock at night ?”

“Yes, sir. Your honour told me to call you.”

“Oh ! I remember. Very well, very well.”

After a few dull efforts to get to sleep again, which the man dexterously combated by stirring the fire continuously for five minutes, he got up, tossed his hat on, and walked out. He turned into the Temple, and, having revived himself by twice pacing the pavements of King's Bench Walk and Paper Buildings, turned into the Stryver chambers.

“You are a little late, Memory,” said Stryver.

“About the usual time ; it may be a quarter of an hour later.”



They went into a dingy room lined with books and littered with papers, where there was a blazing fire. A kettle steamed upon the hob, and in the midst of the wreck of papers a table shone, with plenty of wine upon it, and brandy, and rum, and sugar, and lemons.

"You have had your bottle, I perceive, Sydney."

"Two to-night, I think. I have been dining with the day's client ; or seeing him dine .... it's all one !"

"That was a rare point, Sydney, that you brought to bear upon the identification. How did you come by it ? When did it strike you?"

"I thought he was rather a handsome fellow, and I thought I should have been much the same sort of fellow, if I had had any luck."

"You were very sound, Sydney, in the matter of those crown witnesses to-day. Every question told."

"I always am sound ; am I not ?"

"I don't gainsay it. What has roughened your temper ? Put some punch to it and smooth it again."

With a deprecatory grunt, the jackal again complied.

"The old Sydney Carton of old Shrewsbury School," said Stryver, nodding his head over him as he reviewed him in the present and the past, "the old seesaw Sydney. Up one minute and down the next ; now in spirits and now in despondency !"

"Ah !" returned the other, sighing, "yes ! The same Sydney, with the same luck. Even then, I did exercises for other boys, and seldom did my own."

"And why not ?"

"God knows. It was my way, I suppose."

He sat with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out before him, looking at the fire.

"Carton," said his friend, "your way is, as always was, a lame way. You summon no energy and purpose. Look at me."

"Oh, botheration!" returned Sydney, with a good-humoured laugh, "don't you be moral !"



"How have I done what I have done?" said Stryver ;  
"how do I do what I do?"

"Partly through paying me to help you, I suppose. But it's not worth your while to apostrophise me, or the air, about ; what you want to do, you do. You were always in the front rank, and I was always behind."

"I had to get into the front rank ; I was not born there, was I?"

"I was not present at the ceremony ; but my opinion is you were," said Carton. At this, he laughed.

"Well then ! Pledge me to the pretty witness," said Stryver, holding up his glass. "Are you turned in a pleasant direction?"

Apparently not, for he became gloomy again.

"Pretty witness," he muttered, looking down into his glass. "I have had enough of witnesses to-day and to-night ; who's your pretty witness?"

"The picturesque Doctor's daughter, Miss Manette."

"*She* pretty?"

"Is she not?"

"No"

"Why, man alive, she was the admiration of the whole court!"

"Rot the admiration of the whole court ! Who made the old Bailey a judge of beauty ? She was a golden-haired doll !"

"Do you know, Sydney," said Mr. Stryver, looking at him with sharp eyes, and slowly drawing a hand across his florid face.... "do you know, I rather thought, at the time, that you sympathised with the golden-haired doll, and were quick to see what happened to the golden-haired doll?"

"Quick to see what happened ! If a girl, doll or no doll, swoons within a yard or two of a man's nose, he can see it without a perspective-glass. I pledge you, but I deny the beauty. And now I'll have no more drink ; I'll get to bed."

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## CHAPTER VIII

## HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE

The quiet lodgings of Doctor Manette were in a quiet street corner not far from Soho Square. On the afternoon of a certain fine Sunday when the waves of four months had rolled over the trial for treason, Mr. Jarvis Lorry walked along the sunny streets from Clerkenwell where he lived, on his way to dine with the Doctor. Mr. Lorry had become the Doctor's friend, and the quiet street corner was the sunny part of his life.

Doctor Manette received such patients here as his old reputation, and its revival in the floating whispers of history, brought him. His scientific knowledge, and his vigilance and skill in conducting ingenious experiments, brought him otherwise into moderate request, and he earned as much as he wanted.

These things were within Mr. Jarvis Lorry's knowledge, thoughts, and notice, when he rang the door-bell of the tranquil house in the corner, on the fine Sunday afternoon.

"Doctor Manette at home?"

Expected home.

"Miss Lucie at home?"

Expected home.

"Miss Pross at home?"

Possibly at home, but of certainty impossible for handmaid to anticipate intentions of Miss Pross, as to admission or denial of the fact.

"As I am at home myself," said Mr. Lorry, "I'll go upstairs."

Although the Doctor's daughter had known nothing of the country of her birth, she appeared to have innately derived from it that ability to make much of little means, which is one of its most useful and most agreeable characteristics. Simple as the furniture was, it was set off by so many little adornments, of no value but for their taste and fancy, that its effect was delightful. There were three rooms on a floor.



In the Doctor's bedroom, and there, in a corner, stood the disused shoemaker's bench and tray of tools, much as it had stood on the fifth floor of the dismal house by the wine-shop, in the suburb of Saint Antoine in Paris.

"I wonder," said Mr. Lorry, pausing in his looking about, "that he keeps that reminder of his sufferings by him !"

"And why wonder at that ?" was the abrupt inquiry that made him start.

It proceeded from Miss Pross, the wild red woman, strong of hand, whose acquaintance he had first made at the Royal George Hotel at Dover, and had since improved.

"I should have thought..." Mr. Lorry began.

"Pooh ! You'd have thought !" said Miss Pross ; and Mr. Lorry left off.

"How do you do ?" inquired that lady then—sharply, and yet as if to express that she bore him no malice.

"I am pretty well, I thank you," answered Mr. Lorry, with meekness ; "how are you ?"

"Nothing to boast of," said Miss Pross.

"Indeed ?"

"Ah ! indeed !" said Miss Pross. "I am very much put about my Ladybird."

"Indeed ?"

"For gracious' sake say something else besides 'indeed' or you'll fidget me to death," said Miss Pross.

"Really, then ?" said Mr. Lorry as an amendment.

" 'Really,' is bad enough," returned Miss Pross, "but better. Yes, I am very much put out."

"May I ask the cause ?"

"I don't want dozens of people who are not at all worthy of Ladybird, to come here looking after her," said Miss Pross.

"*Do dozens* come for that purpose ?"

"Hundreds" said Miss Pross.

"Dear me !" said Mr. Lorry, as the safest remark he could think of.



"I have lived with the darling—or the darling has lived with me, and paid me for it ; which she certainly should never have done, you may take your affidavit, if I could have afforded to keep either myself or her for nothing—since she was ten years old. And it's really very hard," said Miss Pross.

Not seeing with precision what was very hard, Mr. Lorry shook his head, using that important part of himself as a sort of fairy cloak that would fit anything.

"All sorts of people who are not in the least degree worthy of the pet, are always turning up," said Miss Pross. "When you began it—"

"I began it, Miss Pross ?"

"Didn't you ? You brought her father to life ?"

"Oh ! If *that* was beginning it—" said Mr. Lorry.

"It wasn't ending it, I suppose ? I say, when you began it, it was hard enough ; not that I have any fault to find with Doctor Manette, except that he is not worthy of such a daughter, which is no imputation on him, for it was not to be expected that anybody should be, under any circumstances. But it really is doubly and trebly hard to have crowds and multitudes of people turning up after him (I could have forgiven him), to take Ladybird's affections away from me."

Mr. Lorry knew Miss Pross to be very jealous, but he also knew her by this time to be, beneath the surface of her eccentricity, one of those unselfish creatures—found only among women—who will, for pure love and admiration, bind themselves willing slaves, to youth when they have lost it, to beauty that they never had, to accomplishments that they were never fortunate enough to gain, to bright hopes that never shone upon their own sombre lives.

"There never was, nor will be, but one man worthy of Ladybird," said Miss Pross ; "and that was my brother Solomon, if he hadn't made a mistake in life."

Here again : Mr. Lorry's inquiries into Miss Pross's personal history had established the fact that her brother Solomon was a heartless scoundrel who had stripped her of everything she possessed, as a stake to speculate with, and had abandoned her in **her poverty for evermore**, with no touch of compunction.



"As we happen to be alone for the moment, and are both people of business," he said, when they had got back to the drawing-room, and had sat down there in friendly relations, "let me ask you—does the Doctor, in talking with Lucie, never refer to the shoe-making time, yet?"

"Never."

"And yet keeps that bench and those tools beside him?"

"Ah!" returned Miss Pross, shaking her head. "But I don't say he don't refer to it within himself."

"Do you believe that he thinks of it much?"

"I do," said Miss Pross.

"Do you imagine—" Mr. Lorry had begun, when Miss Pross took him up short with—

"Never imagine anything. Have no imagination at all."

"I stand corrected: do you suppose—You go so far as to suppose, sometimes?"

"Now and then," said Miss Pross.

"Do you suppose," Mr. Lorry went on, with a laughing twinkle in his bright eye, as it looked kindly at her, "that Doctor Manette has any theory of his own, preserved through all those years, relative to the cause of his being so oppressed; perhaps, even to the name of his oppressor?"

"Well! To the best of my understanding, and bad's the best you'll tell me," said Miss Pross, softened by the tone of the apology, "he is afraid of the whole subject."

"Afraid?"

"It's plain enough, I should think, why he may be. It's dreadful remembrance. Besides that, his loss of himself grew out of it. Not knowing how he lost himself, or how he recovered himself, he may never feel certain of not losing himself again. That alone wouldn't make the subject pleasant, I should think."

It was a profounder remark than Mr. Lorry had looked for. "True," said he, "and fearful to reflect upon. Yet, a doubt lurks in my mind, Miss Pross, whether it is good for



Doctor Manette to have that suppression always shut up within him."

"Here they are !" said Miss Pross, rising to break up the conference ; "now we shall have hundreds of people pretty soon !"

Miss Pross was a pleasant sight, albeit wild, and red, and grim, taking off her darling's bonnet when she came upstairs, and touching it up with the ends of her handkerchief, and blowing the dust off it, and folding her mantle ready for laying by, and smoothing her rich hair with as much pride as she could possibly have taken in her own hair if she had been the vainest and handsomest of women. Her darling was a pleasant sight too, embracing her and thanking her, and protesting against her taking so much trouble for her—which last she only dared to do playfully, or Miss Pross, sorely hurt, would have retired to her own chamber and cried. The doctor was a pleasant sight too, looking on at them, and telling Miss Pross how she spoiled Lucie. Mr. Lorry was a pleasant sight too, beaming at all this in his little wig, and thanking his bachelor stars for having lighted him in his declining years to a home. But, no hundreds of people came to see the sights, and Mr. Lorry looked in vain for the fulfilment of Miss Pross's prediction.

Dinner-time, and still no hundreds of people. It was an oppressive day, and, after dinner, Lucie proposed that the wine should be carried out under the plane-tree, and they should sit there in the air. As everything turned upon her and revolved about her, they went out under the plane-tree, and she carried the wine down for the special benefit of Mr. Lorry.

Still, the hundreds of people did not present themselves. Mr. Darnay presented himself while they were sitting under the plane-tree, but he was only one.

Doctor Manette received him kindly, and so did Lucie. But Miss Pross suddenly became afflicted with a twitching in the head and body, and retired into the house. She was not unfrequently the victim of this disorder, and she called, in familiar conversation, "a fit of the jerks." The doctor was in his best condition, and looked specially young. He had been talking, all day, on many subjects and with usual vivacity.



Tea-time, and Miss Pross making tea, with another fit of the jerks upon her, and yet no hundreds of people. Mr. Carton had lounged in, but he made only two.

The night was so very sultry, that although they sat with doors and windows open, they were overpowered by heat. When the tea-table was done with, they all moved to one of the windows, and looked out into the heavy twilight. Lucie sat by her father; Darnay sat beside her; Carton leaned against a window.

"The raindrops are still falling, large, heavy, and few," said Doctor Manette. "It comes slowly."

"It comes surely," said Carton.

They spoke low, as people watching and waiting mostly do; as people in a dark room, watching and waiting for lighting, always do.

There was a great hurry in the streets, of people speeding away to get shelter before the storm broke; the wonderful corner for echoes resounded with the echoes of footsteps coming and going, yet not a footstep was there.

"A multitude of people, and yet a solitude!" said Darnay, when they had listened for a while.

"Is it not impressive, Mr. Darnay?" asked Lucie. "Sometimes, I have sat here of an evening, until I have fancied—But even the shade of a foolish fancy makes me shudder to-night, when all is so black and solemn. I have sometimes sat alone here of an evening, listening, until I have made the echoes of all the footsteps that are coming by and by into our lives."

"There is a great crowd coming one day into our lives, if that be so," Sydney Carton struck in, in his moody way.

The footsteps were incessant, and the hurry of them became more and more rapid. The corner echoed and re-echoed with the tread of feet; some, as it seemed, under the windows; some, as it seemed, in the room; some coming, some going, some breaking off, some stopping altogether; all in the distant streets, and not one within sight.

A memorable storm of thunder and lightning broke with that sweep of water, and there was not a moment's interval



in crash, and fire, and rain, until after the moon rose at midnight.

The great bell of Saint Paul's was striking in the cleared air, when Mr. Lorry, escorted by Jerry, high-booted and bearing a lantern, set forth on his return passage to Clerkenwell.

"What a night it has been ! Almost a night, Jerry," said Mr. Lorry, "to bring the dead out of their graves."

"I never see the night myself, master—nor yet I don't expect to—what would do that," answered Jerry.

"Good-night, Mr. Carton," said the man of business. "Good-night, Mr. Darnay. Shall we ever see such a night again, together !"



## CHAPTER IX

### MONSEIGNEUR IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

Monseigneur, one of the great lords in power at the Court, held his fortnightly reception in his grand hotel in Paris. Monseigneur was in his inner room, his sanctuary of sanctuaries, the Holiest of Holiest to the crowd of worshippers in the suite of rooms without. Monseigneur was about to take his chocolate.

It took four men, all four ablaze with gorgeous decoration, and the chief of them unable to exist with fewer than two gold watches in his pocket, to conduct the happy chocolate to Monseigneur's lips.

Monseigneur had been out at a little supper last night, where the Comedy and the Grand Opera were charmingly represented. Monseigneur was out at a little supper most nights, with fascinating company.

Monseigneur having eased his four men of their burdens and taken his chocolate, caused the doors of the Holiest of Holiests to be thrown open, and issued forth. Then, what



submission, what cringing and fawning, what servility, what abject humiliation !

Bestowing a word of promise here and a smile there a whisper on one happy slave and a wave of the hand on another, Monseigneur affably passed through his rooms, turned, and came back again, and so in due course of time got himself shut up in his sanctuary and was seen no more.

The show being over, there was soon but one person left of all the crowd, and he, with his hat under his arm and his snuff-box in his hand, slowly passed among the mirrors, and quietly walked down-stairs, into the courtyard, got into his carriage, and drove away.

With a wild rattle and clatter, and an inhuman abandonment of consideration not easy to be understood in these days, the carriage dashed through streets and swept round corners, with women screaming before it, and men clutching each other and clutching children out of its way. At last, swooping at a street corner by a fountain, one of its wheels came to a sickening little jolt, and there was a loud cry from a number of voices, and the horses reared and plunged.

But for the latter inconvenience, the carriage probably would not have stopped ; carriages were often known to drive on, and leave their wounded behind, and why not ? But the frightened valet had got down in a hurry, and there were twenty hands at the horses' bridles.

"What has gone wrong ?" said Monsieur, calmly looking out.

A tall man in a nightcap had caught up a bundle from among the feet of the horses, and had laid it on the basement of the fountain, and was down in the mud and wet, howling over it like a wild animal.

"Pardon, Monsieur the Marquis !" said a ragged and submissive man, "it is a child."

"Why does he make that abominable noise ?" Is it his child ?

"Excuse me, Monsieur the Marquis—it is a pity—yes."

The fountain was a little removed ; for the street opened, where it was, into a space some ten or twelve yards square.



As the tall man suddenly got up from the ground, and came running at the carriage, Monsieur the Marquis chapped his hands for an instant on his sword-hilt.

"Killed !" shrieked the man, in wild desperation, extending both arms at their length above his head, and staring at him "Dead !"

The people closed round, and looked at Monsieur the Marquis. There was nothing revealed by that many eyes that looked at him but watchfulness and eagerness; there was no visible menacing or anger. Neither did the people say anything ; after the first cry, they had been silent, and they remained so. The voice of the submissive man who had spoken was flat and tame in its extreme submission. Monsieur the Marquis ran his eyes over them all, as if they had been mere rats come out of their holes.

He took out his purse.

"It is extraordinary to me," said he, "that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. One or the other of you is for ever in the way. How do I know what injury you have done my horses ? See ! Give him that."

He threw out a gold coin for the valet to pick up, and all the heads craned forward that all the eyes might look down at it as it fell. The tall man called out again with a most unearthly cry, "Dead !"

He was arrested by the quick arrival of another man, for whom the rest made way. On seeing him, the miserable creature fell upon his shoulder, sobbing and crying, and pointing to the fountain, where some women were stooping over the motionless bundle, and moving gently about it. They were as silent, however, as the man.

"I know all, I know all," said the last comer. "Be a brave man, my Gaspard ! It is better for the poor little plaything to die so, than to live. It has died in a moment without pain. Could it have lived an hour as happily ?"

"You are a philosopher, you there," said the Marquis smilingly. "How do they call you ?"

"They call me Defarge."



"Of what trade?"

"Monsieur the Marquis, vendor of wine."

"Pick up that, philosopher and vendor of wine," said the Marquis, throwing him another gold coin, "and spend it as you will. The horses there; are they right?"

Without deigning to look at the assemblage a second time, Monsieur the Marquis leaned back in his seat, and was just being driven away with the air of a gentleman who had accidentally broken some common thing and had paid for it, and could afford to pay for it, when his ease was suddenly disturbed by a coin flying into his carriage, and ringing on its floor.

"Hold!" said Monsieur the Marquis. "Hold the horses! Who threw that?"

He looked to the spot where Defarge the vendor of wine had stood, a moment before; but the wretched father was grovelling on his face on the pavement in that spot, and the figure that stood beside him was the figure of a dark, stout woman, knitting.

"You dogs!" said the Marquis, but smoothly, and with an unchanged front, except as to the spots on his nose: "I would ride over any of you very willingly, and exterminate you from the earth. If I knew which rascal threw at the carriage, and if that brigand were sufficiently near it, he should be crushed under the wheels."

So cowed was their condition, and so long and so hard their experience of what such a man could do to them, within the law and beyond it, that not a voice, or a hand, or even an eye, was raised. Among the men, not one. But the woman who stood knitting looked up steadily, and looked the Marquis in the face. It was not for his dignity to notice it; his contemptuous eyes passed over her, and over all the other rats; and he leaned back in his seat again, and gave the word "Go on!"

A beautiful landscape, with the corn bright in it but not abundant.

Monsieur the Marquis in his travelling-carriage, conducted by four post-horses and two postillions, lagged up a steep hill.



The sunset struck so brilliantly into the travelling-carriage when it gained the hill-top, that its occupant was steeped in crimson. "It will die out," said Monsieur the Marquis, glancing at his hands, "directly."

In effect, the sun was so low that it dipped at the moment. When the heavy drag had been adjusted to the wheel, and the carriage slid downhill, in a cloud of dust, the red glow departed quickly ; the sun and the Marquis going down together, there was no glow left when the drag was taken off.

But there remained a broken country, bold and open, a little village at the bottom of the hill, a broad sweep and rise beyond it, a church tower, a windmill, a forest for the chase, and a crag with a fortress on it used as a prison. Round upon all these darkening objects as the night drew on, the Marquis looked, with the air of one who was coming near home.

The village had its one poor street, with its poor brewery, poor tannery, poor tavern, poor stableyard for relays of post-horses, poor fountain, all usual poor appointments. It had its poor people too. All its people were poor, and many of them were sitting at their doors, shredding spare onions and the like for supper, while many were at the fountain, washing leaves, and grasses, and any such small yieldings of the earth that could be eaten.

Heralded by a courier in advance, and by the cracking of the postillions' whips, Monsieur the Marquis drew up in his travelling-carriage at the posting-house gate. It was hard by the fountain, and the peasants suspended their operations to look at him.

Monsieur the Marquis cast his eyes over the submissive faces that drooped before him, as the like of himself had drooped before Monsieur of the Court—only the difference was, that these faces drooped merely to suffer and not to propitiate—when a grizzled mender of the roads joined the group.

"Bring me hither that fellow !" said the Marquis to the courier.

The fellow was brought, cap in hand, and the other fellows closed round to look and listen, in the manner of the people at the Paris fountain.



"I passed you on the road?"

"Monseigneur, it is true. I had the honour of being passed on the road."

"Coming up the hill, and at the top of the hill, both?"

"Monseigneur, it is true."

"What did you look at, so fixedly?"

"Monseigneur, I looked at the man."

He stopped a little, and with his tattered blue cap pointed under the carriage. All his fellows stooped to look under the carriage.

"What man, pig? And why look there?"

"Pardon, Monseigneur; he swung by the chain of the shoe—the drag."

"Who?" demanded the traveller.

"Monseigneur, the man."

"May the devil carry away these idiots! How do you call the man? You know all the men of this part of the country. Who was he?"

"Your clemency, Monseigneur! He was not of this part of the country. Of all the days of my life, I never saw him."

"Swinging by the chain? To be suffocated?"

"With your gracious permission, that was the wonder of it, Monseigneur. His head hanging over—like this!"

He turned himself sideways to the carriage, and leaned back, with his face thrown up to the sky, and his head hanging down; then recovered himself, fumbled with his cap, and made a bow.

"What was he like?"

"Monseigneur, he was whiter than the miller. All covered with dust, white as a spectre, tall as a spectre!"

The picture produced an immense sensation in the little crowd; but all eyes, without comparing notes with other eyes, looked at Monsieur the Marquis. Perhaps, to observe whether he had any spectre on his conscience.



"Truly, you did well," said the Marquis, felicitously sensible that such vermin were not to ruffle him, "to see a thief accompanying my carriage, and not open that great mouth of yours. Bah ! Put him aside, Monsieur Gabelle !"

Monsieur Gabelle was the postmaster, and some other taxing functionary, united ; he had come out with great obsequiousness to assist at this examination, and had held the examined by the drapery of his arm in an official manner.

"Bah ! Go aside !" said Monsieur Gabelle.

"Lay hands on this stranger if he seeks to lodge in your village tonight, and be sure that his business is honest, Gabelle."

"Monseigneur, I am flattered to devote myself to your orders."

"Did he run away, fellow ?—where is that accured ?"

The accursed was already under the carriage with some half-dozen particular friends, pointing out the chain with his blue cap. Some half-dozen other particular friends promptly hauled him out, and presented him breathless to Monsieur the Marquis.

"Did the man run away, dolt, when we stopped for the drag ?"

Monseigneur, he precipitated himself over the hill-side, head first, as a person plunges into the river."

"See to it, Gabelle. Go on !"

The shadow of a large, high-roofed house, and of many overhanging trees, was upon Monsieur the Marquis, as his carriage stopped, and the great door of his chateau was opened to him.

"Monsieur Charles, whom I expect : is he arrived from England ?"

"Monseigneur, not yet."

It was a heavy mass of building, that chateau of Monsieur the Marquis, with a long stone courtyard before it, and two sweeps of staircase meeting in a stone terrace before the principal door.



The great door clanged behind him, and Monsieur the Marquis crossed a hall, grim with certain old boar-spears, swords, and knives of the chase ; grimmer with certain heavy riding-rods and riding-whips, of which many a peasant, gone to his benefactor, Death, had felt the weight when his lord was angry.

Avoiding the larger rooms, which were dark, Monsieur the Marquis, with his flambeau-bearer going on before, went up the staircase to a door in a corridor. This thrown open, admitted him to his own private apartment of three rooms, his bedchamber and two others.

A supper-table was laid for two, in the third of the rooms. "My nephew," said the Marquis, glancing at the supper preparation ; "they said he was not arrived."

Nor was he ; but he had been expected with Monseigneur.

"Ah ! It is not probable he will arrive to-night ; nevertheless, leave the table as it is. I shall be ready in a quarter of an hour."

In a quarter of an hour, Monseigneur was ready, and sat down alone to his sumptuous and choice supper.

He was half-way through it, when he stopped with his glass in his hand, hearing the sound of wheels. It came on briskly and came up to the front of the chateau.

"Ask who is arrived."

It was the nephew of Monseigneur.

He was to be told (said Monseigneur) that supper waited him then and there, and that he was prayed to come to it. In a little while, he came. He had been known in England as Charles Darnay.

Monseigneur received him in a courtly manner, but they did not shake hands.

"You left Paris yesterday, sir ?" he said to Monseigneur, as he took his seat at table.

"Yesterday. And you ?"

"I come direct."

"From London ?"



"Yes."

"You have been a long time coming," said the Marquis, with a smile.

"On the contrary ; I come direct."

"Pardon me ; I mean, not a long time on the journey ; a long time intending the journey."

"I have been detained by"...the nephew stopped a moment in his answer..."various business."

"Without doubt," said the polished uncle.

So long as a servant was present, no other word passed between them. When coffee had been served and they were alone together, the nephew, looking at the uncle and meeting the eyes of the face that was like a fine mask, opened a conversation.

"I have come back, sir, as you anticipate, pursuing the object that took me away. It carried me into great and unexpected peril ; but it is a sacred object, and if it had carried me to death I hope it would have sustained me."

"Not to death," said the uncle ; "it is not necessary to say, to death."

"I doubt, sir, " returned the nephew, "whether, if it had carried me to the utmost brink of death, you would have cared to stop me there. Indeed, sir, for anything I know, you may have expressly worked to give a more suspicious appearance to the suspicious circumstances that surrounded me."

"No, no, no," said the uncle pleasantly.

"But, however that may be," resumed the nephew, glancing at him with deep distrust, "I know that your diplomacy would stop me by any means, and would know no scruple as to means."

"My friend, I told you so," said the uncle. "Do me the favour to recall that I told you so, long ago."

"I recall it."

"Thank you," said the Marquis, very sweetly indeed.



"In effect, sir," pursued the nephew, "I believe it to be at once your bad fortune, and my good fortune, that has kept me out of a prison in France here."

"I do not quite understand," returned the uncle, sipping his coffee. "Dare I ask you to explain?"

"I believe that if you were not in disgrace with the Court, and had not been overshadowed by that cloud for years past, a letter *de cachet* would have sent me to some fortress indefinitely."

"It is possible," said the uncle, with great calmness. "For the honour of the family, I could even resolve to incommode you to that extent. Pray excuse me!"

"I perceive that, happily for me, the reception of the day before yesterday was, as usual, a cold one," observed the nephew.

"I would not say happily, my friend," returned the uncle, with politeness; "I would not be sure of that. A good opportunity, for consideration, surrounded by the advantages of solitude, might influence your destiny to far greater advantage than you influence it for yourself. But it is useless to discuss the question. I am, as you say, at a disadvantage. These little instruments of correction, these gentle aids to the power and honour of families, these slight favours that might so incommode you, are only to be obtained now by interest and importunity. They are sought by so many, and they are granted (comparatively) to so few! It used not to be so, but France in all such things is changed for the worse. Our not remote ancestors held the right of life and death over the surrounding vulgar. From this room, many such dogs have been taken out to be hanged; in the next room (my bedroom) one fellow, to our knowledge, was poniarded on the spot for professing some insolent delicacy respecting his daughter...his daughter! We have lost many privileges; a new philosophy has become the mode; and the assertion of our station, in these days, might (I do not go so far as to say would, but might) cause us real inconvenience. All very bad, very bad!"

The Marquis took a gentle little pinch of snuff, and shook his head; as elegantly despondent as he could becomingly be



of a country still containing himself, that great means of regeneration.

"We have so asserted our station, both in the old time and in the modern time also," said the nephew gloomily, "that I believe our name to be more detested than any name in France."

"Let us hope so," said the uncle. "Detestation of the high is the involuntary homage of the low."

"There is not," pursued the nephew, in his former tone, "a face I can look at, in all this country round about us, which looks at me with deference on it but the dark deference of fear and slavery."

"A compliment," said the Marquis, "to the grandeur of the family, merited by the manner in which the family has sustained its grandeur. Hah!" And he took another gentle little pinch of snuff, and lightly crossed his legs.

But when his nephew, leaning an elbow on the table, covered his eyes thoughtfully and dejectedly with his hand, the fine mask looked at him sideways with a stronger concentration of keenness, closeness, and dislike, than was comfortable with its wearer's assumption of indifference.

"Repression is the only lasting philosophy. The dark deference of fear and slavery, my friend," observed the Marquis, "will keep the dogs obedient to the whip, as long as this roof," looking up to it, "shuts out the sky."

That might not be so long as the Marquis supposed. If a picture of the chateau as it was to be a very few years hence, and of fifty like it as they too were to be a very few years hence, could have been shown to him that night, he might have been at a loss to claim his own from the ghastly, firecharred, plunder-wrecked ruins. As for the roof he vaunted, he might have found that shutting out the sky in a new way to wit, for ever, from the eyes of the bodies into which its lead was fired, out of the barrels of a hundred thousand muskets.

"Meanwhile," said the Marquis, "I will preserve the honour and repose of the family, if you will not. But you must be fatigued. Shall we terminate our conference for the night?"



"A moment more."

"An hour, if you please."

"Sir," said the nephew, "we have done wrong, and are reaping the fruits of wrong."

"We have done wrong?" repeated the Marquis, with an inquiring smile, and delicately pointing, first to his nephew, then to himself.

"Our family; our honourable family, whose honour is of so much account to both of us, in such different ways. Even in my father's time, we did a world of wrong, injuring every human creature who came between us and our pleasure, whatever it was. Why need I speak of my father's time, when it is equally yours? Can I separate my father's twin-brother, joint inheritor, and next successor, from himself?"

"Death has done that!" said the Marquis.

"And has left me," answered the nephew, "bound to a system that is frightful to me, responsible for it, but powerless in it; seeking to execute the last request of my dear mother's lips, and obey the last look of my dear mother's eyes, which implored me to have mercy and to redress; and tortured by seeking assistance and power in vain."

"Seeking them from me, my nephew," said the Marquis, touching him on the breast with his forefinger...they were now standing by the hearth..."you will for ever seek them in vain, be assured."

"Better to be a rational creature," he added after ringing a small bell on the table, "and accept your natural destiny. But you are lost, Monsieur Charles, I see."

"This property and France are lost to me," said the nephew sadly; "I renounce them."

"Are they both yours to renounce? France may be, but is the property? It is scarcely worth mentioning; but is it yet?"

"I had no intention, in the words I used, to claim it yet. If it passed to me from you, to-morrow..."

"Which I have the vanity to hope is not probable."

"Or twenty years hence..."



"You do me too much honour," said the Marquis; "still, I prefer that supposition."

"I would abandon it, and live otherwise and elsewhere. It is little to relinquish. What is it but a wilderness of misery and ruin?"

"Hah!" said the Marquis, glancing round the luxurious room.

"To the eye it is fair enough, here; but seen in its integrity, under the sky, and by the daylight, it is a crumbling tower of waste, mismanagement, extortion, debt, mortgage, oppression, hunger, nakedness, and suffering."

"Hah!" said the Marquis again, in a well-satisfied manner.

"If it ever becomes mine, it shall be put into some hands better qualified to free it slowly (if such a thing is possible) from the weight that drags it down, so that the miserable people who cannot leave it and who have been long wrung to the last point of endurance, may, in another generation, suffer less; but it is not for me. There is a curse on it, and on all this land."

"And you?" said the uncle. "Forgive my curiosity; do you, under your new philosophy, graciously intend to live?"

"I must do, to live, what others of my countrymen, even with nobility at their books, may have to do some day—work."

"In England, for example?"

"Yes. The family honour, sir, is safe from me in this country. The family name can suffer from me in no other, for I bear it in no other."

The ringing of the bell had caused the adjoining bed-chamber to be lighted. It now shone brightly, through the door of communication. The Marquis looked that way, and listened for the retreating step of his valet.

"England is very attractive to you, seeing how indifferently you have prospered there," he observed then, turning his calm face to his nephew with a smile.

"I have already said that, for my prospering there, I am sensible I may be indebted to you, sir. For the rest, it is my refuge."

*(Campenish)*



"They say, those boastful English, that it is the refuge of many. You know a compatriot who has found a refuge there? A doctor?"

"Yes."

"With a daughter?"

"Yes."

"Yes," said the Marquis. "You are fatigued. Good-night."

"Yes," repeated the Marquis. "A doctor with a daughter. Yes. So commences the new philosophy! You are fatigued. Good-night!"

It would have been of as much avail to interrogate any stone face outside the chateau, as to interrogate that face of his. The nephew looked at him, in vain, in passing on to the door.

"Good-night!" said the uncle. "I look to the pleasure of seeing you again in the morning. Good repose! Light monsieur my nephew to his chamber there!—And burn monsieur my nephew in his bed, if you will," he added to himself, before he rang his little bell again, and summoned his valet to his own bedroom.

The valet came and gone, Monsieur the Marquis walked to and fro in his loose chamber-robe, to prepare himself gently for sleep, that hot still night.

Leaving only one light burning on the large hearth, he let his thin gauze curtains fall around him, and composed himself to sleep.

For three heavy hours, the stone faces of the chateau, lion and human, stared blindly at the night. Dead darkness lay on all the landscape, dead darkness on all the roads. In the village, taxers and taxed were fast asleep. Dreaming, perhaps, of banquets, and of ease and rest, its lean inhabitants slept soundly, and were fed and freed.

The fountain in the village flowed unseen and unheard, and the fountain at the chateau dropped unseen and unheard through three dark hours. Then the gray water of both began to be ghostly in the light, and the eyes of the stone faces of the chateau were opened.



Lighter and lighter, until at last the sun touched the tops of the still trees, and poured its radiance over the hill. In the glow, the water of the chateau fountain seemed to turn to blood, and the stone faces crimsoned.

Now, the sun was full up, and movement began in the village. Casement windows opened, crazy doors were unbarred, and people came forth shivering—chilled, as yet, by the sweet air. The chateau awoke later, as became its quality, but awoke gradually and surely. Doors and windows were thrown open, horses in the stables looked round over their shoulders at the light and freshness pouring in at doorways, leaves sparkled and rustled at iron-grated windows, dogs pulled hard at their chains, and reared impatient to be loosed.

All these trivial incidents belonged to the routine of life, and the return of morning. Surely, not so the ringing of the great bell of the chateau, nor the running up and down the stairs, nor the hurried figures on the terrace, nor the booting and tramping here and there and everywhere, nor the quick saddling of horses and riding away ?

Some of the people of chateau, and some of those of the posting-house, and all the taxing authorities, were armed more or less, and were crowded on the other side of the little street in a purposeless way, that was highly fraught with nothing. Already, the mender of roads had penetrated into the midst of a group of fifty particular friends, and was smiting himself in breast with his blue cap. What did all this portend and what portended the swift hoisting up of Monsieur Gabelle behind a servant on horseback, and the conveying away of the said Gabelle (double-laden though the horse was), at a gallop.

It portended that there was one stone face too many, up at the chateau.

It lay back on the pillow of Monsieur the Marquis. It was like a fine mask, suddenly startled, made angry, and petrified. Driven home into the heart of the stone figure attached to it, was a knife. Round its hilt was a frill of paper, on which was scrawled—

*“Drive him fast to his tomb. This, from JACQUES.”*

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## CHAPTER X

## TWO PROMISES

More months, to the number of twelve, had come and gone, and Mr. Charles Darnay was established in England as a higher teacher of the French language who was conversant with French literature. As a tutor, whose attainments made the way unusually pleasant and profitable, and as an elegant translator who brought something to his work besides mere dictionary knowledge, young Mr. Darnay soon became known and encouraged.

He had loved Lucie Manette from the hour of his danger. But he had not yet spoken to her on the subject ; the assassination at the deserted chateau far away beyond the heaving water and the long, long, dusty roads—the solid stone chateau which had itself become the mere mist of a dream—had been done a year, and he had never yet, by so much as a single spoken word, disclosed to her the state of his heart.

That he had his reasons for this, he knew full well. It was again a summer day when, lately arrived in London from his college occupation, he turned into the quiet corner in Soho, bent on seeking an opportunity of opening his mind to Doctor Manette. It was the close of the summer day, and he knew to be out with Miss Pross.

He found the Doctor reading in his arm-chair at a window.

He studied much, slept little, sustained a great deal of fatigue with ease, and was equably cheerful. To him, now entered Charles Darnay, at sight of whom he laid aside his book and held out his hand.

“Charles Darnay ! I rejoice to see you. We have been counting on your return these three or four days past. Mr. Stryver and Sydney Carton were both here yesterday, and both made you out to be more than due.”

“I am obliged to them for their interest in the matter,” he answered, a little coldly as to them, though very warmly as to the Doctor. “Miss Manette...”



"Is well," said the Doctor, as he stopped short, "and your return will delight us all. She has gone out on some household matters, but will soon be home."

"Doctor Manette, I knew she was from home. I took the opportunity of her being from home, to beg to speak to you."

There was a blank silence.

"Yes?" said the Doctor, with evident constraint. "Bring your chair here and speak on."

He complied as to the chair, but appeared to find the speaking on less easy.

"I have had the happiness, Doctor Manette, of being so intimate here," so he at length began, "for some year and a half, that I hope the topic on which I am about to touch may not..."

He was stayed by the Doctor's putting out his hand to stop him. When he had kept it so a little while, he said, drawing it back.

"Is Lucie the topic?"

"She is."

"It is hard for me to speak of her, at any time. It is very hard for me to hear her spoken of in that tone of yours, Charles Darnay."

"It is a tone of fervent admiration, true homage and deep love, Doctor Manette!" he said deferentially.

There was another blank silence before her father rejoined,

"I believe it. I do you justice; I believe it."

"But, do not believe," said Darnay, upon whose ear the mournful voice struck with a reproachful sound, "that if my fortune were so cast as that, being one day so happy as to make her my wife, I must at any time put any separation between her and you, I could or would breathe a word of what I now say. Besides that I should know it to be hopeless. I should know it to be a baseness. If I had any such possibility, even at a remote distance of years, harboured in my thoughts and hidden in my heart—if it ever had been there—if it ever could be there—I could not now touch this honoured hand."

He laid his own upon it as he spoke.



"No, dear Doctor Manette. Like you, a voluntary exile from France ; like you, driven from it by its distractions, oppressions, and miseries ; like you, striving to live away from it by my own exertions, and trusting in a happier future ; I look only to sharing your fortunes, sharing your life and home, and being faithful to you to the death. Not to divide with Lucie her privilege as your child, companion, and friend ; but to come in aid of it, and bind her closer to you, if such a thing can be."

"You speak so feelingly and so manfully, Charles Darnay, that I thank you with all my heart, and will open all my heart—or nearly so. Have you any reason to believe that Lucie loves you ?"

"None. As yet, none."

"Is it the immediate object of this confidence, that you may at once ascertain that, with my knowledge ?"

"Not even so. I might not have the hopefulness to do it for weeks ; I might (mistaken or not mistaken) have that hopefulness to-morrow."

"Do you seek any guidance from me ?"

"I ask none, sir. But I have thought it possible that you might have it in your power, if you should deem it right, to give me some."

"Do you seek any promise from me ?"

"I do seek that."

"What is it ?"

"It is, that if Miss Manette should bring to you at any time, on her own part, such a confidence as I have ventured to lay before you, you will bear testimony to what I have said, and to your belief in it. I hope you may be able to think so well of me, as to urge no influence against me. I say nothing more of my stake in this ; this is what I ask. The condition on which I ask it, and which you have an undoubted right to require, I will observe immediately."

"I give the promise," said the Doctor, "without any condition."



"Your confidence in me," said Darnay, "ought to be returned with full confidence on my part. My present name, though but slightly changed from my mother's, is not, as you will remember, my own. I wish to tell you what that is, and why I am in England."

"Stop !" said the Doctor of Beauvais.

"I wish it, that I may the better deserve your confidence, and have no secret from you."

"Stop !"

"Tell me when I ask you, not now. If your suit should prosper, if Lucie should love you, you shall tell me on your marriage morning. Do you promise ?"

"Willingly."

"Give me your hand. She will be home directly, and it is better she should not see us together to-night. Go ! God bless you !"

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## CHAPTER XI

### THE LAST CONFIDENCE

If Sydney Carton ever shone anywhere, he certainly never shone in the house of Doctor Manette. He had been there often, during a whole year, and had always been the same moody and morose loungeur there. When he cared to talk, he talked well ; but the cloud of caring for nothing, which overshadowed him with such a fatal darkness, was very rarely pierced by the light within him.

And yet he did care something for the streets that environed that house, and for the senseless stones that made their pavements. Many a night he vaguely and unhappily wandered there, when wine had brought no transitory gladness to him ; many a dreary day-break revealed his solitary figure lingering there.



On a day in August, when the sight and scent of flowers in the city streets had some waifs of goodness in them for the worst, Sydney's feet still trod those stones. From being irresolute and purposeless his feet became animated by an intention, and, in the working out of that intention they took him to the Doctor's door.

He was shown upstairs, and found Lucie at her work, alone. She had never been quite at her ease with him, and received him with some little embarrassment as he seated himself near her table. But, looking up at his face in the interchange of the first few commonplaces, she observed a change in it.

"I fear you are not well, Mr. Carton !"

"No. But the life I lead, Miss Manette, is not conducive to health. What is to be expected of, or by, such profligates ?"

"Is it not—forgive me ; I have begun the question on my lips—a pity to live no better life ?"

"God knows it is a shame !"

"Then why not change it ?"

Looking gently at him again, she was surprised and saddened to see that there were tears in his eyes. There were tears in his voice too, as he answered.

"It is too late for that. I shall never be better than I am. I shall sink lower, and be worse."

"No, Mr. Carton. I am sure that you might be much, much worthier of yourself."

"Say of you, Miss Manette, and although I know better—although in the mystery of my own wretched heart I know better—I shall never forget it."

She was pale and trembling.

"If it had been possible, Miss Manette, that you could have returned the love of the man you see before you—self-flung away, wasted, drunken, poor creature of misuse as you know him to be—he would have been conscious this day and hour, in spite of his happiness, that he would bring you to misery, bring you to sorrow and repentance, blight you, disgrace you, pull you down with him. I know very well that you can have no tenderness for me ; I ask for none ; am even thankful that it cannot be."



“Without it, can I not save you, Mr. Carton? Can I not recall you—forgive me again!—to a better course? Can I in no way repay your confidence?” she modestly said, after a little hesitation, and in earnest tears, “I know you would say this to no one else. Can I turn it to no good account for yourself, Mr. Carton?”

He shook his head.

“To none. No, Miss Manette, to none. If you will hear me through a very little more, all you can ever do for me is done. I wish you to know that you have been the last dream of my soul. In my degradation, I have not been so degraded but that the sight of you with your father, and of this home made such a home by you, has stirred old shadows that I thought had died out of me. Since I knew, I have been troubled by a remorse that I thought would never reproach me, again, and have heard whispers from old voices impelling me upward, that I thought were silent for ever. I have had unformed ideas of striving afresh, beginning anew, shaking off sloth and sensuality, and fighting out the abandoned fight. A dream, all a dream, that ends in nothing, and leaves the sleeper where he lay down, but I wish you to know that you inspired it.”

“Will nothing of it remain? Oh, Mr. Carton, think! Try again!”

“The utmost good that I am capable of now, Miss Manette, I have come here to realise. Will you let me believe, when I recall this day, that the lost confidence of my life was reposed in your pure and innocent breast, and it lies there alone, and will be shared by no one?”

“If that will be a consolation to you, yes.”

“Thank you. And again, God bless you.”

He put her hand to his lips, and moved towards the door.

“My supplication is this; and with it, I will relieve you of a visitor with whom I well know you have nothing in unison, and between whom and you there is an impassable space. It is useless to say it, I know, but it rises out of my soul. For you, and for any dear to you, I would do anything. If my career were of that better kind that there was any opportunity or capacity of sacrifice in it, I would embrace any sacrifice for you and



for those dear to you. Try to hold me in your mind, at some quiet times, as ardent and sincere in this one thing. The time will come, the time will not be long in coming, when new ties will be formed about you—ties that will bind you yet more tenderly and strongly to the home you so adorn—the dearest ties that will ever grace and gladden you. O Miss Manette, when the little picture of a happy father's face looks up in yours, when you see your own bright beauty springing up anew at your feet, think now and then that there is a man who would give his life, to keep a life you love beside you !”

He said, “Farewell !” said a last “God bless you ” and left her.

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## CHAPTER XII

### THE HONEST TRADESMAN

To the eyes of Mr. Jeremiah Cruncher, sitting on his stool in Fleet Street with his son beside him, a vast number and variety of objects in movement were every day present. It fell out that in a season when crowds were few, that an unusual crowd pouring down Fleet Street westwards attracted his attention. Looking that way, Mr. Cruncher made out that some kind of funeral was coming along, and that there was popular objection to this funeral, which caused uproar.

“Young Jerry,” said Mr. Cruncher, turning to his offspring, “it’s a buryin !”

“Hooroar, father !” cried young Jerry.

Funerals had at all times a remarkable attraction for Mr. Cruncher ; he always pricked up his senses, and became excited, when a funeral passed Tellson’s. Naturally, therefore, a funeral with this uncommon attendance excited him greatly, and he asked of the first man who ran against him,

“What is it, brother ? What’s it about ?”



"I don't know," returned the man, clapping his hands to his mouth nevertheless, and shouting in a surprising heat and with the greatest ardour.

"Spies ! Yaha ! Tst ! tst ! Spi—ies !"

At length, a person better informed on the merits of the case, stumbled against him, and from this person he learned that the funeral was the funeral of one Roger Cly.

"Was he a spy ?" asked Mr. Cruncher.

"Old Bailey spy," returned his informant.

"Yaha ! Tst ! Yah ! Old Bailey Spi—i—ies !"

"Why, to be sure !" exclaimed Jerry, recalling the trial at which he had assisted. "I've seen him. Dead, is he ?"

"Dead as mutton," returned the other, "and can't be too dead. Have 'em out, there ! Pull 'em out, there ! Spies !"

The idea was so acceptable in the prevalent absence of any idea, that the crowd caught it up with eagerness, and loudly repeating the suggestion to have 'em out, and to pull 'em out, mobbed the two vehicles so closely that they came to a stop.

They had already got the length of opening the hearse to take the coffin out, when some brighter genius proposed instead, its being escorted to its destination amidst general rejoicing. Practical suggestions being much needed, this suggestion, too, was received with acclamation, and the coach was immediately filled with eight inside and a dozen out, while as many people got on the roof of the hearse as could by any exercise of ingenuity stick upon it. Among the first of these volunteers was Jerry Cruncher himself, who modestly concealed his spiky head from the observation of Tellson's, in the farther corner of the mourning-coach.

Thus, with beer-drinking, pipe-smoking, song-roaring, the disorderly procession went its way, recruiting at every step, and all the shops shutting up before it. Its destination was the old church of Saint Pancras, far off in the fields. It got there in course of time ; insisted on pouring into the burial-ground finally, accomplished the burial of the deceased Roger Cly in its own way, and highly to its own satisfaction.



Mr. Cruncher had remained behind in the churchyard, to confer and condole with the undertakers. The place had a soothing influence on him. He procured a pipe from a neighbouring public-house, and smoked it, looking in at the railings and maturely considering the spot.

"Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, apostrophising himself in his usual way, "you see that there Cly that day, and you see with your own eyes that he was a young 'un and a straight made 'un."

Having smoked his pipe out, and thought a little longer, he turned himself about, that he might appear, before the hour of closing, on his station at Tellson's. He made a short call upon his medical adviser—a distinguished surgeon—on his way back.

Young Jerry relieved his father with dutiful interest, and reported no job in his absence. The Bank closed, the ancient clerks came out, the usual watch was set, and Mr. Cruncher and his son went home to tea.

"Now, I tell you where it is !" said Mr. Cruncher to his wife, on entering. "If, as a honest tradesman, my venturs goes wrong to-night, I shall make sure that you've been praying again me, and I shall work you for it just the same as if I seen you do it."

The dejected Mrs. Cruncher shook her head.

"Why, you're at it afore my face !" said Mr. Cruncher, with signs of angry apprehension.

"I am saying nothing."

"Well, then, don't meditate nothing. You might as well flop as meditate. You may as well go again me one way as another. Drop it altogether."

"Yes, Jerry."

"You and your yes, Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, taking a bite out of his bread-and-butter, and seeming to help it down with a large invisible oyster out of his saucer. "Ah ! I think so. I believe you."

"You are going out to-night ?" asked his decent wife, when he took another bite.



"Yes, I am."

"May I go with you, father?" asked his son briskly.

"No, you mayn't. I'm a-going—as your mother knows—a-fishing. That's where I'm going to. Going a-fishing."

"You're fishing-rod gets rayther rusty; don't it, father?"

"Never you mind."

"Shall you bring any fish home, father?"

"If I don't, you'll have short commons to-morrow," returned that gentleman, shaking his head; "that's questions enough for you; I ain't a-going out, till you've been long abed."

Thus the evening wore away with the Cruncher family, until young Jerry was ordered to bed, and his mother, laid under similar injunctions, obeyed them. Mr. Cruncher beguiled the earlier watches of the night with solitary pipes, and did not start upon his excursion until nearly one o'clock. Towards that small and ghostly hour, he rose up from his chair, took a key out of his pocket, opened a locked cup-board, and brought forth a sack, a crowbar of convenient size, a rope and chain, and other fishing tackle of that nature. Disposing these articles about him in a skilful manner, he bestowed a parting defiance on Mrs. Cruncher, extinguished the light, and went out.

Young Jerry, who had only made a pretence of undressing when he went to bed, was not long after his father. Under cover of the darkness he followed out of the room, followed down the stairs, followed down the court, followed out into the streets. He was in no uneasiness concerning his getting into the house again, for it was full of lodgers, and the door stood ajar all night.

Impelled by a laudable ambition to study the art and mystery of his father's honest calling, young Jerry, keeping as close to house fronts, walls, and doorways, as his eyes were close to one another, held his honoured parent in view. The honoured parent steering northward, had not gone far, when he was joined by another disciple of Izaak Walton, and the two trudged on together.

Within half an hour from the first starting, they were beyond the winking lamps, and the more than winking watchmen, and



were out upon a lonely road. Another fisherman was picked here—and that so silently, that if young Jerry had been superstitious, he might have supposed the second follower of the gentle craft to have, all of a sudden, split himself in two.

Three went on, and young Jerry went on, until the three stopped under a bank overhanging the road. Upon the top of the bank was a low brick wall surmounted by an iron railing. In the shadow of bank and wall, the three turned out of the road, and up a blind lane, of which the wall—the three, risen to some eight or ten feet high—formed one side. Crouching down in a corner, peeping up the lane, the next object that young Jerry saw, was the form of his honoured parent, pretty well defined against a watery and clouded moon, nimbly scaling an iron gate. He was soon over, and then the second fisherman got over, and then the third. They all dropped softly on the ground within the gate, and lay there a little—listening perhaps. Then they moved away on their hands and knees.

It was now young Jerry's turn to approach the gate ; which he did, holding his breath. Crouching down again in a corner there, and looking in, he made out the three fishermen creeping through some rank grass ; and all the gravestones in the churchyard—it was a large churchyard that they were in—looking on like ghosts in white, while the church tower itself looked on like the ghost of a monstrous giant. They did not creep far, before they stopped and stood upright. And then they began to fish.

They fished with a spade, at first. Presently the honoured parent appeared to be adjusting some instrument like a great corkscrew. Whatever tools they worked with they worked hard, until the awful striking of the church clock so terrified young Jerry, that he made off, with his hair as stiff as his father's, and never stopped until he had run a mile or more.

He had a strong idea that the coffin he had seen was running after him ; got to his own door, half dead, and scrambled into bed.

From his oppressed slumber, young Jerry in his closet was awakened after daybreak and before sunrise, by the presence of his father in the family room. Something had gone wrong with him ; at least, so young Jerry inferred, from the circum-



stance of his holding Mrs. Cruncher by the ears and knocking the back of her head against the headboard of the bed.

"I told you I would," said Mr. Cruncher, "and I did."

"Jerry, Jerry, Jerry !" his wife implored.

"You oppose yourself to the profit of the business," said Jerry, "and me and my partners suffer. You was to honour and obey ; why the devil don't you ?"

"I try to be a good wife, Jerry," the poor woman protested, with tears.

"Is it being a good wife to oppose your husband's business? Is it honouring your husband to dishonour his business ? Is it obeying your husband to disobey him on the vital subject of his business ?"

"You hadn't taken to the dreadful business then, Jerry."

"It's enough for you," retorted Mr. Cruncher, "to be the wife of a honest tradesman, and not to occupy your female mind with calculations when he took to his trade or when he didn't."

There was no fish for breakfast, and not much of anything else. Mr. Cruncher was out of spirits, and out of temper, and kept an iron pot-lid by him as a projectile for the correction of Mrs. Cruncher, in case he should observe any symptoms of her saying grace. He was brushed and washed at the usual hour, and set off with his son to pursue his ostensible calling.

"Father," said young Jerry, as they walked along, taking care to keep at arm's length and to have the stool well between them, "what's a resurrection-man ?"

Mr. Cruncher came to a stop on the pavement before he answered, "How should I know ?"

"I thought you knowed everything, father," said the artless boy.

"Hem ! Well," returned Mr. Cruncher, going on again, and lifting off his hat to give his spikes free play, "he's a tradesman."

"What's his goods, father ?" asked the brisk young Jerry.

"His goods," said Mr. Cruncher, after turning it over in his mind, "is a branch of scientific goods."



"Persons' bodies, ain't it, father," asked the lively boy.

"I believe it is something of that sort," said Mr. Cruncher.

"Oh, father, I should so like to be a resurrection-man when I'm quite growed up!"

Mr. Cruncher was soothed, but shook his head in a dubious and moral way. "It depends upon how you develop your talents. Be careful to develop your talents, and never to say no more than you can help nobody, and there's no telling at the present time what you may not come to be fit for." As young Jerry, thus encouraged, went on a few yards in advance, to plant the stool in the shadow of the Bar, Mr. Cruncher added to himself, "Jerry, you honest tradesman, there's hopes wot that boy will yet be a blessing to you, and a recompense to you for his mother!"

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## CHAPTER XIII

### KNITTING

There had been earlier drinking than usual in the wine-shop of Monsieur Defarge. As early as six o'clock in the morning, sallow faces peeping through its barred windows had seen other faces within, bending over measures of wine. It was high noontide, when two dusty men passed through his streets and under his swinging lamps: of whom, one was Monsieur Defarge: the other, a mender of roads in a blue cap. All adust and athirst, the two entered the wine-shop.

"Good-day, gentlemen!" said Monsieur Defarge.

It may have been a signal for loosening the general tongue. It elicited an answering chorus of "Good-day!"

"It is a bad weather, gentlemen," said Defarge, shaking his head.



Upon which, every man looked at his neighbour, and then all cast down their eyes and sat silent. Except one man, who got up and went out.

"My wife," said Defarge aloud, addressing Madame Defarge; "I have travelled certain leagues with this good mender of roads, called Jacques. I met him—by accident—a day and a half's journey out of Paris. He is a good child, this mender of roads, called Jacques. Give him to drink, my wife!"

A second man got up and went out. Madame Defarge set wine before the mender of roads called Jacques, who doffed his blue cap to the company, and drank. In the breast of his blouse, he carried some coarse dark bread; he ate of this between whiles, and sat munching and drinking near Madame Defarge's counter. A third man got up and went out.

Defarge refreshed himself with a draught of wine and stood waiting until the countryman had made his breakfast. He looked at no one present, and no one now looked at him; not even Madame Defarge, who had taken up her knitting, and was at work.

"Have you finished your repast, friend?" he asked, in due season.

"Yes, thank you."

"Come then! You shall see the apartment that I told you you could occupy. It will suit you to a marvel."

Out of the wine-shop into the street, out of the street into a courtyard, out of the courtyard up a steep staircase, out of the staircase into a garret—formerly the garret where a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.

No white-haired man was there now; but the three men were there who had gone out of the wine-shop singly.

Defarge closed the door carefully, and spoke in a subdued voice.

"Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques Three! This is the witness encountered by appointment, by me, Jacques Four. He will tell you all. Speak, Jacques Five!"

The mender of roads, blue cap in hand, wiped his swarthy forehead with it, and said, "Where shall I commence, monsieur?"



"Commence," was Monsieur Defarge's not unreasonable reply, "at the commencement."

"I saw him then, messieurs," began the mender of roads; "a year ago this running summer, underneath the carriage of the Marquis, hanging by the chain. Behold the manner of it. I leaving my work on the road, the sun going to bed, the carriage of the Marquis slowly ascending the hill, he hanging by the chain—like this".

Jacques One struck in, and asked if he had ever seen the man before?

"Never," answered the mender of roads, recovering his perpendicular.

Jacques Three demanded how he afterwards recognised him then?

"By tall figure," said the mender of roads softly, and with his finger at his nose. "When Monsieur the Marquis demands that evening, 'Say, what is he like?' I made response, 'Tall as a spectre'."

"You should have said, short as a dwarf," returned Jacques Two.

"But what did I know? The deed was not then accomplished, neither did he confide in me. Observe! Under those circumstances even, I do not offer my testimony. Monsieur the Marquis indicates me with his finger, standing near our little fountain, and says, 'To me! Bring that rascal!' My faith, messieurs, I offer nothing."

"He is right there, Jacques," murmured Defarge, to him who had interrupted. "Go on!"

"Good!" said the mender of roads, with an air of mystery. "The tall man is lost, and he is sought—how many months? Nine, ten, eleven?"

"No matter the number," said Defarge. "He is well hidden but at last he is unluckily found. Go on!"

"I am again at work upon the hill-side, and the sun is again about to go to bed. I am collecting my tools to descend to my cottage down in the village below, where it is already dark, when I raise my eyes, and see coming over the hill, six



soldiers. In the midst of them is a tall man with his arms bound—tied to his sides, like this; his arms are swelled because of being bound so tight, his wooden shoes are large and clumsy, and he is lame. Because he is lame, and consequently slow, they drive him with their guns—like this!”

“Go on, Jacques,” said Defarge.

“He remains up there in his iron cage, some days. The village looks at him by stealth, for it is afraid. But it always looks up, from a distance, at the prison on the crag; and in the evening, when the work of the day is achieved, and it assembles to gossip at the fountain, all faces are turned towards the prison. They whisper at the fountain, that although condemned to death he will not be executed; they say that petitions have been presented in Paris, showing that he was enraged and made mad by the death of his child.”

“One old man says at the fountain, that his right hand, armed with a knife, will be burned off before his face; that he will be torn limb from limb by four strong horses. That old man says, all this was actually done to a prisoner who made an attempt on the life of the last king, Louis Fifteen.”

“Enough!” said Defarge, with grim impatience. “Long live the devil! Go on.”

“Well! Some whisper this, some whisper that: they speak of nothing else. At length, on Sunday night when all the village is asleep, come soldiers, winding down from the prison, and their guns ring on the stones of the little street. Workmen dig, workmen hammer, soldiers laugh and sing; in the morning, by the fountain, there is raised a gallows forty feet high, poisoning the water. On the top of the gallows is fixed the knife, blade upwards, with its point in the air. He is hanged there forty feet high—and is left hanging, poisoning the water.”

After a gloomy silence, the first Jacques said, “Good! You have acted and recounted faithfully. Will you wait for us a little, outside the door?”

“Very willingly,” said the mender of the roads, whom Defarge escorted to the top of the stairs, and, leaving seated there, returned.



The three had risen, and their heads were together when he came back to the garret.

"How say you, Jacques?" demanded Number One. "To be registered?"

"To be registered, as doomed to destruction," returned Defarge.

"Magnificent!" croaked the man with the craving.

"The chateau, and all the race?" inquired the first.

"The chateau and all the race," returned Defarge. "Extermination."

The hungry man repeated, in a rapturous croak, "Magnificent" and began gnawing another finger.

"Are you sure," asked Jacques Two, of Defarge, "that no embarrassment can arise from our manner of keeping the register? Without doubt it is safe, for no one beyond ourselves can decipher it: but shall we always be able to decipher it—or, I ought to say, will she?"

"Jacques," returned Defarge, drawing himself up, "It would be easier for the weakest poltroon that lives, to erase himself from existence, than to erase one letter of his name or crimes from the knitted register of Madame Defarge."

Nothing more was said, and the mender of roads, being found already dozing on the topmost stair, was advised to lay himself down on the pallet-bed and take some rest. He needed no persuasion, and was soon asleep.

A few days later, Madame Defarge spoke to her husband.

"Say then, my friend; what did Jacques of the police tell thee?"

"Very little to-night, but all he knows, There is another spy commissioned for our quarter. There may be many more, for all that he can say, but he knows of one."

"Eh, well!" said Madame Defarge, raising her eyebrows with a cool business air. "It is necessary to register him. How do they call that man?"

"He is English."

"So much the better. His name?"



"Barsad," said Defarge, making it French by pronunciation. But he had been so careful to get it accurately, that he then spelled it with perfect correctness.

"Barsad," repeated madame. "Good. Christian name?"

"John."

"John Barsad," repeated madame, after murmuring it once to herself. "Good. His appearance; is it known?"

"Age, about forty years; height, about five feet nine; black hair; complexion, dark; generally, rather handsome visage; eyes dark, face thin, long, and sallow; nose aquiline, but not straight, having a peculiar inclination towards the left cheek; expression, therefore, sinister."

"Eh, my faith. It is a portrait!" said madame, laughing. "He shall be registered to-morrow."

They turned into the wine-shop. The night was hot, and the shop, close shut and surrounded by so foul a neighbourhood, was ill-smelling. Monsieur Defarge whiffed the smell away, as he put down his smoked-out pipe.

"You are fatigued," said madame, raising her glance as she knotted the money. "There are only the usual odours."

"I am a little tired," her husband acknowledged.

"You are a little depressed, too," said madame, whose quick eyes had never been so intent on the accounts, but they had had a ray or two for him, "Oh, the men, the men!"

"But my dear," began Defarge.

"But my dear!" repeated madame nodding firmly, "but my dear! You are faint of heart to-night, my dear!"

"Well, then," said Defarge, as if a thought were wrung out of his breast, "it is a long time."

"It is a long time," repeated his wife; "and when is it not a long time? Vengeance and retribution require a long time; it is the rule."

"It does not take a long time to strike a man with lightning," said Defarge.

"How long," demanded madame composedly, "does it take to make and store the lightning? Tell me."



Next noontide saw the admirable woman in her usual place in the wine-shop, knitting away assiduously. A rose lay beside her, and she now and then glanced at the flower.

A figure entering at the door threw a shadow on Madame Defarge which she felt to be a new one. She laid her knitting, and began to pin her rose in her head-dress, before she looked at the figure.

It was curious. The moment Madame Defarge took up the rose, the customers ceased talking, and began gradually to drop out of the wine-shop.

"Good-day, Madame" said the new-comer.

"Good-day, monsieur."

She said it aloud, but added to herself, as she resumed her knitting, "Hah ! Good-day, age about forty, height about five feet nine, black hair, generally rather handsome visage, complexion dark, eyes dark, thin, long, and sallow face, aquiline nose not straight, having a peculiar inclination towards the left cheek which imparts a sinister expression ! Good-day, one and all !"

"Have the goodness to give me a little glass of old cognac, and a mouthful of cool fresh water, madame."

Madame complied with a polite air.

"Marvellous cognac this, madame !"

It was the first time it had ever been so complimented, and Madame Defarge knew enough of its antecedents to know better.

"You knit with great skill, madame."

"I am accustomed to it."

"A pretty pattern too !"

"You think so ?" said madame, looking at him with a smile.

It was remarkable ; but the taste of Saint Antoine seemed to be decidedly opposed to a rose on the head-dress of Madame Defarge. Two men had entered separately, and had been about to order drink, when, catching sight of that novelty, they faltered, made a pretence of looking about as if for some friend



who was not there, and went away. Nor, of those who had been there when this visitor entered, was there one left. They had all dropped off. The spy had kept his eyes open, but had been able to detect no sign.

"John," thought madame, checking off her work as her fingers knitted, and her eyes looked at the stranger. "Stay long enough, and I shall knit 'Barsad' before you go."

"You have a husband, madame?"

"I have."

"Children?"

"No children."

"Business seems bad?"

"Business is very bad; the people are so poor."

"Ah, the unfortunate miserable people. So oppressed too—as you say."

"As *you* say," madame retorted, correcting him, and deftly knitting an extra something into his name that boded him no good.

"Pardon me; certainly it was I who said so, but you naturally think so. Of course."

"I think?" returned madame, in a high voice, "I and my husband have enough to do to keep this wine-shop open, without thinking. All we think, here, is how to live. That is the subject *we* think of, and it gives us, from morning to night, enough to think about, without embarrassing our heads concerning others. I think for others? No, no."

The spy, who was there to pick up any crumbs he could find or make, did not allow his baffled state to express itself in his sinister face; but stood with an air of gossiping gallantry, leaning his elbow on Madame Defarge's little counter, and occasionally sipping his cognac.

"A bad business this, madame, of Gaspard's execution. Ah! the poor Gaspard!" With a sigh of great compassion.

"My faith!" returned madame, coolly and lightly, "If people use knives for such purposes, they have to pay for it. He knew beforehand what the price of his luxury was; he has paid the price."



"I believe," said the spy, dropping his soft voice to a tone that invited confidence, and expressing an injured revolutionary susceptibility in every muscle of his wicked face—"I believe there is much compassion and anger in this neighbourhood, touching the poor fellow? Between ourselves."

"Is there?" asked madame, vacantly.

"Is there not?"

"Here is my husband!" said Madame Defarge.

As the keeper of the wine-shop entered at the door, the spy saluted him by touching his hat, and saying with an engaging smile, "Good-day, Jacques!" Defarge stopped short, and stared at him.

"Good-day, Jacques!" the spy repeated; with not quite so much confidence, or quite so easy a smile under the stare.

"You deceive yourself, monsieur," returned the keeper of the wine-shop. "You mistake me for another. That is not my name. I am Ernest Defarge."

"It is all the same," said the spy airily, but discomfited too; "good-day!"

"Good-day!" answered Defarge drily.

"I was saying to madame, with whom I had the pleasure of chatting when you entered, that they tell me there is—and no wonder!—much sympathy and anger in Saint Antoine, touching the unhappy fate of poor Gaspard."

"No one has told me so," said Defarge, shaking his head; "I know nothing of it."

Having said it, he passed behind the little counter, and stood with his hand on the back of his wife's chair, looking over that barrier at the person to whom they were both opposed and whom either of them would have shot with the greatest satisfaction.

The spy, well used to his business, did not change his unconscious attitude, but drained his little glass of cognac, took a sip of fresh water, and asked for another glass of cognac. Madame Defarge poured it out for him, took to her knitting again, and hummed a little song over it.



"You seem to know this quarter well ; that is to say, better than I do ?" observed Defarge.

"Not at all, but I hope to know it better. I am so profoundly interested in its miserable inhabitants."

"Hah !" muttered Defarge.

"The pleasure of conversing with you, Monsieur Defarge, recalls to me" ; pursued the spy, "that I have the honour of cherishing some interesting associations with your name ?"

"Indeed ?" said Defarge, with much indifference.

"Yes, indeed. When Doctor Manette was released, you, his old domestic, had the charge of him, I know. He was delivered to you. You see I am informed of the circumstances ?"

"Such is the fact, certainly," said Defarge. He had had it conveyed to him, in an accidental touch of his wife's elbow as she knitted and warbled, that he would do best to answer, but always with brevity.

"It was to you," said the spy, "that his daughter came ; and it was from your care that his daughter took him, accompanied by a neat brown monsieur ; how is he called ?—in a little wig—Lorry—of the bank of Tellson and Company—over to England."

"Such is the fact," repeated Defarge.

"Very interesting remembrances !" said the spy. "I have known Doctor Manette and his daughter, in England."

"Yes ?" said Defarge.

"You don't hear much about them now ?" said the spy.

"No," said Defarge

"In effect," madame struck in, looking up from her work and her little song, "we never hear about them. We received the news of their safe arrival, and perhaps another letter or perhaps two ; but since then they have gradually taken their road in life—we, ours—and we have held no correspondence."

"Perfectly so, madame," replied the spy. "She is going to be married."



"Going," echoed madame. "She was pretty enough to have been married long ago. You English are cold, it seems to me."

"Oh ! You know I am English ?"

"I perceive your tongue is," returned madame ; "and what the tongue is, I suppose the man is."

He did not take the identification as a compliment but he made the best of it, and turned it off with a laugh. After sipping his cognac to the end, he added—

"Yes, Miss Manette is going to be married. But not to an Englishman ; to one who, like herself, is French by birth. And speaking of Gaspard (ah, poor Gaspard ! It was cruel, cruel !), it is a curious thing that she is going to marry the nephew of monsieur the marquis, for whom Gaspard was exalted to that height of so many feet ; in other words, the present marquis. But he lives unknown in England, he is no marquis there ; he is Mr. Charles Darnay. D'Aulnais is the name of his mother's family."

Madame Defarge knitted steadily, but the intelligence had a palpable effect upon her husband. Do what he would, behind the little counter, as to the striking of a light and the lighting of his pipe, he was troubled, and his hand was not trustworthy. The spy would have been no spy if he had failed to see it, or to record it in his mind.

Having made, at least, this one hit, whatever it might prove to be worth, and no customers coming in to help him to any other, Mr. Barsad paid for what he had drunk, and took his leave.

"Can it be true," said Defarge, in a low voice, looking down at his wife as he stood smoking with his hand on the back of her chair, "what he has said of Ma'amselle Manette ?"

"As he has said it," returned madame, lifting her eyebrows a little, "it is probably false. But it may be true."

"If it is—" Defarge began ; and stopped.

"If it is ?" repeated his wife.



“And if it does come, while we live to see it triumph—I hope, for her sake, Destiny will keep her husband out of France.”

“Her husband’s destiny,” said Madame Defarge, with her usual composure, “will take him where he is to go, and will lead him to the end that is to end him. That is all I know.”

“But it is very strange—now, at least, is it not very strange”—said Defarge, rather pleading with his wife to induce her to admit it, “that, after all our sympathy for monsieur, her father and herself, her husband’s name should be proscribed under your hand at this moment, by the side of that infernal dog’s who has just left us ?”

“Stranger things than that will happen when it does come,” answered madame. “I have them both here, of a certainty ; and they are both here for their merits ; that is enough.”

She rolled up her knitting when she had said those words, and presently took the rose out of the handkerchief that was wound about her head.

In the evening, Madame Defarge with her work in her hand was accustomed to pass from place to place and from group to group ; a missionary—there were many like her—such as the world will do well never to breed again. All the women knitted.

But as the fingers went, the eyes went, and the thoughts. And as Madame Defarge moved on from group to group, all three went quicker and fiercer among every little knot of women that she had spoken with, and left behind.

Her husband smoked at his door, looking after her with admiration. “A great woman,” said he, “a strong woman, a grand woman, a frightfully grand woman !”

Darkness closed around, and then came the ringing of church bells and the distant beating of the drums of the Royal Guard, as the women sat knitting, knitting.

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## CHAPTER XIV

## ONE NIGHT

Never did the sun go down with a brighter glory on the quiet corner in Soho than one memorable evening when the Doctor and his daughter sat under the plane-tree together. Lucie was to be married to-morrow. She had reserved this last evening for her father, and they sat alone under the plane-tree.

"You are happy, my dear father?"

"Quite my child."

"And I am very happy to-night, dear father. I am deeply happy in the love that Heaven has so blessed—my love for Charles, and Charles's love for me. But if my life were not to be still consecrated to you, or if my marriage were so arranged as that it would part us, even by the length of a few of these streets, I should be more unhappy and self-reproachful now than I can tell you. Even as it is—".

Even as it was, she could not command her voice.

In the sad moonlight, she clasped him by the neck, and laid her face upon his breast.

"Dearest dear! Can you tell me, this last time, that you feel quite, quite sure no new affections of mine, and no new duties of mine, will ever interpose between us? I know it well, but do you know it? In your own heart, do you feel quite certain?"

Her father answered, with a cheerful firmness of conviction he could scarcely have assumed, "Quite sure, my darling. More than that," he added, as he tenderly kissed her: "my future is far brighter, Lucie, seen through your marriage, than it could have been—nay, than it ever was—without it."

"If I could hope *that*, my father—."

"Believe it, love! Indeed it is so. Consider how natural and how plain it is, my dear, that it should be so. You, devoted and young, cannot freely appreciate the anxiety I have felt that your life should not be wasted—."

She moved her hand towards his lips, but he took it in his, and repeated the word.



“Wasted, my child—should not be wasted, struck aside from the natural order of things, for my sake. Your unselfishness cannot entirely comprehend how much my mind has gone on this ; but only ask yourself, how could my happiness be perfect, while yours was incomplete ?”

“If I had never seen Charles, my father, I should have been quite happy with you.”

He smiled at her unconscious admission that she would have been unhappy without Charles, having seen him, and replied :

“My child, you did see him, and it is Charles. If it had not been Charles, it would have been another. Or, if it had been no other, I should have been the cause, and then the dark part of my life would have cast its shadow beyond myself, and would have fallen on you.”

He embraced her, solemnly commended her to Heaven, and humbly thanked Heaven for having bestowed her on him. By and by, they went into the house.

There was no one invited to the marriage but Mr. Lorry ; there was even to be no bride’s-maid but the gaunt Miss Pross. The marriage was to make no change in their place of residence ; they had been able to extend it, by taking to themselves the upper rooms. The marriage day was shining brightly, and they were ready outside the closed door of the Doctor’s room, where he was speaking with Charles Darnay. They were ready to go to church—the beautiful bride, Mr. Lorry, and Miss Pross.

“And so,” said Mr. Lorry, who could not sufficiently admire the bride, and who had been moving round her to take in every point of her quiet, pretty dress—“and so it was for this, my sweet Lucie, that I brought you across the Channel, such a baby ! Lord bless me ! How little I thought what I was doing. How lightly I valued the obligation I was conferring on my friend, Mr. Charles.”

“You didn’t mean it,” remarked the matter-of-fact Miss Pross, “and therefore how could you know it ? Nonsense !”

“Really ? well ; but don’t cry,” said the gentle Mr. Lorry.

“I am not crying,” said Miss Pross ; “you are.”



The door of the Doctor's room opened, and he came out with Charles Darnay. He was so deadly pale—which had not been the case when they went in together—that no colour was to be seen in his face. But in the composure of his manner he was unaltered, except that to Mr. Lorry it disclosed some shadowy indication that the old air of dread had lately passed over him.

He gave his arm to his daughter, and took her downstairs to the chariot which Mr. Lorry had hired in honour of the day. The rest followed in another carriage, and soon, in a neighbouring church, where no strange eyes looked on, Charles Darnay and Lucie Manette were happily married. They returned home to breakfast, and all went well.

Next morning it was a hard parting, though it was not for long. But her father cheered her, and said at last, "Take her, Charles ! She is yours !"

And her agitated hand waved to them from a chaise window, and she was gone. It was when they turned into the welcome shade of the cool old hall that Mr. Lorry observed a great change to have come over the Doctor.

"I think," he whispered to Miss Pross, after anxious consideration, "I think we had best not speak to him just now, or at all disturb him. I must look in at Tellson's ; so I will go there at once and come back presently. Then we will take him a ride into the country, and dine there, and all will be well." When he came back, he ascended the old staircase alone, having asked no question of the servant ; going thus into the Doctor's room, he was stopped by a low sound of knocking.

"Good God !" he said, with a start, "What's that ?"

Miss Pross, with a terrified face, was at his ear. "O me, O me ! All is lost," cried she, wringing her hands. "What is to be told to Lady Bird ? He doesn't know me, and is making shoes !"

Two things at once impressed themselves on Mr. Lorry, as important above all others : the first, that this must be kept secret from Lucie ; the second, that it must be kept secret from all who knew him. In co-operation with Miss Pross, he took immediate steps towards the latter precaution, by giving out that the doctor was not well and required a few days of complete



rest. In aid of the kind deception to be practised on his daughter, Miss Pross was to write, describing his having been called away professionally and referring to an imaginary letter of two or three hurried lines in his own hand, represented to have been addressed to her by the same post.

Doctor Manette took what was given him to eat and drink, and worked on that first day, until it was too dark to see—worked on, half an hour after Mr. Lorry could not have seen, for his life, to read or write.

Miss Pross and he divided the night into two watches, and observed him at intervals from the adjoining room. He paced up and down for a long time before he lay down ; but when he did finally lay himself down, he fell asleep. In the morning, he was up betimes, and went straight to his bench and to work.

On this second day, Mr. Lorry saluted him cheerfully by his name, and spoke to him on topics that had been of late familiar to them. He returned no reply, but it was evident that he heard what was said, and that he thought about it, however confusedly. This encouraged Mr. Lorry to have Miss Pross in with her work, several times during the day ; at those times they quietly spoke of Lucie and of her father then present, precisely in the usual manner, and as if there were nothing wrong.

The time went very slowly on and Mr. Lorry's hope darkened, and his heart grew heavier again, and grew yet heavier every day. The third day came and went, the fourth, the fifth. Five days, six days, seven days, eight days, nine days. On the tenth morning of his suspense, he was startled by the shining of the sun into the room where a heavy slumber had overtaken him when it was dark night.

He rubbed his eyes and roused himself ; but he doubted, when he had done so, whether he was not still asleep. For, going to the door of the Doctor's room and looking in, he perceived that the shoe-maker's bench and tools were put aside again, and that the Doctor himself sat reading at the window. He was in his usual morning dress, and his face, though still very pale, was calmly studious and attentive.

Even when he had satisfied himself that he was awake, Mr. Lorry felt giddily uncertain for some few moments whether the



late shoe-making might not be a disturbed dream of his own ; for did not his eyes show him his friend before him in his accustomed clothing and aspect, and employed as usual ?

Within a few minutes, Miss Pross stood whispering at his side. If he had any particle of doubt left, her talk would of necessity have resolved it ; but he was by that time clear-headed, and had none. He advised that they should let the time go by until the regular breakfast-hour, and should then meet the Doctor as if nothing unusual had occurred.

After breakfast they passed the day in the country, and the Doctor was quite restored. On the three following days he remained perfectly well, and on the fourteenth day he went away to join Lucie and her husband.

On the night of the day on which he left the house, Mr. Lorry went into his room with a chopper, saw, chisel, and hammer, attended by Miss Pross carrying a light. There, with closed doors, and in a mysterious and guilty manner, Mr. Lorry hacked the shoe-maker's bench to pieces, while Miss Pross held the candle as if she were assisting at a murder—for which, indeed, in her grimness, she was no unsuitable figure. The burning of the body (previously reduced to pieces convenient for the purpose) was commenced without delay in the kitchen fire ; and the tools, shoes, and leather, were buried in the garden.



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## CHAPTER XV

### A PLEA

When the newly-married pair came home, the first person who appeared, to offer his congratulations, was Sydney Carton. They had not been at home many hours, when he presented himself. He was not improved in habits, or in looks, or in manner ; but there was a certain rugged air of fidelity about him, which was new to the observation of Charles Darnay.



He watched his opportunity of taking Darnay aside into a window, and of speaking to him when no one overheard.

"Mr. Darnay," said Carton, "I wish we might be friends."

"We are already friends, I hope."

"You are good enough to say so, as a fashion of speech ; but I don't mean any fashion of speech. Indeed, when I say I wish we might be friends, I scarcely mean quite that, either."

Charles Darnay—as was natural—asked him, in all good-humour and good-fellowship, what he did mean.

"Upon my life," said Carton, smiling, "I find that easier to comprehend in my own mind than to convey to yours. However, let me try. You remember a certain famous occasion when I was more drunk than—than usual ?"

"I remember a certain famous occasion when you forced to confess that you had been drinking."

"I remember it too. The curse of those occasions is heavy upon me, for I always remember them. I hope it may be taken into account one day, when all days are at an end for me !—Don't be alarmed ; I am not going to preach."

"I am not at all alarmed. Earnestness in you is anything but alarming to me."

"Ah !" said Carton, with a careless wave of his hand, as if he waved that away. "On the drunken occasion in question, I was insufferable about liking you, and not liking you. I wish you would forget it."

"I forgot it long ago."

"Fashion of speech again. But, Mr. Darnay, forgetfulness is not so easy to me as you represent it to be to you. I have by no means forgotten it, and a light answer does not help me to forget it."

"If it was a light answer," returned Darnay, "I beg your forgiveness for it. I had no other object than to turn a slight thing, which, to my surprise, seems to trouble you too much, aside. I declare to you, on the faith of a gentleman, that I have long dismissed it from my mind. Good Heaven, what was there to dismiss ! Have I had nothing more important to remember, in the great service you rendered me that day ?"



"As to the great service," said Carton, "I am bound to avow to you, when you speak of it in that way, that it was mere professional claptrap. I don't know that I cared what became of you, when I rendered it. Mind ! I say when I rendered it ; I am speaking of the past."

"You make light of the obligation," returned Darnay, "but I will not quarrel with your light answer."

"Genuine truth, Mr. Darnay, trust me ! I have gone aside from my purpose ; I was speaking about our being friends. Now, you know me ; you know I am incapable of all the higher and better flights of men. If you doubt it, ask Stryver, and he'll tell you so."

"I prefer to form my own opinion, without the aid of his."

"Well. At any rate you know me as a dissolute dog, who has never done any good, and never will."

"I don't know that you 'never will'."

"But I do, and you must take my word for it. Well ! If you could endure to have such a worthless fellow, and a fellow of such indifferent reputation, coming and going at odd times, I should ask that I might be permitted to come and go as a privileged person here ; that I might be regarded as a useless (and I would add, if it were not for the resemblance I detected between you and me), an unornamental piece of furniture, tolerated for its old service and taken no notice of. I doubt if I should abuse the permission. It is a hundred to one if I should avail myself of it four times in a year. It would satisfy me, I dare say, to know that I had it."

"Will you try ?"

"That is another way of saying that I am placed on the footing I have indicated. I thank you, Darnay. I may use that freedom with your name ?"

"I think so, Carton, by this time."

They shook hands upon it, and Sydney turned away.

When he was gone, and in the course of an evening passed with Miss Pross, the Doctor, and Mr. Lorry, Charles Darnay made some mention of this conversation in general terms, and spoke of Sydney Carton as a problem of carelessness and recklessness. He spoke of him, in short, not bitterly or



meaning to bear hard upon him, but as anybody might who saw him as he showed himself.

He had no idea that this could dwell in the thoughts of his fair young wife ; but, when he afterwards joined her in their own rooms, he found her waiting for him with the old pretty lifting of the forehead strongly marked.

“We are thoughtful to-night !” said Darnay, drawing his arm about her.

“Yes, dearest Charles,” with her hands on his breast, and the inquiring and attentive expression fixed upon him ; “we are rather thoughtful to-night, for we have something on our mind to-night.”

“What is it, my Lucie ?”

“Will you promise not to press one question on me, if I beg you not to ask it ?”

“Will I promise ? What will I not promise to my love ?”

“I think, Charles, poor Mr. Carton deserves more consideration and respect than you expressed for him to-night.”

“Indeed, my own ? Why so ?”

“That is what you are not to ask me. But I think—I know—he does.”

“If you know it, it is enough. What would you have me do, my wife ?”

“I would ask you, dearest, to be very generous with him always, and very lenient on his faults when he is not by. I would ask you to believe that he has a heart he very, very seldom reveals, and that there are deep sounds in it. My dear, I have seen it bleeding.”

“It is a painful reflection to me,” said Charles Darnay, quite astounded, “that I should have done him any wrong. I never thought this of him.”

“My husband, it is so. I fear he is not to be reclaimed ; there is scarcely a hope that anything in his character or fortunes is reparable now. But I am sure that he is capable of good things, gentle things, even magnanimous things.”

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## CHAPTER XVI

## ECHOING FOOTSTEPS

Some half-dozen times a year, at mcst, Sydney Carton claimed his privilege of coming in un-invited, and would sit among them through the evening as he had once done often. He never came there heated with wine.

On a night in mid-July, 1789, Mr. Lorry came in late from Tellson's and sat himself down by Lucie and her husband in the dark window. It was a hot, wild night, and they were all three reminded of the old Sunday night when they had looked at the lightning from the same place.

"I began to think," said Mr. Lorry, pushing his brown wig back, "that I should have to pass the night at Tellson's. We have been so full of business all day that we have not known what to do first, or which way to turn. There is such an uneasiness in Paris that we have actually run of confidence upon us ! Our customers over there seem not to be able to confide their property to us fast enough. There is positively a mania among some of them for sending it to England."

"That has a bad look," said Darnay.

"A bad look, you say, my dear Darnay ? Yes, but we don't know what reason there is in it. People are so unreasonable ! Some of us at Tellson's are getting old, and we really can't be troubled, out of the ordinary course without due occasion.

"Still," said Darnay, "you know how gloomy and threatening the sky is."

"I know that, to be sure," assented Mr. Lorry, trying to persuade himself that his sweet temper was soured, and that he grumbled, "but I am determined to be peevish after my long day's botheration. Where is Manette ?"

"Here he is !" said the Doctor, entering the dark room at the moment.

"I am quite glad you are at home ; for these hurries and forebodings by which I have been surrounded all day long, have made me nervous without reason. You are not going out, I hope ?"



"No ; I am going to play backgammon with you, if you like," said the Doctor.

"I don't think I do like, if I may speak my mind. I am not fit to be pitted against you to-night. Is the tea-board still there, Lucie ? I can't see."

"Of course, it has been kept for you."

"Thank ye, my dear. The precious child is safe in bed ?"

"And sleeping soundly."

"That's right ; all safe and well. I do not know why anything should be otherwise than safe and well here, thank God ; but I have been so put out all day, and I am not as young as I was. My tea, my dear ? Thank ye. Now, come and take your place in the circle, and let us sit quiet, and hear the echoes about which you have your theory."

"Not a theory ; it was a fancy."

"A fancy, then, my wise pet," said Mr. Lorry, patting her hand. "They are very numerous and very loud, though, are they not ? Only hear them !"

Saint Antoine had been, that morning, a vast dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro, with frequent gleams of light above the billowy heads, where steel blades and bayonets shone in the sun. A tremendous roar arose from Saint Antoine, and a forest of naked arms struggled in the air like shrivelled branches of trees in a winter wind.

Muskets were being distributed—so were cartridges, powder, and ball, bars of iron and wood, knives, axes, pikes, every weapon that distracted ingenuity could discover or devise. People who could lay hold of nothing else, set themselves with bleeding hands to force stones and bricks out of their places in walls. Every pulse and heart in Saint Antoine was on high-fever strain and at high-fever heat. Every living creature there held life as of no account. Defarge himself, already begrimed with gun-powder and sweat issued orders, issued arms, thrust this man back, dragged this man forward, disarmed one to arm another, laboured and strove in the thickest of the uproar.



"Keep near to me, Jacques Three," cried Defarge, "and do you, Jacques One and Two, separate and put yourselves at the head of as many of these patriots as you can. Where is my wife?"

"Eh, well. Here you see me!" said madame, composed as ever, but not knitting to-day. Madame's resolute right hand was occupied with an axe, in place of the usual softer implements, and in her girdle were a pistol and a cruel knife.

"Where do you go, my wife?"

"I go" said madame, "with you, at present. You shall see me at the head of woman, by and by."

"Come, then!" cried Defarge, in a resounding voice. "Patriots and friends, we are ready, The Bastille."

"With roar that sounded as if all the breath in France had been shaped into the detested word, the living sea rose, wave on wave, depth on depth, and overflowed the city to that point. Alarm-bells ringing, drums beating, the sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the attack began.

"Work, comrades all, work. Work, Jacques one, Jacques Two, Jacques One thousand, Jacques Two Thousand, Jacques Five-and-Twenty Thousand; in the name of all the angels or the devils—which you prefer—work." Thus Defarge of the wine-shop, still at his gun, which had long grown hot.

"To me, women!" cried madame his wife. "What. We can kill as well as the men when the place is taken." And to her, with a shrill thirsty cry, trooping women variously armed but all armed alike in hunger and revenge.

So resistless was the force of the ocean bearing him, on that even to draw his breath or turn his head was as impracticable as if he had been struggling in the surf of the South Sea, until he was landed in the outer courtyard of the Bastille. There, against an angle of a wall, he made a struggle to look about him. Jacques Three was nearly at his side; Madame Defarge, still heading some of her women, was visible in the inner distance, and her knife was in her hand. Everywhere was tumult, exultation, deafening and maniacal bewilderment, astounding noise, yet furious dumb-show.



"The prisoners !"

"The records !"

"The secret cells !"

"The instruments of torture !"

"The prisoners !"

Of all these cries, "The prisoners !" was the cry most taken up by the sea that rushed in. When the foremost billows rolled past, bearing the prison officers with them, and threateniag them all with instant death if any secret nook remained undisclosed. Defarge laid his strong hand on the breast of one of these men—a man with a grey head, who had a lighted torch in his hand—separated him from the rest, and got him between himself and the wall.

"Show me the North Tower !" said Defarge. "Quick !"

"I will faithfully," replied the man, "if you will come with me. But there is no one there."

"What is the meaning of One Hundred and Five, North Tower?" asked Defarge. "Quick !"

"The meaning, monsieur ?"

"Does it mean a captive, or a place of captivity ? Or do you mean that I shall strike you dead ?"

"Kill him !" croaked Jacques Three, who had come close up.

"Monsieur, it is a cell."

"Show it me !"

"Pass this way, then."

Through gloomy vaults where the light of day had never shone, past hideous doors of dark dens and cages, down cavernous flights of steps, and again up steep, rugged ascents of stone and brick, more like dry waterfalls than staircases, Defarge, the turnkey, and Jacques Three, linked hand and arm, went, with all the speed they could make.

The turnkey stopped at a low door, put a key in a clashing lock, swung the door slowly open, and said, as they all bent their heads and passed in—



“One Hundred and Five, North Tower !”

There was a small, heavy-grated, unglazed window high in the wall, with a stone screen before it, so that the sky could be only seen by stooping low and looking up. There was a small chimney, heavily barred across, a few feet within. There was a heap of old feathery wood ashes on the hearth. There were a stool, and table, and a straw bed. There were the four blackened walls, and a rusted iron ring in one of them.

“Pass that torch slowly along these walls, that I may see them,” said Defarge to the turnkey.

The man obeyed, and Defarge followed the light closely with his eyes.

“Stop !—Look here, Jacques.”

“A.M.!” croaked Jacques Three, as he read greedily.

“Alexandre Manetto,” said Defarge in his ear, following the letters with his forefinger, deeply covered with gunpowder. “And here he wrote ‘a poor physician.’ And it was he, without doubt, who scratched a calendar on this stone. What is that in your hand ? A crowbar ? Give it me !”

He had still the linstock of his gun in his own hand. He made a sudden exchange of the two instruments, and turning on the worm-eaten stool and table, beat them to pieces in a few blows.

“Hold the light higher,” he said wrathfully, to the turnkey. “Look among those fragments with care, Jacques. And see ! Here is my knife,” throwing it to him ; “rip open that bed, and search the straw. Hold the light higher, you !”

With a menacing look at the turnkey he crawled upon the hearth, and, peering up the chimney, struck and prised at its sides with the crowbar, and worked at the iron grating across it. In a few minutes some mortar and dust came dropping down, which he averted his face to avoid ; and in it, and in the old wood ashes, and in a crevice in the chimney into which his weapon had slipped or wrought itself, he groped with a cautious touch.

“Nothing in the wood, and nothing in the straw, Jacques ?”



“Nothing.”

“Let us collect them together, in the middle of the cell. So ! Light them, you !”

The turnkey fired the little pile, which blazed high and hot. Stooping again to come out at the low-arched door, they left it burning, and retraced their way to the counteryard :

They found it surging and tossing, in quest of Defarge himself. Saint Antoine was clamorous to have its wineshop keeper foremost in the guard upon the governor who had defended the Bastille and shot the people. Otherwise, the governor would be marched to the Hotel de Ville for judgment. Otherwise, the governor would escape, and the people's blood be unavenged.

In the howling universe of passion and contention there was but one quite steady figure, and that was a woman's. “See, there is my husband !” she cried, pointing him out. “See Defarge !” She remained immovable close to the grim old officer through the streets as Defarge and the rest bore him along ; remained immovable close to him when the long-gathering rain of stabs and blows fell heavy ; was so close to him when he dropped dead under it, that, suddenly animated, she put her foot upon his neck, and with her cruel knife—long ready—hewed off his head.

Seven prisoners released, seven gory heads on pikes, the keys of the accursed fortress of the eight strong towers, some discovered letters and other memorials of prisoners of old time, long dead of broken hearts—such, and such like, were carried through the Paris streets in mid-July, 1789.





## CHAPTER XVII

**DRAWN TO THE LOADSTONE ROCK**

On a steaming, misty afternoon, in 1792, Mr. Lorry sat at his desk at Tellson's Bank in London, and Charles Darnay stood leaning on it, talking with him in a low voice. The den once set apart for interviews with the House was now the news exchange, and was filled to overflowing. It was within half an hour or so of the time of closing.

"But, although you are the youngest man that ever lived," said Charles Darnay, rather hesitating, "I must still suggest to you—"

"I understand. That I am too old?" said Mr. Lorry.

"Unsettled weather, a long journey, uncertain means of travelling, a disorganised country, a city that may not even be safe for you."

"My dear Charles," said Mr. Lorry, with cheerful confidence, "you touch some of the reasons for my going: not for my staying away. It is safe enough for me; nobody will care to interfere with an old fellow of hard upon fourscore when there are much better worth interfering with. As to its being a disorganised city, if it were not a disorganised city there would be no occasion to send somebody from our house here to our house there, who knows the city and the business, of old and is in Tellson's confidence. As to the uncertain travelling, the long journey, and the winter weather, if I were not prepared to submit myself to a few inconveniences for the sake of Tellson's after all these years, who ought to be?"

"I wish I were going myself," said Charles Darnay, somewhat restlessly, and like one thinking aloud.

"Indeed! You are a pretty fellow to object and advise," exclaimed Mr. Lorry. "You wish you were going yourself? And you a Frenchman born? You are a wise counsellor."

"My dear Mr. Lorry, it is because I am a Frenchman born that the thought has passed through my mind often. One cannot help thinking, having had some sympathy for the miserable people and having abandoned something to them," he spoke here in his former thoughtful manner, "that one might be listened to, and might have the power to persuade to



some restraint. Only last night, after you had left us, when I was talking to Lucie—”

“When you were talking to Lucie,” Mr. Lorry repeated. “Yes. I wonder you are not ashamed to mention the name of Lucie ! Wishing you were going to France at this time of day !”

“However, I am not going,” said Charles Darnay, with a smile. “It is more to the purpose that you say you are.”

“And I am, in plain reality. The truth is, my dear Charles,” Mr. Lorry glanced at the distant house, and lowered his voice, “you can have no conception of the difficulty with which our business is transacted, and of the peril in which our books and papers over yonder are involved. The Lord above knows what the consequences would be to numbers of people, if some of our documents were seized or destroyed ; and they might be, at any time, you know, for who can say that Paris is not set afire to-day, or sacked to-morrow. Now, a judicious selection from these with the least possible delay, and the burying of them, or otherwise getting of them out of harm’s way, is within the power of scarcely any one but myself, if any one. And shall I hang back, when Tellson’s knows this and says this—Tellson’s, whose bread I have eaten these sixty years—because I am a little stiff about the joints ? Why, I am a boy, sir, to half a dozen old codgers here.”

“How I admire the gallantry of your youthful spirit, Mr. Lorry.”

“Tut ! Nonsense, sir ! And, my dear Charles,” said Mr. Lorry glancing at the house again, “you are to remember, that getting things out of Paris at this present time, no matter what things, is next to an impossibility. Papers and precious matters were this very day brought to us here by the strangest bearers you can imagine, every one of whom had his head hanging on by a single hair as he passed the barriers. At another time, our parcels would come and go, as easily as in business-like Old England ; but now, everything is stopped.”

“And do you really go to-night ?”

“I really go to-night, for the case has become too pressing to admit of delay.”



"And do you take no one with you?"

"All sorts of people have been proposed to me, but I will have nothing to say to any of them. I intend to take Jerry. Jerry has been my bodyguard on Sunday nights for a long time past, and I am used to him. Nobody will suspect Jerry of being anything but an English bulldog, or of having any design in his head but to fly at anybody who touches his master."

"I must say again that I heartily admire your gallantry and youthfulness."

"I must say again, nonsense, nonsense! When I have done this little work I shall, perhaps, accept Tellson's proposal to retire and live at my ease. Time enough, then, to think about growing old."

This dialogue had taken place at Mr. Lorry's usual desk. The House approached Mr. Lorry, and laying a soiled and unopened letter before him, asked if he had yet discovered any traces of the person to whom it was addressed? The House laid the letter down so close to Darnay that he saw the direction—the more quickly, because it was his own right name. The address, turned into English, ran: "Very pressing. To Monsieur heretofore the Marquis St. Everemonde, of France. Confided to the cares of Messrs. Tellson and Co., Bankers, London, England."

On the marriage morning, Doctor Manette had made it his one urgent and express request to Charles Darnay, that the secret of this name should be—unless he, the Doctor, dissolved the obligation—kept inviolate between them. Nobody else knew it to be his name; his own wife had no suspicion of the fact; Mr. Lorry could have none.

"No" said Mr. Lorry, in reply to the House; "I have referred it, I think, to everybody now here, and no one can tell me where this gentleman is to be found."

Darnay, unable to restrain himself any longer, said:

"I know the fellow." Mr. Lorry and Charles Darnay were left alone at the desk, in the general departure from the Bank.

"Will you take charge of the letter?" said Mr. Lorry. "You know where to deliver it?"

"I do."



“Will you undertake to explain that we suppose it to have been addressed here, on the chance of our knowing where to forward it, and that it has been here some time?”

“I will do so. Do you start for Paris from here?”

“From here, at eight.”

“I will come back, to see you off.”

Very ill at ease with himself, and with most other men, Darnay made the best of his way into the quiet of the Temple, opened the letter, and read it. These were its contents:—

“PRISON OF THE ABBAYE, PARIS.

“June 21, 1792.

“MONSIEUR HERETOFORE THE MARQUIS,—

“After having long been in danger of my life at the hands of the village, I have been seized, with great violence and indignity, and brought a long journey on foot to Paris. On the road I have suffered a great deal. Nor is that all; my house has been destroyed—razed to the ground.

“The crime for which I am imprisoned, monsieur heretofore the marquis, and for which I shall be summoned before the tribunal, and shall lose my life (without your so generous help), is, they tell me, treason against the majesty of the people, in that I have acted against them for an emigrant. It is in vain I represent that I have acted for them, and not against, according to your commands. It is in vain I represent that, before the sequestration of emigrant property, I had remitted the imposts they had ceased to pay; that I had collected no rent; that I had had recourse to no process. The only response is, that I have acted for an emigrant, and where is that emigrant?.....

“Ah, most gracious Monsieur heretofore the Marquis where is that emigrant? I cry in my sleep where is he? I demand of Heaven, will he not come to deliver me? No answer. Ah, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, I send my desolate cry across the sea, hoping it may perhaps reach your ears through the great bank of Telson known at Paris.

“For the love of Heaven, of justice, of generosity, of the honour of your noble name, I supplicate you, Monsieur hereto-



fore the Marquis, to succour and release me. My fault is, that I have been true to you. O Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, I pray you be you true to me.

"From this prison here of horror, whence I every hour tend nearer and nearer to destruction, I send you, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, the assurance of my dolorous and unhappy service.

Yours afflicted,  
"GABELLE."

The latent uneasiness in Darnay's mind was roused to vigorous life by this letter. The peril of an old servant and a good one, whose only crime was fidelity to himself and his family, stared him so reproachfully in the face, that, as he walked to and fro in the Temple considering what to do, he almost hid his face from the passers-by.

He had oppressed no man, he had imprisoned no man; he was so far from having harshly exacted payment of his dues, that he had relinquished them of his own will, thrown himself on a world with no favour in it, won his own private place there, and earned his own bread. Monsieur Gabelle had held the impoverished and involved estate on written instructions to spare the people, to give them what little there was to give—such fuel as the heavy creditors would let them have in the winter, and such produce as could be saved from the same grip in the summer.

This favoured the desperate resolution Charles Darnay had begun to make, that he would go to Paris.

His resolution was made. He must go to Paris.

Yes. The Loadstone Rock was drawing him, and he must sail on, until he struck. He knew of no rock; he saw hardly any danger. The intention with which he had done what he had done, even although he had left it incomplete, presented it before him in an aspect that would be gratefully acknowledged in France on his presenting himself to assert it.

He walked to and fro with thoughts very busy, until it was time to return to Tellson's and take leave of Mr. Lorry. As soon as he arrived in Paris he would present himself to this old friend, but he must say nothing of his intention now.



A carriage with post-horses was ready at the bank-door, and Jerry was booted and equipped.

"I have delivered that letter," said Charles Darnay to Mr. Lorry. "I would not consent to your being charged with any written answer, but perhaps you will take a verbal one?"

"That I will, and readily," said Mr. Lorry, "If it is not dangerous."

"Not at all. Though it is to a prisoner in the Abbaye."

"What is his name?" said Mr. Lorry, with his open pocket-book in his hand.

"Gabelle".

"Gabelle. And what is the message to the unfortunate Gabelle in prison?"

"Simply, 'that he has received the letter, and will come.'"

"Any time mentioned?"

"He will start upon his journey to-morrow night."

"Any person mentioned?"

"No."

He helped Mr. Lorry to wrap himself in a number of coats and cloaks, and went out with him from the warm atmosphere of the old Bank into the misty air of Fleet Street. "My love to Lucie, and to little Lucie," said Mr. Lorry at parting, "and take precious care of them till I come back." Charles Darnay shook his head and doubtfully smiled, as the carriage rolled away.

That night—it was the fourteenth of August,—he sat up late, and wrote two fervent letters; one was to Lucie, explaining the strong obligation he was under to go to Paris, and showing her, at length, the reasons that he had for feeling confident that he could become involved in no personal danger there; the other was to the Doctor, confiding Lucie and their dear child to his care, and dwelling on the same topics with the strongest assurances. To both, he wrote that he would despatch letters in proof of his safety, immediately after his arrival.

It was a hard day, that day of being among them and the day passed quickly. Early in the evening pretending that he



would return by and by (an imaginary engagement took him out, and he had secreted a valise of clothes ready) he emerged into the heavy mist of the heavy streets, with a heavier heart. He left his two letters with a trusty porter, to be delivered half an hour before midnight, and no sooner; took horse for Dover; and began his journey.

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## CHAPTER XVIII

## IN SECRET

The traveller fared slowly on his way, who fared toward Paris from England in the autumn of 1792. More than enough of bad roads, bad equipages, and bad horses, he would have encountered to delay him, but the changed times were fraught with other obstacles than these. Every town—gate and village taxing—house had its band of citizen—patriots, with their national muskets in a most explosive state of readiness, who stopped all comers and goers, cross-questioned them, inspected their papers, looked for their names in lists of their own, turned them back, or sent them on, or stopped them and laid them in hold.

He had been days upon his journey to France alone, when he went to bed tired out, in a little town on the high-road, still a long way from Paris.

Nothing but the production of the afflicted Gabelle's letter from his prison of the Abbaye would have got him on so far.

At the inn Darnay was awakened in the middle of the night by a timid local functionary and three armed patriots in rough red caps and with pipes in their mouths, who sat down on the bed.

"Emigrant," said the functionary, "I am going to send you on to Paris, under an escort."

"Citizen, I desire nothing more than to get to Paris, though I could dispense with the escort."



"Silence !" growled a red-cap, striking at the coverlet with the butt-end of his musket. "Peace, aristocrat !"

"It is as the good patriot says," observed the timid functionary. "You are an aristocrat, and must have an escort—and must pay for it."

"I have no choice," said Charles Darnay.

"Choice ! Listen to him !" cried the same scowling red-cap. "As if it was not a favour to be protected from the lamp-iron !"

"It is always as the good patriot says," observed the functionary. "Rise and dress yourself, emigrant."

Darnay complied, and was taken back to the guard—house where other patriots in rough red caps were smoking, drinking, and sleeping, by a watch-fire. Here he paid a heavy price for his escort, and hence he started with it on the wet roads at three o'clock in the morning.

When they came to the town of Beauvais—which they did at eventide, when the streets were filled with people—he could not conceal from himself that the aspect of affairs was very alarming. An ominous crowd gathered to see him dismount at the posting-yard, and many voices in it called out loudly, "Down with the emigrant !"

He stopped in the act of swinging himself out of his saddle, and, resuming it as his safest place, said :

"Emigrant, my friends ! Do you not see me here, in France, of my own will ?"

"You are a cursed emigrant," cried a farrier, making at him in a furious manner through the press, hammer in hand ; "and you are a cursed aristocrat !"

The postmaster interposed himself between this man and the rider's bridle and soothingly said, "Let him be ; let him be ! He will be judged at Paris."

"Judged !" repeated the farrier, swinging his hammer. "Ay ! and condemned as a traitor." At this, the crowd roared approval.



Checking the postmaster, who was for turning his horse's head to the yard Darnay said, as soon as he could make his voice heard,

"Friends, you deceive yourselves, or you are deceived. I am not a traitor."

"He lies," cried the smith. "He is a traitor since the decree. His life is forfeit to the people. His cursed life is not his own !"

At the instant when Darnay saw a rush in the eyes of the crowd, which another instant would have brought upon him, the postmaster turned his horse into the yard, the escort rode in close upon his horse's flanks, and the postmaster shut and barred the crazy double gates. The farrier struck a blow upon them with his hammer, and the crowd groaned ; but no more was done.

"What is this decree that the smith spoke of ?" Darnay asked the postmaster, when he had thanked him, and stood beside him in the yard.

"Truly, a decree for selling the property of emigrants."

"When passed ?"

"On the fourteenth."

"The day I left England !"

"Everybody says it is but one of several, and that there will be others—if there are not already—banishing all emigrants, and condemning all to death who return. That is what he meant when he said your life was not your own."

"But there are no such decrees yet ?"

"What do I know !" said the postmaster, shrugging his shoulders ; "there may be, or there will be. It is all the same. What would you have ?"

They rested on some straw in a loft until the middle of the night, and then rode forward again when all the town was asleep.

Daylight at last found them before the wall of Paris. The barrier was closed and strongly guarded when they rode up to it.



"Where are the papers of this prisoner?" demanded a resolute-looking man in authority, who was summoned out by the guard.

Naturally struck by the disagreeable word, Charles Darnay requested the speaker to take notice that he was a free traveller and French citizen, in charge of an escort which the disturbed state of the country had imposed on him, and which he had paid for.

"Where," repeated the same personage, without taking any heed of him whatever, "are the papers of this prisoner?"

The drunken patriot had them in his cap, and produced them. Casting his eyes over Gabelle's letter, the same personage in authority showed some disorder and surprise, and looked at Darnay with a close attention.

He left escort and escorted without saying a word, however, and went into the guard-room; meanwhile, they set upon their horses outside the gate. Looking about him while in this state of suspense, Charles Darnay observed that the gate was held up by a mixed guard of soldiers and patriots, the latter far out-numbering the former. A numerous medley of men and women, not to mention beasts and vehicles of various sorts, was waiting to issue forth. The red cap and tricolour cockade were universal, both among men and women.

When he had sat in his saddle some half-hour, taking note of these things, Darnay found himself confronted by the same man in authority, who directed the guard to open the barrier. Then he delivered to the escort, drunk and sober, a receipt for the escorted, and requested him to dismount. He did so, and the two patriots, leading his tired horse, turned and rode away without entering the city.

He accompanied his conductor into a guard-room, smelling of common wine and tobacco, where certain soldiers and patriots, asleep and awake, drunk and sober, and in various neutral states between sleeping and waking, drunkenness and sobriety, were standing and lying about. Some registers were lying open on a desk, and an officer of a coarse, dark aspect, presided over these.



"Citizen Defarge," said he to Darnay's conductor, as he took a slip of paper to write on. "Is this the emigrant Evremonde?"

"This is the man."

"Your age, Evremonde?"

"Thirty-seven."

"Married, Evremonde?"

"Yes."

"Where married?"

"In England."

"Without doubt. Where is your wife, Evremonde?"

"In England."

"Without doubt. You are sent Evremonde, to the prison of La Force."

"Just Heaven!" exclaimed Darnay. "Under what law, and for what offence?"

The officer looked up from his slip of paper, for a moment.

"We have new laws, Evremonde, and new offences, since you were here." He said it with a hard smile, and went on writing.

"I entreat you to observe that I have come here voluntarily, in response to that written appeal of a fellow-countryman, which lies before you. I demand no more than the opportunity to do so without delay. Is not that my right?"

"Emigrants have no rights, Evremonde," was the stolid reply. The officer wrote until he had finished, read over to himself what he had written, sanded it, and handed it to Defarge, with the words, "In secret."

Defarge motioned with the paper to the prisoner that he must accompany him. The prisoner obeyed, and a guard of two armed patriots attended them.

"It is you," said Defarge, in a low voice, as they went down the guard-house steps and turned into Paris, "who married the daughter of Doctor Manette, once a prisoner in the Bastille that is no more."



"Yes," replied Darnay, looking at him with surprise.

"My name is Defarge, and I keep a wine-shop in the quarter Saint Antoine. Possibly you have heard of me."

"My wife came to your house to reclaim her father? Yes!"

The word "wife" seemed to serve as a gloomy reminder to Defarge, to say with sudden impatience, "In the name of that sharp female newly born, and called La Guillotine, why did you come to France?"

"You heard me say why, a minute ago. Do you not believe it is the truth?"

"A bad truth for you," said Defarge, speaking with knitted brows, and looking straight before him.

"Indeed I am lost here. All here is so changed, so sudden and unfair, that I am absolutely lost. Will you render me a little help?"

"None," Defarge spoke, always looking straight before him.

"Will you answer me a single question?"

"Perhaps. According to its nature. You can say what it is."

"In this prison that I am going to so unjustly, shall I have some free communication with the world outside?"

"You will see."

"I am not to be buried there, prejudged, and without any means of presenting my case?"

"You will see. But what then? Other people have been similarly buried in worse prisons, before now."

"But never by me, Citizen Defarge."

Defarge glanced darkly at him for answer, and walked on in a steady and set silence. The deeper he sank into this silence, the fainter hope there was—or so Darnay thought—of his softening in any slight degree. He therefore made haste to say,

"It is of the utmost importance to me (you know, citizen, even better than I, of how much importance), that I should be able to communicate to Mr. Lorry of Tellson's Bank, an English



gentleman who is now in Paris, the simple fact, without comment, that I have been thrown into the prison of La Force. Will you cause that to be done for me ?”

“I will do,” Defarge doggedly rejoined, “nothing for you. My duty is to my country and the people. I am the sworn servant of both, against you. I will do nothing for you.”

Charles Darnay felt it hopeless to entreat him further, and his pride was touched besides. As they walked on in silence, he could not but see how used the people were to the spectacle of prisoners passing along the streets. The very children scarcely noticed him. A few persons turned their heads, and a few shook their fingers at him as an aristocrat.

Of unjust treatment in detention and hardship, and in cruel separation from his wife and child, he foreshadowed the likelihood, or the certainty ; but, beyond this, he dreaded nothing distinctly. With this on his mind, which was enough to carry into a dreary prison courtyard, he arrived at the prison of La Force.

A man with a bloated face opened the strong wicket, to whom Defarge presented, “the emigrant Evremonde.”

“What the devil ! How many more of them !” exclaimed the man with the bloated face.

Defarge took his receipt without noticing the exclamation, and withdrew, with his two fellow-patriots.

“In secret, too” grumbled the jailer, looking at the written paper. “As if I was not already full to bursting !”

He stuck the paper on a file, in an ill-humour, and Charles Darnay awaited his further pleasure, for half an hour : sometimes pacing to and fro in the strong arched room : sometimes resting on a stone seat : in either case detained to be imprinted on the memory of the chief and his subordinates.

“Come !” said the chief, at length taking up his keys, “come with me, emigrant.”

Through the dismal prison twilight, his new charge accompanied him by corridor and staircase, many doors clanging and locking behind them, until they came into a large, low, vaulted chamber, crowded with prisoners of both sexes. The women



were seated at a long table, reading and writing, knitting, sewing, and embroidering ; the men were for the most part behind their chairs, or lingering up and down the room.

“In the name of the assembled companions in misfortune,” said a gentleman of courtly appearance and address, coming forward, “I have the honour of giving you welcome to La Force, and of condoling with you on the calamity that has brought you among us. May it soon terminate happily ! It would be an impertinence elsewhere, but it is not so here, to ask your name and condition ?”

Charles Darnay roused himself, and gave the required information, in words as suitable as he could find.

“But I hope,” said the gentlemen, following the chief jailer with his eyes, who moved across the room, “that you are not in secret ?”

“I do not understand the meaning of the term, but I have heard them say so.”

“Eh, what a pity ! We so much regret it ! But take courage ; several members of our society have been in secret, at first, and it has lasted but a short time.” Then he added, raising his voice, “I grieve to inform the society in secret.”

There was a murmur of commiseration as Charles Darnay crossed the room to a grated door where the jailer awaited him, and many voices—among which the soft and compassionate voice of women were conspicuous—gave him good wishes and encouragement. He turned at the grated door, to render the thanks of his heart ; and it closed under the jailer’s hand.

The wicket opened on a stone staircase, leading upward. When they had ascended forty steps, the jailer opened a low black door, and they passed into a solitary cell. It struck cold and damp, but was not dark.

“Yours,” said the jailer,

“Why am I confined alone ?”

“How do I know !”

“I can buy pen, ink, and paper ?”



“Such are not my orders. You will be visited, and can ask then. At present, you may buy your food, and nothing more.”

There were in the cell, a chair, a table, and a straw mattress. When the jailer was gone, he thought, in the same wandering way, “Now am I left, as if I were dead.”

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## CHAPTER XIX

### THE GRINDSTONE

Tellson's Bank, established in the Saint Germain quarter of Paris, was in a wing of a large house, approached by a courtyard and shut off from the street by a high wall and a strong gate. The house belonged to a great nobleman who had lived in it until he made a flight from the troubles, in his own cook's dress, and got across the borders.

Here Mr. Lorry sat by a newly-lighted wood fire, and on his honest and courageous face there was a deeper shade than the pendant lamp could throw, or any object in the room distortedly reflect—a shade of horror. He occupied rooms in the bank, in his fidelity to the house of which he had grown to be a part, like strong root-ivy. On the opposite side of the courtyard, under a colonnade, was extensive standing for carriage. Against two of the pillars were fastened two great flaring flambeaux, and, in the light of these, standing out in the open air, was a large grindstone: a roughly-mounted thing which appeared to have hurriedly been brought there from some neighbouring smithy, or other workshop. Rising and looking out of the window at these harmless objects, Mr. Lorry shivered, and retired to his seat by the fire.

From the streets beyond the high wall and the strong gate, there came the usual night hum of the city, with now and then an indescribable ring in it, weird and unearthly, as if some unwonted sounds of a terrible nature were going up to Heaven.



"Thank God," said Mr. Lorry, clasping his hands, "that no one near and dear to me is in this dreadful town to-night. May he have mercy on all who are in danger."

Soon afterwards, the bell at the great gate sounded, and he thought, "They have come back !" and sat listening. But there was no loud irruption into the courtyard, as he had expected, and he heard the gate clash again, and all was quiet.

The nervousness and dread that were upon him inspired that vague uneasiness respecting the Bank, which a great change would naturally awaken, with such feelings roused. It was well guarded, and he got up to go among the trusty people who were watching it, when his door suddenly opened, and two figures rushed in, at sight of which he fell back in amazement.

Lucie and her father ! Lucie with her arms stretched out to him, and with that old look of earnestness so concentrated and intensified, that it seemed as though it had been stamped upon her face expressly to give force and power to it in this one passage of her life.

"What is this ?" cried Mr. Lorry, breathless and confused. "What is the matter ? Lucie ! Manette ! What has happened ? What has brought you here ? What is it ?"

With the look fixed upon him, in her paleness and wildness, she panted out in his arms imploringly, "O my dear friend My husband !"

"Your husband, Lucie ?"

"Charles."

"What of Charles ?"

"Here."

"Here, in Paris ?"

"Had been here some days—three or four—I don't know how many—I can't collect my thoughts. An errand of generosity brought him here unknown to us ; he was stopped at the barrier, and sent to prison."

The old man uttered an irrepressible cry. Almost at the same moment, the bell of the great gate rang again, and a loud noise of feet and voices came pouring into the courtyard.



"What is that noise ?" said the Doctor, turning towards the window.

"Don't look !" cried Mr. Lorry. "Don't look out ! Manette, for your life, do not touch the blind !"

The Doctor turned, with his hand upon the fastening of the window, and said, with a cool, bold smile.

"My dear friend, I have a charmed life in this city. I have been a Bastille prisoner. There is no patriot in Paris—in Paris ?—in France—who, knowing me to have been a prisoner in the Bastille, would touch me, except to overwhelm me with embraces, or carry me in triumph. My old pain has given us news of Charles there, and brought us through the barrier, and gained me so ; I knew I could help Charles out of all danger ; I told Lucie so. What is that noise ?" His hand was again upon the window.

"Don't look !" cried Mr. Lorry, absolutely desperate. "No Lucie, my dear, nor you !" He got his arm round her, and held her. "Don't be so terrified, my love. I solemnly swear to you that I know of no harm having happened to Charles ; that I had no suspicion even of his being in this fatal place. What prison is he in ?"

"La Force ?"

"La Force ! Lucie, my child, if ever you were brave and serviceable in your life—and you were always both—you will compose yourself now, to do exactly as I bid you ; for more depends upon it than you can think, or I can say. There is no help for you in any action on your part to-night ; you cannot possibly stir out. I say this, because what I must bid you to do for Charles's sake, is the hardest thing of all. You must instantly be obedient, still, and quiet. You must let me put you in a room at the back here. You must leave your father and me alone for two minutes, and as there are life and death in the world you must not delay."

"I will be submissive to you. I see in your face that you know I can do nothing else than this. I know you are true."

The old man kissed her, and hurried her into his room, and turned the key ; then came hurrying back to the Doctor,



and opened the window and partly opened the blind, and put his hand upon the Doctor's arm, and looked out with him into the courtyard.

The people in possession of the house had let a throne in at the gate, and they had rushed in to work at the grind-stone ; it had evidently been set up there for their purpose, as in a convenient and retired spot. The grindstone had a double handle, and turning at it madly were two men, whose faces were more horrible and cruel than those of the wildest savages. Shouldering one another to get next at the sharpening-stone, were men stripped to the waist, with the stain all over their limbs and bodies. Hatchets, knives, bayonets, swords, all brought to be sharpened, were all red with it.

"They are," Mr. Lorry whispered the words, glancing fearfully round at the locked room, "murdering the prisoners. If you are sure of what you say ; if you really have the power you think you have—as I believe you have—make yourself known to these devils, and get taken to La Force. It may be too late ; I don't know ; but let it not be a minute later !"

Doctor Manette pressed his hand, hastened bareheaded out of the room, and was in the courtyard when Mr. Lorry regained the blind.

His streaming white hair, his remarkable face, and the impetuous confidence of his manner, as he put the weapons aside like water, carried him in an instant to the heart of the crowd at the stone, for a few moments there was a pause, and a hurry, and a murmur, and the unintelligible sound of his voice ; and then Mr. Lorry saw him, surrounded by all, and in the midst of a line twenty men, all linked shoulder to shoulder, and hand to shoulder, hurried out with cries of "Live the Bastille prisoner ! Help for the Bastille prisoner's kindred in La Force ! Room for the Bastille prisoner in front there ! Save the prisoner Evremonde at La Force !" and a thousand answering shouts. He closed the lattice against with a fluttering heart, closed the window and the curtain, hastened to Lucie, and told her that her father was assisted by the people, and gone in search of her husband. He found her child and Miss Pross with her ; but it never occurred to him to be surprised by their appearance until a long time afterwards, when he sat watching them in such quiet as the night knew.



Lucie had, by that time, fallen into a stupor on the floor, at his feet, clinging to his hand. Miss Pross had laid the child down on his own bed, and her head had gradually fallen on the pillow beside her pretty charge.

Twice more in the darkness the bell at the great gate sounded, and the irruption was repeated, and the grindstone whirled and spluttered, "What is it?" cried Lucie, affrighted. "Hush, The soldiers' swords are sharpened there," said Mr. Lorry. "The place is national property now and used as a kind of armoury, my love."

Soon afterwards the day began to dawn, and he softly detached himself from the clasping hand, and cautiously looked out again.

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## CHAPTER XX

### THE SHADOW

One of the first considerations which arose in the business mind of Mr. Lorry when business hours came round, was this: that he had no right to imperil Tellson's by sheltering the wife of an emigrant prisoner under the Bank roof. His own possessions, safety, life, he would have hazarded for Lucie and her child, without a moment's hesitation; but the great trust he held was not his own, and as to that business charge he was a strict man of business.

Noon coming, and the doctor not returning, and every minute's delay tending to compromise Tellson's, Mr. Lorry advised with Lucie. She said that her father had spoken of hiring a lodging for a short term in that quarter, near the banking-house. As there was no business objection to this, and as he foresaw that even if it were all well with Charles, and he were to be released, he could not hope to leave the city, Mr. Lorry went out in quest of such a lodging, and found a suitable one, high up in a



removed by-street where the closed blinds in all the other windows of a high melancholy square of buildings marked deserted homes.

To this lodging he at once removed Lucie and her child, and Miss Pross ; giving them what comfort he could, and much more than he had himself. He left Jerry with them, as a figure to fill a doorway that would bear considerable knocking on the head, and returned to his own occupations. Mr. Lorry was again alone in his room of the previous night, considering what to do next, when he heard a foot upon the stair. In a few moments a man stood in his presence, who, with a keenly observant look at him, addressed him by his name.

"Your servant," said Mr. Lorry. "Do you know me ?"

He was a strongly-made man with dark curling hair, from forty-five to fifty years of age. For answer he repeated, without any change of emphasis the words :

"Do you know me ?"

"I have seen you somewhere."

"Perhaps at my wine-shop ?"

Much interested and agitated, Mr. Lorry said, "You come from Doctor Manette ?"

"Yes. I come from Doctor Manette."

"And what says he ? What does he send me ?"

Defarge gave into his anxious hand an open scrap of paper. It bore the words in the Doctor's writing :

"Charles is safe, but I cannot safely leave this place yet. I have obtained the favour that the bearer has a short note from Charles to his wife. Let the bearer see his wife."

It was dated from La Force, within an hour.

"Will you accompany me, said Mr. Lorry, joyfully relieved after reading this note aloud, "To where his wife resides ?"

"Yes," returned Defarge.

Mr. Lorry put on his hat and they went down into the courtyard. There, they found two women ; one knitting.

"Madame Defarge, surely !" said Mr. Lorry, who had left her in exactly the same attitude some seventeen years ago.



"It is she," observed her husband.

"Does Madame go with us?" inquired Mr. Lorry, seeing that she moved as they moved.

"Yes. That she may be able to recognise the faces and know the persons. It is for their safety."

Beginning to be struck by Defarge's manner, Mr. Lorry looked dubiously at him and led the way. Both the women followed; the second woman being The Vengeance.

They passed through the intervening streets as quickly as they might, ascended the staircase of the new dwelling, were admitted by Jerry, and found Lucie weeping, alone. She was thrown into a transport by the tidings Mr. Lorry gave her of her husband, and clasped the hand that delivered his note.

"Dearest,—Take courage. I am well, and your father has influence around me. You cannot answer this. Kiss our child for me."

That was all the writing. It was so much, however, to her who received it that she turned from Defarge to his wife and kissed one of the hands that knitted. It was a passionate, loving, thankful womanly action but the hand made no response—dropped cold and heavy, and took to its knitting again.

"My dear," said Mr. Lorry, striking in to explain: "there are frequent risings in the streets; and, although it is not likely that they will ever trouble you, Madame Defarge wishes to see those whom she has the power to protect at such times, to the end that she may know them—that she may identify them. I believe," said Mr. Lorry, "I state the case, Citizen Defarge?"

Defarge looked gloomily at his wife, and gave no other answer than a gruff sound of acquiescence.

"You had better, Lucie," said Mr. Lorry, doing all he could to please, by tone and manner, "have the dear child here, and our good Pross. Our good Pross, Defarge, is an English lady, and knows no French."

The lady in question, whose rooted conviction that she was more than a match for any foreigner, was not to be shaken by distress and danger, appeared with folded arms, and observed in English to The Vengeance whom her eyes first encountered, "Well, I am sure, Boldface! I hope you are pretty well!"



She also bestowed a British cough on Madame Defarge ; but neither of the two took much heed of her.

"Is that his child ?" said Madame Defarge, stopping in her work for the first time, and pointing her knitting-needle at little Lucie as if it were the finger of Fate.

"Yes, madame," answered Mr. Lorry ; "this is our poor prisoner's darling daughter, and only child."

"It is enough, my husband," said madame Defarge. "I have seen them. We may go."

But the suppressed manner had enough of menace in it to alarm Lucie into saying, as she laid her appealing hand on Madame Defarge's dress, "You will be good to my poor husband. You will do him no harm. You will help me to see him if you can ?"

"Your husband is not my business here," returned Madame Defarge, looking down at her with perfect composure. "It is the daughter of your father who is my business here."

"For my sake, then, be merciful to my husband. For my child's sake! She will put her hands together and pray you to be merciful. We are more afraid of you than of these other."

Madame Defarge received it as a compliment, and looked at her husband. Defarge, who had been uneasily biting his thumb-nail and looking at her, collected his face into a sterner expression.

"What is it that your husband says in that little letter ?" asked Madame Defarge, with a lowering smile. "Influence ; he says something touching influence ?"

"That my father," said Lucie, hurriedly taking the paper from her breast, but with her alarmed eyes on her questioner and not on it, "has much influence around him."

"Surely it will release him," said Madame Defarge. "Let it do so."

"As a wife and mother," cried Lucie, most earnestly, "I implore you to have pity on me, and not to exercise any power that you possess, against my innocent husband, but to use it in his behalf. O sister-woman, think of me. As a wife and mother !"



Madame Defarge looked, coldly as ever, at the suppliant, and said, turning to her friend The Vengeance.

"The wives and mothers we have been used to see, since we were as little as this child, and much less, have not been greatly considered ! We have known their husbands and fathers laid in prison and kept from them, often enough ! All our lives, we have seen our sister-women suffer, in themselves and in their children, poverty, nakedness, hunger, thirst, sickness, misery, oppression and neglect of all kinds!"

"We have seen nothing else," returned The Vengeance.

"We have borne this a long time," said Madame Defarge, turning her eyes again upon Lucie. "Judge you ! Is it likely that the trouble of one wife and mother would be much to us now ?"

She resumed her knitting and went out. The Vengeance followed. Defarge went last, and closed the door.

"Courage, my dear Lucie," said Mr. Lorry, as he raised her. "Courage, courage ! So far all goes well with us much, much better than it has of late gone with many poor souls. Cheer up, and have a thankful heart."

"I am not thankless, I hope, but that dreadful woman seems to throw a shadow on me and on all my hopes."

"Tut, tut !" said Mr. Lorry ; "what is this despondency in the brave little breast ? A shadow indeed ! No substance in it, Lucie."

But the shadow of the manner of these Defarges was dark upon himself, for all that, and in his secret mind it troubled him greatly.

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## CHAPTER XXI

## TRIUMPH

DOCTOR MANETTE did not return until the morning of the fourth day of his absence and to Mr. Lorry he communicated that the crowd had taken him through a scene of carnage to the prison of La Force. In the prison he had found a self-appointed Tribunal sitting, before which the prisoners were brought singly, and by which they were rapidly ordered to be put forth to be massacred, or to be released, or (in a few cases) to be sent back to their cells. Presented by his conductors to this Tribunal, he had announced himself by name and profession as having been for eighteen years a secret and an unaccused prisoner in the Bastille. One of the body so sitting in judgment had risen and identified him, and this man was Defarge.

The man sitting as President had then informed Doctor Manette that the prisoner must remain in custody, but should, for his sake, be held inviolate in safe custody. But though the Doctor had tried hard and had never ceased trying, to get Charles Darnay set at liberty, or at least to get him brought to trial, the public current of the time set too strong and fast for him

Charles had lain in prison one year and three months.

They had not made the round of their changed life many weeks when her father said to her, on coming home one evening.

"My dear, there is an upper window in the prison to which Charles can sometimes gain access at three in the afternoon. When he can get to it which depends on many uncertainties and incidents he might see you in the street, he thinks, if you stood in a certain place that I can show you. But you will not be able to see him, my poor child and even if you could, it would be unsafe for you to make a sign of recognition."

"Oh, show me the place, my father, and I will go there every day."

From that time, in all weathers, she waited there two hours. As the clock struck two, she was there, and at four she turned resignedly away. When it was not too wet or inclement for her child to be with her, they went together; at other times



she was alone ; but she never missed a single day. And she was watched.

The dread Tribunal of five Judges, Public Prosecutor and determined Jury sat every day. Their lists went forth every evening, and were read out by the jailers of the various prisons to their prisoners. The standard jailer-joke was, "Come out and listen to the evening paper, you inside there."

"Charles Evremonde, called Darnay."

So, at last, began the evening paper at La Force.

Charles Evremonde, called Darnay, was accused by the Public Prosecutor as an emigrant whose life was forfeit to the Republic, under the decree which banished all emigrants on pain of death.

"Take off his head," cried the audience. "An enemy to the Republic !"

The President rang his bell to silence those cries, and asked the prisoner whether it was not true that he had lived many years in England ?

Undoubtedly it was.

Was he not an emigrant then ? What did he call himself ?

Not an emigrant, he hoped, within the sense and spirit of the law.

Why not ? the President desired to know.

Because he had voluntarily relinquished a title that was distasteful to him, and a station that was distasteful to him, and had left his country to live by his own industry in England, rather than on the industry of the overladen people of France.

What proof had he of this ?

He handed in the names of two witnesses : Theophile Gabelle and Alexandre Manette.

But he had married in England ? the President reminded him.

True, but not an English woman.

A citizeness of France ?

Yes. By birth.

Her name and family ?



“Lucie Manette, only Daughter of Doctor Manette, the good physician who sits there.”

This answer had a happy effect upon the audience. Cries in exaltation of the well-known good physician rent the hall. So capriciously were the people moved that tears immediately rolled down several ferocious countenances which had been glaring at the prisoner a moment before, as if with impatience to pluck him out into the streets and kill him.

The President asked why had he returned to France when he did, and not sooner ?

He had not returned sooner, he replied, simply because he had no means of living in France, save those he had resigned; whereas, in England, he lived by giving instruction in the French language and literature. He had returned when he did, on the pressing and written entreaty of a French citizen, who represented that his life was endangered by his absence. He had come back to save a citizen's life, and to bear his testimony, at whatever personal hazard, to the truth. Was that criminal in the eyes of the Republic ?

The populace cried enthusiastically. “No !” and the President rang his bell to quiet them. Which it did not, for they continued to cry “No !” until they left off, of their own will.

The President required the name of that citizen ? The accused explained that the citizen was his first witness. He also referred with confidence to the citizen's letter, which had been taken from him at the barrier, but which he did not doubt would be found among the papers then before the President.

The Doctor had taken care that it should be there—had assured him that it would be there—and at this stage of the proceedings it was produced and read. Citizen Gabelle was called to confirm it, and did so.

Doctor Manette was next questioned. His high personal popularity, and the clearness of his answers, made a great impression ; but as he proceeded, as he showed that the accused was his first friend on his release from his long imprisonment ; that, the accused had remained in England, always faithful and devoted to his daughter and himself in their exile ; that, so far



from being in favour with the aristocratic government there, he had actually been tried for his life by it, as the foe of England and friend of the United States. As he brought these circumstances into view, with the greatest discretion and with the straight forward force of truth and earnestness, the jury and the populace become one. At last, when he appealed by name to Monsieur Lorry, an English gentleman then and there present, who, like himself, had been a witness on that English trial and could corroborate his account of it, the jury declared that they had heard enough, and that they were ready with their votes if the President were content to receive them.

At every vote the populace set up a shout of applause. All the voices were in the prisoner's favour, and the President declared him free.

"Lucie, my own, I am safe."

"O dearest Charles, let me thank God for this on my knees as I have prayed to Him."

They all reverently bowed their heads and hearts. When she was again in his arms, he said to her,

"And now speak to your father, dearest. No other man in all this France could have done what he has done for me."

She laid her head upon her father's breast, as she had laid his poor head on her own breast, long, long ago. He was recompensed for his suffering, he was proud of his strength. "You must not be weak, my darling," he remonstrated; "don't tremble so. I have saved him."

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## CHAPTER XXII

### A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

Darnay's housekeeping was of a very frugal kind: not only because that was the safest way of life, involving the least offence to the people, but because they were not rich, and



Charles, throughout his imprisonment, had had to pay heavily for his bad food, and for his guard, and towards the living of the poorer prisoners. Partly on this account, and partly to avoid a domestic spy, they kept no servant. The citizen and citizeness, who acted as porters at the courtyard gate, rendered them occasional service ; and Jerry (almost wholly transferred to them by Mr. Lorry) had become their daily retainer, and had his bed there every night.

It was an ordinance of the Republic that on the door or door-post of every house, the name of every inmate must be legibly inscribed in letters of a certain size, at a certain convenient height from the ground. Mr. Jerry Cruncher's name, therefore, duly embellished the door-post down below. As the afternoon shadows deepened, the owner of that name himself appeared, from over-looking a painter whom Doctor Manette had employed to add to the list the name of Charles Evremonde, called Darnay.

In the Doctor's little household, as in very many others, the articles of daily consumption that were wanted were purchased every evening, in small quantities and at various small shops. To avoid attracting notice, and to give as little occasion as possible for talk and envy, was the general desire.

For some months past, Miss Pross and Mr. Cruncher had discharged the office of purveyors ; the former carrying the money, the latter the basket. Every afternoon at about the time when the public lamps were lighted, they fared forth on this duty, and made and brought home such purchases as were needful.

"Now, Mr. Cruncher," said Miss Pross, whose eyes were red with felicity, "if you are ready, I am."

Jerry hoarsely professed himself at Miss Pross's service. He had worn all his rust off long ago, but nothing would file his spiky head down.

"There's all manner of things wanted," said Miss Pross "and we shall have a precious time of it."

They went out, leaving Lucie, and her husband, her father and the child, by a bright fire. Mr. Lorry was expected back presently from the banking house. Miss Pross had lighted the



lamp, but had put it aside in a corner, that they might enjoy the firelight undisturbed. Little Lucie sat by her grandfather with her hands clasped through his arm ; and he, in a tone not rising much above a whisper, began to tell her a story of a great and powerful fairy who had opened a prison wall and let out a captive who had once done the fairy a service. All was subdued and quiet, and Lucie was more at ease than she had been.

"What is that ?" she cried, all at once.

"My dear," said her father laying his hand on hers, "command yourself. What a disordered state you are in ! The least thing—nothing—startles you. *You*, your father's daughter ?"

"I thought, my father," said Lucie, excusing herself with a pale face and in a faltering voice, "that I heard strange feet upon the stairs."

"My love, the staircase is as still as Death." As he said the word, a blow was struck upon the door.

"O father, father. What can this be ! Hide Charles. Save him !"

"My child," said the Doctor, rising and laying his hand upon her shoulder, "*I have saved him*. What weakness is this my dear ! Let me go to the door."

He took the lamp in his hand, crossed the two intervening outer rooms, and opened it. A rude clattering of feet over the floors, and four rough men in red caps, armed with sabres and pistols, entered the room.

"The citizen Evremonde, called Darnay," said the first.

"Who seeks him ?" answered Darnay.

"I seek him. We seek him. I know you, Evremonde ; I saw you before the Tribunal to-day. You are again the prisoner of the Republic."

The four surrounded him where he stood, with his wife and child clinging to him.

"Tell me how and why am I again a prisoner ?"

"It is enough that you return straight to the Conciergerie, and will know to-morrow. You are summoned for to-morrow."



Dr. Manette, whom this visitation had so turned into stone, that he stood with the lamp in his hand as if he were a statue made to hold it, moved after these words were spoken, put the lamp down, and confronting the speaker, and taking him by the loose front of his red woollen shirt, said, "You know him, you have said. Do you know me?"

"Yes, I know you, citizen Doctor."

"We all know you, citizen Doctor," said the other three. He looked abstractedly from one to another, and said, in a lower voice, after a pause.

"Will you answer his question to me then? How does this happen?"

"Citizen Doctor," said the first reluctantly, "he has been denounced to the Section of Saint Antoine. This citizen," pointing out the second who had entered, "is from Saint Antoine."

The citizen here indicated nodded his head, and added,

"He is accused by Saint Antoine."

"Of what?" asked the Doctor.

"Citizen Doctor," said the first, with his former reluctance, "ask no more. If the Republic demands sacrifices from you, without doubt you as a good patriot will be happy to make them. The Republic goes before all. The people is supreme. Evremonde, we are pressed."

"One word," the Doctor entreated. "Will you tell me who denounced him?"

"It is against rule," answered the first; "but you can ask him of Saint Antoine here."

The Doctor turned his eyes upon that man, who moved uneasily on his feet, rubbed his beard a little, and at length said,

"Well! Truly it is against rule. But he is denounced—and gravely—by the Citizen and Citizeness Defarge. And by one other."

"What other?"

"Do *you* ask, citizen Doctor?"



“Yes.”

“Then,” said he of Saint Antoine, with a strange look, “you will be answered to-morrow. Now, I am dumb !”

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## CHAPTER XXIII

### A HAND AT CARDS

HAPPILY unconscious of the new calamity at home, Miss Pross treaded her way along the narrow streets and crossed the river by the bridge of the Pont—Neuf, reckoning in her mind the number of indispensable purchases she had to make. Mr. Cruncher, with the basket, walked at her side. They both looked to the right and to the left into most of the shops they passed, had a wary eye for all assemblages of people, and turned out of their road to avoid any very excited group of talkers. It was a raw evening.

Having purchased a few small articles of grocery, and a measure of oil for the lamp, Miss Pross bethought herself of the wine they wanted. After peeping into several wine-shops she stopped at the sign of the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, not far from the National Palace. It had a quieter look than any other place of the same description they had passed, and, though red with patriotic caps, was not so red as the rest. Sounding Mr. Cruncher and finding him of her opinion, Miss Pross resorted to the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, attended by her cavalier.

As their wine was measuring out, a man parted from another man in a corner, and rose to depart. In going, he had to face Miss Pross. No sooner did he face her than Miss Pross uttered a scream, and clapped her hands. In a moment the whole company were on their feet. Every-body looked to see somebody fall, but only saw a man and woman standing staring at each other ; the man with all the outward aspect of a thorough Republican ; the woman evidently English.



"What is the matter?" said the man who had caused Miss Pross to scream, speaking in a vexed, abrupt voice (though in a low tone), and in English.

"Oh Solomon, dear Solomon?" cried Miss Pross, clapping her hands again. After not setting eyes upon you or hearing of you for so long a time, do I find you here?"

"Don't call me Solomon. Do you want to be the death of me?" asked the man, in a furtive, frightened way.

"Brother, brother!" cried Miss Pross, bursting into tears. "Have I ever been so hard with you that you ask me such a cruel question?"

"Then hold your meddlesome tongue," said Solomon, "and come out, if you want to speak to me. Pay for your wine, and come out. Who's this man?"

Miss Pross, shaking her loving and dejected head at her by no means affectionate brother, said, through her tears, "Mr. Cruncher".

"Let him come out too," said Solomon. "Does he think me a ghost?"

Apparently, Mr. Cruncher did, to judge from his looks. He said not a word, however, and Miss Pross, exploring the depths of her reticule through her tears with great difficulty, paid for the wine. As she did so, Solomon turned to the followers of the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, and offered a few words of explanation in the French language, which caused them all to replace into their former places and pursuits.

"Now," said Solomon, stopping at the dark street corner, "what do you want?"

"How dreadfully unkind in a brother nothing has ever turned my love away from?" cried Miss Pross, "to give me such a greeting, and show me no affection."

"There. Confound it! There," said Solomon, making a dab at Miss Pross's lips with his own.

"Now are you content?"

Miss Pross only shook her head and wept in silence.



"If you expect me to be surprised," said her brother Solomon, "I am not surprised; I knew you were here; I know of most people who are here. If you really do not want to endanger my existence which I half believe you do—go your ways as soon as possible, and let me go mine. I am busy. I am an official."

"My English brother Solomon," mourned Miss Pross, casting up her tear-filled eyes, "that had the makings in him of one of the best and greatest of men in his native country, an official among foreigners and such foreigners! I would almost sooner have seen the dear boy lying in his—"

"I said so!" cried her brother, interrupting. "I knew it! You want to be the death of me, I shall be rendered suspected, by my own sister. Just as I am getting on!"

"The gracious and merciful Heavens forbid!" cried Miss Pross. "Far rather would I never see you again, dear Solomon, though I have ever loved you truly, and ever shall. Say but one affectionate word to me, and tell me there is nothing angry or estranged between us, and I will detain you no longer."

Mr. Cruncher, touching Solomon on the shoulder, hoarsely and unexpectedly interposed with the following singular question, "I say! Might I ask the favour? As to whether your name is John Solomon, or Solomon John?"

The official turned towards him with sudden distant. He had not previously uttered a word.

"Come," said Mr. Cruncher. "Speak out, you know". John Solomon, or Solomon John? She calls you Solomon; and she must know, being your sister. And I know you're John, you know. Which of the two goes first? And regarding that name of Pross, likewise. That wasn't your name over the water."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I don't know all I mean, for I cannot call to mind what your name was, over the water."

"No?"

"No. But I'll swear it was a name of two syllables."

"Indeed?"



“Yes. T’other one’s was one syllable. I know you. You was a spy-witness at the Bailey. What in the name of the Father of Lies, own father to yourself, was you called at that time ?”

“Barsad,” said another voice, striking in.

“That is the name for a thousand round!” cried Jerry.

The speaker who struck in was Sydney Carton. He had his hands behind him under the skirts of his riding-coat, and he stood at Mr. Cruncher’s elbow as negligently as he might have stood at the Old Bailey itself.

“Don’t be alarmed, my dear Miss Pross. I arrived at Mr. Lorry’s to his surprise, yesterday evening ; we agreed that I would not present myself elsewhere until all was well or unless I could be useful ; I present myself here, to beg a little talk with your brother. I wish you had a better employed brother than Mr. Barsad. I wish for your sake Mr. Barsad was not a sheep of the prisons.”

The spy, who was pale, turned paler, and asked him how he dared.

“I will tell you,” said Sydney. “I lighted on you, Mr. Barsad, coming out of the prison of the Conciergerie while I was contemplating the walls, an hour or more ago. You have a face to be remembered, and I remember faces well. Made curious by seeing you in that connection, and having a reason, to which you are no stranger, for associating you with the misfortunes of a friend now very unfortunate, I walked in your direction. I walked into the wine-shop here, close after you, and sat near you. I had no difficulty in deducing from your unreserved conversation, and the rumour openly going about among your admirers, the nature of your calling, and gradually, what I had done at random, seemed to shape itself a purpose, Mr. Barsad.”

“What purpose ?” the spy asked.

“It would be troublesome, and might be dangerous to explain in the street. Could you favour me, in confidence, with some minutes of your company—at the office of Tellson’s Bank, for instance ?”

“Under a threat ?”



“Ch ! Did I say that?”

“Then why should I go there ?”

“Really, Mr. Barsad, I can’t say, if you can’t.”

“Do you mean that you won’t say, sir ?” the spy irresolutely asked.

“You apprehend me very clearly, Mr. Barsad. I won’t.”

Carton’s negligent recklessness of manner came powerfully in aid of his quickness and skill, in such a business as he had in his secret mind and with such a man as he had to do with. His practised eye saw it, and made the most of it.

“Now, I told you so” said the spy, casting a reproachful look at his sister ; “if any trouble comes of this, it is your doing.”

“Come, Come, Mr. Barsad,” exclaimed Sydney. “Don’t be ungrateful. But for my great respect for your sister, I might not have led up so pleasantly to a little proposal that I wish to make for our mutual satisfaction. Do you go with me to the bank?”

“I’ll hear what you have got to say. Yes. I’ll go with you.”

“I propose that we first conduct your sister safely to the corner of her own street. Let me take your arm, Miss Pross. This is not a good city, at this time, for you to be out in, unprotected ; and as your escape knows Mr. Barsad, I will invite him to Mr. Lorry’s with us. Are we ready ? Come then!”

They left Miss Pross at the corner of the street, and Carton led the way to Mr. Lorry’s, which was within a few minutes’ walk. John Barsad, or Solomon Pross, walked at his side.

Mr. Lorry had just finished his dinner, and was sitting before a cheery little log or two of fire. He turned his head as they entered, and showed the surprise with which he saw a stranger.

“Miss Pross’s brother, sir,” said Sydney. “Mr. Barsad.”

“Barsad ?” repeated the old gentleman, “Barsad ?” I have an association with the name—and with the face.”



"I told you you had a remarkable face, Mr. Barsad," observed Carton coolly. "Pray sit down."

As he took a chair himself, he supplied the ink that Mr. Lorry wanted, by saying to him with a frown, "Witness at that trial." Mr. Lorry immediately remembered, and regarded his new visitor with abhorrence.

"Mr. Barsad has been recognised by Miss Pross as the affectionate brother you have heard of," said Sydney, "and has acknowledged the relationship. I pass to worse news. Darnay has been arrested again."

Struck with consternation, the old gentleman exclaimed, "What do you tell me !" I left him safe and free within these two hours, and am about to return to him !"

"Arrested for all that. When was it done, Mr. Barsad ?"

"Just now, if at all."

"Mr. Barsad is the best authority possible, sir," said Sydney, "and I have it from Mr. Barsad's communication to a friend and brother sheep over a bottle of wine, that the arrest has taken place. He left the messengers at the gate, and saw them admitted by the porter. There is no earthly doubt that he is retaken."

Mr. Lorry's business eye read in the speaker's face that it was loss of time to dwell upon the point. Confused, but sensible that something might depend on his presence of mind, he commanded himself and was silently attentive.

"Now, I trust," said Sydney to him, "that the name and influence of Doctor Manette may stand him in as good stead to-morrow, Mr. Barsad ?"

"Yes ; I believe so."

"In as good stead to-morrow as to-day. But it may not be so. I own to you, I am shaken, Mr. Lorry, by Doctor Manette's not having had the power to prevent this arrest."

"He may not have known of it beforehand," said Mr. Lorry.

"But that very circumstance would be alarming, when we remember how identified he is with his son-in-law."



"That's true," Mr. Lorry acknowledged, with his troubled hand at his chin and his troubled eyes on Carton.

"In short," said Sydney, "this is a desperate time when desperate games are played for desperate stakes. Let the doctor play the winning game ; I will play the losing one. No man's life here is worth purchase. Any one carried home by the people to-day may be condemned to-morrow. Now, the stake I have resolved to play for, in case of the worst, is a friend in the Conciergerie. And the friend, I propose to myself to win, is Mr. Barsad."

"You need have good cards, sir," said the spy.

"I'll run them over. I will see what I hold—Mr. Lorry you know what a brute I am ; I wish you'd give me a little brandy."

It was put before him, and he drank off a glassful.

"Mr. Barsad," he went on, in the tone of one who really was looking over a hand at cards ; "sheep of the prisons, emissary of republican committee, now turnkey, now prisoner, always spy and secret informer, so much the more valuable here for being English that an Englishman is less open to suspicion of subornation in those characters than a Frenchman, represents himself to his employees under a false name. That is a very good card. Mr. Barsad, now in the employ of the republican French government, was formerly in the employ of the aristocratic English government, the enemy of France and freedom. That's an excellent card. Inference clear as day in this region of suspicion, that Mr. Barsad, still in the pay of the aristocratic English government, is the spy of Pitt, the treacherous foe of the Republic crouching in its bosom, the English traitor and agent of all mischief so much spoken of and so difficult to find. That is a card not to be beaten. Have you followed my hand, Mr. Barsad ?"

"Not to understand your play", returned the spy, somewhat uneasily.

"I play my ace, Denunciation of Mr. Barsad to the nearest section committee. Look over your hand, Mr. Barsad, and see what you have. Don't hurry."



It was a poorer hand than he suspected. Mr. Barsad saw losing cards in it that Sydney Carton knew nothing of. Thrown out of his honourable employment in England, through too much unsuccessful hard swearing there he knew that he had crossed the channel, and accepted service in France : first, as a tempter and an eavesdropper among his own countrymen there : gradually, as a tempter and an eavesdropper among the natives. He knew that under the overthrown government he had been a spy upon Saint Antoine and Defarge's wine-shop. He always remembered with fear and trembling that that terrible woman had knitted when he talked with her and had looked ominously at him as her fingers moved. He had since seen her, in the section of Saint Antoine, over and over again produce her knitted registers, and denounce people whose lives the guillotine then surely swallowed up. He knew, as every one employed as he was did, that he was never safe.

"You scarcely seem to like your hand," said Sydney, with the greatest composure. "Do you play?"

"I think, sir," said the spy, in the meanest manner, as he turned to Mr. Lorry, "I may appeal to a gentleman of your years and benevolence, to put it to this other gentleman, so much your junior, whether he can under any circumstances reconcile it to his station to play that ace of which he has spoken. I admit that I am a spy, and that it is considered in discreditable station—though it must be filled by somebody; but this gentleman is no spy, and why should he so demean himself as to make himself one?"

"I play my ace, Mr. Barsad," said Carton, taking the answer on himself, and looking at his watch, "without any scruple, in a very few minutes."

"I should have hoped, gentlemen both," said the spy, always striving to hook Mr. Lorry into the discussion, "that your respect for my sister—"

"I could not better testify my respect for your sister than by finally relieving her of her brother," said Sydney Carton.

"You think not, sir?"

"I have thoroughly made up my mind about it." While Barsad was at a loss, Carton said, resuming his former air of contemplating cards.



"And indeed, now I think again, I have a strong impression that I have another good card here, not yet enumerated. That friend and fellow-sheep, who spoke of himself as pasturing in the country prisons ; who was he ?"

"French, you don't know him," said the spy quickly.

"French, eh ?" repeated Carton, musing, and not appearing to notice him at all, though he echoed his word. "Well ; he may be."

"Is, I assure you," said the spy ; "though it is not important."

"Though it is not important," repeated Carton, in the same mechanical way—"though it is not important. No. Yet I know the face."

"I think not. I am sure not. It can't be," said the spy.

"It can't be," muttered Sydney Carton retrospectively, and filling his glass again. "Can't be. Spoke good French. Yet like a foreigner, I thought ?"

"Provincial," said the spy.

"No. Foreign !" cried Carton, striking his open hand on the table, as a light broke clearly on his mind "Cly ! Disguised, but the same man. We had that man before us at the Old Bailey."

"Now, there you are hasty, sir," said Barsad, with a smile that gave his aquiline nose an extra inclination to one side ; "there you really give me an advantage over you. Cly (who I will unreservedly admit, at this distance of time, was a partner of mine) has been dead several years. I attended him in his last illness. He was buried in London, at the church of Saint Pancras-in-the-Fields. His unpopularity with the blackguard multitude at the moment prevented my following his remains, but I helped to lay him in his coffin."

Here Mr. Lorry became aware, from where he sat of a most remarkable goblin shadow on the wall. Tracing it to its source, he discovered it to be caused by a sudden extraordinary rising and stiffening of all the risen and stiff hair on Mr. Cruncher's head.

"Let us be reasonable," said the spy, "and let us be fair. To show you how mistaken you are, and what an unfounded



assumption yours is, I will lay before you a certificate of Cly's burial, which I happen to have carried in my pocket-book," with a hurried hand he produced and opened it, "ever since. There it is. Oh, look at it, look at it! You may take it in your hand; it's no forgery."

Here Mr. Lorry perceived the reflection on the wall to elongate, and Mr. Cruncher rose and stepped forward.

Unseen by the spy, Mr. Cruncher stood at his side, and touched him on the shoulder like a ghostly bailiff.

"That there Roger Cly, master," said Mr. Cruncher, with a taciturn and iron-bound face. "So *you* put him in his coffin?"

"I did."

"Who took him out of it?"

Barsad leaned back in his chair, and stammered, "What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Mr. Cruncher, "that he wasn't never in it, No! Not he! I will have my head took off, if he was ever in it."

The spy looked round at the two gentlemen; they both looked in unspeakable astonishment at Jerry.

"I tell you," said Jerry, "that you buried paving-stones and earth in that there coffin. Do not go and tell me that you buried Cly. It was a take in. Me and two more knows it."

"How do you know it?"

"What's that to you? Ecod," growled Mr. Cruncher, "it's you I have got an old grudge again, is it, with your shameful impositions upon tradesmen! I'd catch hold of your throat and choke you for half a guinea."

Sydney Carton, who, with Mr. Lorry, had been lost in amazement at this turn of the business, here requested Mr. Cruncher to moderate and explain himself.

"At another time, sir" he returned evasively, "the present time is ill-convenient for explainin'." What I stand to, is, that he knows well wot that there Cly was never in that there coffin. Let him say he was, in so much as a word of one syllable, and I'll either catch hold of his throat and choke him



for half a guinea"—Mr. Cruncher dwelled upon this as quite a liberal offer—"or I will out and announce him."

"Humph ! I see one thing," said Carton. "I hold another card, Mr. Barsad. A plot in the prisons, of the foreigner against the Republic. A strong card—a certain guillotine card ! Do you play ?"

"No !" returned the spy. "I throw up. I confess that we were so unpopular with the outrageous mob that I only got away from England at the risk of being ducked to death, and that Cly was so ferreted up and down that he never would have got away at all but for that sham. Though how this man knows it was a sham, is a wonder of wonders to me."

"Never you trouble your head about this man," retorted the contentious Mr. Cruncher ; "you'll have trouble enough with giving your attention to that gentleman. And look here ! Once more !" —Mr. Cruncher could not be restrained from making rather an ostentatious parade of his liberality—"I'd catch hold of your throat and choke you for half a guinea."

The sheep of the prisons turned from him to Sydney Carton, and said, with more decision, "It has come to a point. I go on duty soon, and can't overstay my time. You told me you had a proposal ; what is it ? Now, it is of no use asking too much of me. Ask me to do anything in my office, putting my head in great extra danger, and I had better trust my life to the chances of refusal than the chances of consent. In short, I should make that choice. You talk of desperation. We are all desperate here. Remember, I may denounce you if I think proper, and I can swear my way through stone walls, and so can others. Now, what do you want with me ?"

"Not very much. You are a turnkey at the Conciergerie ?"

"I tell you once for all, there is no such thing as an escape possible," said the spy firmly.

"Why need you tell me what I have not asked ? You are a turnkey at the Conciergerie ?"

"I am sometimes."

"You can be when you choose ?"

"I can pass in and out when I choose,"



Sydney Carton filled another glass with brandy, poured it slowly out upon the hearth, and watched it as it dropped. It being all spent, he said, rising,

“So far, we have spoken before these two, because it was as well that the merits of the cards should not rest solely between you and me. Come into the dark room here, and let us have one final word alone.”

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## CHAPTER XXIV

### THE GAME MADE

WHILE Sydney Carton and the sheep of the prisons were in the adjoining dark room, speaking so low that not a sound was heard, Mr. Lorry looked at Jerry in considerable doubt and mistrust.

“Jerry,” said Mr. Lorry. “Come here.”

Mr. Cruncher came forward sideways, with one of his shoulders in advance of him.

“What have you been, besides a messenger?”

After some cogitation, accompanied with an intent look at his patron, Mr. Cruncher conceived the luminous idea of replying, “Agricultural character.”

“My mind misgives me much,” said Mr. Lorry, angrily shaking a forefinger at him, “that you have used the respectable and great house of Tellson’s as a blind, and that you have had an unlawful occupation of an infamous description. If you have, do not expect me to befriend you when you get back to England. If you have, do not expect me to keep your secret. Tellson’s shall not be imposed upon.”

“I hope, sir,” pleaded the abashed Mr. Cruncher, “that a gentleman like yourself who I’ve had the honour of odd jobbing till I am gray at it, would think twice about harming of me, even if it was so—I don’t say it is, but even if it was. And which it is to be took into account that if it was, it would



n't, even then, be all o' one side. There'd be two sides to it. There might be medical doctors at the present hour, a-picking up their guineas where a honest tradesman do not pick up his fardens-fardens ! no, nor yet his half fardens—half fardens ! no, nor yet his quarter—a-banking away like smoke at Tellson's, and a-cocking their medical eyes at that tradesman on the sly, a-going in and going out to their own carriages—ah ! equally like smoke, if not more so. Well, that 'ud be imposing too, on Tellson's. For you cannot sarse the goose and not the gander. And here's Mrs. Cruncher, or least ways was in the Old England times, and would be to-morrow, if cause given a-flopping again the business to that degree as is ruining—stark ruining ! Whereas them medical doctors' wives don't flop—catch 'em at it ! Or, if they flop, their floppings goes in favour of more patients, and how can you rightly have one without the other ? Then wot with undertakers, and wot with parish clerks, and wot with sextons, and wot with private watchmen (all avaricious and all in it), a man wouldn't get much even by it, if it was so. And wot little a man did get, would never prosper with him, Mr. Lorry. He'd never have no good of it ; he'd want all along to be out of the line, if he could see his way out, being once in—even if it was so."

"Ugh !" cried Mr. Lorry, rather relenting, nevertheless. "I am shocked at the sight of you."

"Now, what I would humbly offer to you, sir," pursued Mr. Cruncher, "even if it was so, which I don't say it is—."

"Don't prevaricate," said Mr. Lorry.

"No I will *not*, sir," returned Mr. Cruncher, as if nothing were further from his thoughts or practice.

"Which I don't say it is—wot I would humbly offer to you sir, would be this. Upon that there stool, at that there Bar, sets that there boy of mine, brought up and growed up to be a man, wot will errand you, message you, general-light-job you, till your heels is where your head is, if such should be your wishes. If it was so, which I still don't say it is (for I will not prevaricate to you, sir), let that there boy keep his father's place, and take care of his mother ; do not blow upon that boy's father—do not do it, sir—and let that father go into the line of the reg'lar diggin', and make amends for what he



would have un-dug—if it was so—by diggin' of 'em in with a will, and with convictions respectin' the futur' keepin' of 'em safe. That Mr. Lorry," said Mr. Cruncher, wiping his forehead with his arm, as an announcement that he had arrived at the peroration of his discourse, "is wot I would respectfully offer to you, sir. A man don't see all this here a-goin' on dreadful round him, in the way of subjects without heads, dear me, portorage and hardly that, without havin' his serious thoughts of things. And these here would be mine, if it was so, entreatin' of you fur to bear in mind that wot I said just now, I up and said in the good cause when I might have kep' it back."

"That at least is true," said Mr. Lorry. "Say no more now. It may be that I shall yet stand your friend, if you deserve it, and repent in action—not in words. I want no more words."

Mr. Cruncher knuckled his forehead, as Sydney Carton' and the spy returned from the dark room. "Adieu, Mr. Barsad !" said the former ; "our arrangement thus made, you have nothing to fear from me."

He sat down in a chair on the hearth, over against Mr. Lorry. When they were alone, Mr. Lorry asked him what he had done ?

"Not much. If it should go ill with the prisoner, I have insured access to him, once."

Mr. Lorry's countenance fell.

"It is all I could do," said Carton. "To propose too much would be to put this man's head under the axe, and, as he himself said, nothing worse could happen to him if he were denounced. It was obviously the weakness of the position. There is no help for it."

"But access to him," said Mr. Lorry, "if it should go ill before the Tribunal, will not save him."

"I never said it would."

Mr. Lorry's eyes gradually sought the fire ; his sympathy with his darling, and the heavy disappointment of this second arrest, gradually weakened them ; he was an old man now, overborne with anxiety of late. and his tears fell.



"You are a good man and a true friend," said Carton, in an altered voice. "Forgive me if I notice that you are affected. I could not see my father weep, and sit by, careless. And I could not respect your sorrow more, if you were my father. You are free from that misfortune, however."

Though he said the last words with a slip into his usual manner, there was a true feeling and respect both in his tone and in his touch, that Mr. Lorry, who had never seen the better side of him, was wholly unprepared for. He gave him his hand, and Carton gently pressed it.

"To return to poor Darnay," said Carton. "Do not tell her of this interview, or this arrangement. It would not enable her to go to see him. She might think it was contrived, in case of the worst, to convey to him the means of anticipating the sentence."

Mr. Lorry had not thought of that, and he looked quickly at Carton to see if it were in his mind. It seemed to be ; he returned the look, and evidently understood it.

"She might think a thousand things," Carton said, "and any of them would only add to her trouble. Do not speak of me to her. As I said to you when I first came, I had better not see her. I can put my hand out, to do any little helpful work for her that my hand can find to do, without that. You are going to her, I hope ? She must be very desolate to-night."

"I am going now, directly."

"I am glad of that. She has such strong attachment to you, and reliance on you. How does she look ?"

"Anxious and unhappy, but very beautiful."

"Ah !"

It was a long, grieving sound, like a sigh—almost like a sob. It attracted Mr. Lorry's eyes to Carton's face, which was turned to the fire.

"And your duties here have drawn to an end, sir ?" said Carton, turning to him.

"Yes. As I was telling you last night when Lucie came in so unexpectedly, I have at length done all that I can do here."



I hoped to have left them in perfect safety, and then to have quitted Paris. I have my leave to pass. I was ready to go."

They were both silent.

"Yours is a long life to look back upon, sir?" said Carton wistfully.

"I am in my seventy-eight year."

"You have been useful all your life; steadily and constantly occupied; trusted, respected, and looked up to?"

"I have been a man of business ever since I have been a man. Indeed, I may say that I was a man of business when a boy."

"See what a place you fill at seventy-eight. How many people will miss you when you leave it empty!"

"A solitary old bachelor," answered Mr. Lorry, shaking his head. "There is nobody to weep for me."

"How can you say that? Wouldn't she weep for you? Wouldn't her child?"

"Yes, yes, thank God. I did not quite mean what I said."

"It is a thing to thank God for; is it not?"

"Surely, surely."

Carton rose to help him on with his outer coat. "But you," said Mr. Lorry, reverting to the theme, "you are young."

"Yes," said Carton. "I am not old, but my young way was never the way to age. Enough of me."

"And of me, I am sure," said Mr. Lorry. "Are you going out?"

"I'll walk with you to her gate. You know my vagabond and restless habits. If I should prowl about the streets a long time, do not be uneasy; I shall reappear in the morning. You go to the court to-morrow?"

"Yes unhappily."

"I shall be there, but only as one of the crowd. My spy will find a place for me. Take my arm, sir."



Mr. Lorry did so, and they went downstairs and out in the streets. A few minutes brought them to Mr. Lorry's destination. Carton left him there, but lingered at a little distance and turned back to the gate again when it was shut, and touched it. He had heard of her going to the prison every day. "She came out here," he said, looking about him, "turned this way, must have trod on these stones often. Let me follow in her steps."

Sydney had not gone far out of sight when he stopped in the middle of the street under a glimmering lamp and wrote with his pencil on a scrap of paper. Then, traversing with the decided step of one who remembered the way well, several dark and dirty streets, he stopped at a chemist's shop, which the owner was closing with his own hands. A small, dim, crooked shop, kept in a tortuous, uphill thoroughfare, by a small, dim, crooked man.

Giving this citizen, too, good-night, as he met him at his counter, he laid the scrap of paper before him. "Whew!" the chemist whistled softly, as he read it. "Hi! hi! hi!"

Sydney Carton took no heed, and the chemist said,

"For you, citizen?"

"For me."

"You will be careful to keep them separate, citizen? You know the consequences of mixing them?"

"Perfectly."

Certain small packets, were made and given to him. He put them, one by one, in the breast of his inner coat, counted out the money for them, and deliberately left the shop. "There is nothing more to do," said he, glancing upward at the moon "until to-morrow. I can't sleep." Sydney Carton crossed the Seine again for the lighter streets.

The night wore out, and he stood upon the bridge listening to the water as it splashed the river walls of the island of Paris. The day came coldly, and he walked by the stream, far from the houses, and in the light and warmth of the sun fell asleep on the bank. When he awoke he was afoot again.



Mr. Lorry was already out when he got back, and it was easy to guess where the good old man was gone. Sydney Carton drank nothing but a little coffee, ate some bread, and, having washed and changed to refresh himself, went out to the place of trial.

The court was all a stir and a buzz, when the black sheep pressed him into an obscure corner among the crowd. Mr. Lorry was there, and Dr. Manette was there. She was there sitting beside her father.

When her husband was brought in, she turned a look upon him so sustaining, so encouraging that it called the healthy blood into his face, brightened his glance, and animated his heart. If there had been any eyes to notice the influence of her look on Sydney Carton, it would have been seen to be the same influence exactly.

Every eye was turned to the jury.

Every eye then turned to the five judges and the Public Prosecutor. No favourable leaning in that quarter to-day.

Charles Evremonde, called Darnay. Released yesterday. Reaccused and retaken yesterday. Indictment delivered to him last night. Suspected and denounced enemy of the Republic, aristocrat, one of a family of tyrants, one of a race proscribed, for that they have used their abolished privileges to the infamous oppression of the people. Charles Evremonde, called Darnay, absolutely dead in law.

To this effect, in as few or fewer words, the Public Prosecutor.

The President asked, was the accused openly denounced or secretly ?

“Openly, President.”

“By whom ?”

“Three voices. Ernest Defarge, wine-vendor of Saint Antoine.”

“Good.”

“Good.” “Therese Defarge, his wife.”

“Alexandre Manette, physician.”



A great uproar took place in the court, and in the midst of it, Doctor Manette was seen, pale and trembling, standing where he had been seated.

"President, I indignantly protest to you that this a forgery and a fraud. You know the accused to be the husband of my daughter. My daughter, and those dear to her, are far dearer to me than my life. Who and where is the false conspirator who says that I denounce the husband of my child?"

"Citizen Manette, be tranquil. To fail in submission to the authority of the Tribunal would be to put yourself out of law. As to what is dearer to you than life, nothing can be so dear to a good citizen as the Republic."

Loud acclamations hailed this rebuke. The President rang his bell, and with warmth resumed,

"If the Republic should demand of you the sacrifice of your child herself, you would have no duty but to sacrifice her. Listen to what is to follow. In the meanwhile, be silent."

Frantic acclamations were again raised, Doctor Manette sat down, with his eyes looking around, and his lips trembling; his daughter drew closer to him.

Defarge was produced, when the court was quiet enough to admit of his being heard, and rapidly expounded the story of the imprisonment, and of his having been a mere boy in the Doctor's service, and of the release, and of the state of the prisoner when released and delivered to him. This short examination followed, for the court was quick with its work.

"You did good service at the taking of the Bastille, citizen?"

"I believe so."

"Inform the Tribunal of what you did that day within the Bastille, citizen."

"I knew, said Defarge, looking down at his wife, who stood at the bottom of the steps on which he was raised, looking steadily up at him, "I knew that this prisoner, of whom I speak, had been confined in a cell known as One Hundred and Five, North Tower. I knew it from himself. He knew himself by no other name than One Hundred and Five, North Tower,



when he made shoes under my care. As I serve my gun that day, I resolve, when the place shall fall, to examine that cell. It falls. I mount to the cell, with a fellow-citizen who is one of the jury, directed by jailer. I examine it, very closely in a hole in the chimney, where a stone has been worked out and replaced, I find a written paper. This is that written paper. I have made it my business to examine some specimens of the writing of Doctor Manette. This is the writing of Doctor Manette. I confide this paper, in the writing of Doctor Manette, to the hands of the President."

"Let it be read."

In a dead silence and stillness the paper was read as follows.



## CHAPTER XXV

### SUBSTANCE OF THE SHADOW

"I, Alexandre Manette, unfortunate physician, native of Beauvais and afterwards resident in Paris, write this melancholy paper in my doleful cell in the Bastille, during the last month of the year 1767. I write it at stolen intervals, under every difficulty. I design to secrete it in the wall of the chimney, where I have slowly and laboriously made a place of concealment for it. Some pitying hand may find it there, when I and my sorrows are dust.

"These words are formed by the rusty iron point with which I write with difficulty in scrapings of soot and charcoal from the chimney, mixed with blood, in the last month of the tenth year of my captivity. Hope has quite departed from my breast. I know from terrible warnings I have noted in myself that my reason will not long remain unimpaired, but I solemnly declare that I am at this time in the possession of my right mind—that my memory is exact and circumstantial—and that I write the truth as I shall answer for these men or not, at the Eternal Judgment-seat.



"One cloudy moonlight night, in the third week of December (I think the twenty-second of the month), in the year 1757, I was walking on a retired part of the quoy by the Saine for the refreshment of the frosty air, at an hour's distance from my place of residence in the Street of the School of Medicine, when a carriage came along behind me, driven very fast. As I stood aside to let the carriage pass, apprehensive that it might otherwise run me down, a head was put out at the window, and a voice called to the driver to stop.

"The carriage stopped as soon as the driver could rein in his horses, and the same voice called to me by my name. I answered. The carriage was then so far in advance of me that two gentlemen had time to open the door and alight before I came up with it. I observed that they were both wrapped in cloaks, and appeared to conceal themselves. As they stood side by side near the carriage door, I also observed that they both looked of about my own age, or rather younger, and that they were greatly alike, in stature, manner, voice, and (as far as I could see) face too.

" 'You are Doctor Manette ?' said one.

" 'I am.'

" 'Doctor Manette, formerly of Beauvais,' said the other ; 'the young physician, originally an expert surgeon, who within the last year or two has made rising reputation in Paris ?'

" 'Gentlemen,' I returned, 'I am that Doctor Manette of whom you speak so graciously.'

" 'We have been to your residence,' said the first, 'and not being so fortunate as to find you there, and being informed that you were probably walking in this direction, we followed, in the hope of overtaking you. Will you please to enter the carriage ?'

" 'The manner of both was imperious, and they both moved, as these words were spoken, so as to place me between themselves and the carriage door. They were armed, I was not.

" 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'pardon me ; but I usually inquire who does me the honour to seek my assistance, and what is the nature of the case to which I am summoned.'



"The reply to this was made by him who had spoken second, 'Doctor, your clients are people of condition. As to the nature of the case, our confidence in your skill assures us that you will ascertain it for yourself better than we can describe it. Enough. Will you please to enter the carriage?'

"I could do nothing but comply, and I entered it in silence. They both entered after me—the last springing in, after putting up the steps. The carriage turned about and drove on at its former speed.

"I repeat this conversation exactly as it occurred. I have no doubt that it is, word for word, the same. I describe everything exactly as it took place, constraining my mind not to wander from the task. Where I make the broken marks that follow here, I leave off for the time, and put my paper in its hiding-place.

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"The carriage left the streets behind, passed the north barrier, and emerged upon the country road. At two-thirds of a league from the barrier—I did not estimate the distance at that time, but afterwards when I traversed it—it struck out of the main avenue, and presently stopped at a solitary house. We all three alighted, and walked, by a damp soft footpath in a garden where a neglected fountain had overflowed, to the door of the house. It was not opened immediately, in answer to the ringing of the bell, and one of my two conductors struck the man who opened it, with his heavy riding-glove, across the face.

"There was nothing in this action to attract my particular attention, for I had seen common people struck more commonly than dogs. But the other of the two being angry likewise, struck the man in like manner with his arm; the look and bearing of the brothers were then so exactly alike, that I then first perceived them to be twin brothers.

"From the time of our alighting at the outer-gate (which we found locked, and which one of the brothers had opened to admit us, and had re-locked), I had heard cries proceeding from an upper chamber, I was conducted to this chamber straight, the cries growing louder as we ascended the stairs, and I found a patient in a high fever of the brain, lying on a bed.



"The patient was a woman of great beauty, and young ; assuredly not much past twenty. Her hair was torn and ragged, and her arms were bound to her sides with sashes and handkerchiefs. I noticed that these bonds were all portions of a gentleman's dress. One of them, which was a fringed scarf for a dress of ceremony, I saw the armorial bearings of a noble, and the letter E.

"I saw this within the first minute of my contemplation of the patient ; for, in her restless strivings she had turned over on her face on the edge of the bed, had drawn the end of the scarf into her mouth, and was in danger of suffocation. My first act was to put out my hand to relieve her breathing ; and in moving the scarf aside, the embroidery in the corner caught my sight.

"I turned her gently over, placed my hands upon her breast to calm her and keep her down, and looked into her face. Her eyes were dilated and wild, and she constantly uttered piercing shrieks, and repeated the words, 'My husband, my father, and my brother !' and then counted up to twelve, and said, 'Hush.' For an instant, and no more, she would pause to listen, and then the piercing shrieks would begin again, and she would repeat the cry, 'My husband, my father, and my brother !' and would count up to twelve, and said, 'Hush !' There was no variation in the order, or the manner. There was no cessation, but the regular moment's pause, in the utterance of these sounds.

"How long,' I asked, 'has this lasted ?'

"To distinguish the brothers, I will call them the elder and the younger ; by the elder, I mean him who exercise the most authority. It was the elder who replied, 'Since about this hour last night.'

"She has a husband, a father, and a brother ?'

"A brother.'

"I do not address her brother ?'

"He answered with great contempt, 'No.'

"She has some recent association with the number twelve ?'



"The younger brother impatiently rejoined, 'With twelve o'clock?'

" 'See, gentlemen,' said I, still keeping my hands upon her breast, 'how useless I am, as you have brought me. If I had known what I was coming to see, I could have come provided. As it is, time must be lost. There are no medicines to be obtained in this lonely place!'

"The elder brother looked to the younger, who said haughtily, 'There is a case of medicines here'; and brought it from a closet, and put it on the table.

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"I opened some of the bottles, smelled them, and put the stoppers to my lips. If I had wanted to use anything save narcotic medicines that were poisons in themselves, I would not have administered any of these.

" 'Do you doubt them?' asked the younger brother.

" 'You see, monsieur, I am going to use them,' I replied, and said no more.

"I made the patient swallow, with great difficulty, and after many efforts, the dose that I desired to give. As I intended to repeat it after a while, and as it was necessary to watch its influence, I then sat down by the side of the bed. There was a timid and suppressed woman in attendance (wife of the man downstairs), who had retreated into a corner. The house was damp and decayed, indifferently furnished—evidently recently occupied and temporarily used. Some thick old hangings had been nailed up before the windows, to deaden the sound of the shrieks. They continued to be uttered in their regular succession, with the cry, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' the counting up to twelve and 'Hush!' The frenzy was so violent, that I had not unfastened the bandages restraining the arms; but I had looked to them, to see that they were not painful. The only spark of encouragement in the case, was, that my hand upon the sufferer's breast had this much soothing influence, that for minutes at a time it tranquillised the figure. It had no effect upon the cries; no pendulum could be more regular.



“For the reason that my hand had this effect (I assume), I had sat by the side of the bed for half an hour, with the two brothers looking on, before the elder said,

“ ‘There is another patient.’

“I was startled and asked, ‘Is it a pressing case?’

“ ‘You had better see,’ he carelessly answered ; and took up a light. \* \* \* \*

“The other patient lay in a back room across a second staircase, which was a species of loft over a stable. There was a low plastered ceiling to a part of it ; the rest was open, to the ridge of the tiled roof, and there were beams across. Hay and straw were stored in that portion of the place, fagots for firing, and a heap of apples in sand. I had to pass through that part, to get at the other. My memory is circumstantial and unshaken. I try it with these details, and I see them all, in this my cell in the Bastille, near the close of the tenth year of my captivity, as I saw them all that night.

“On some hay on the ground, with a cushion thrown under his head, lay a handsome peasant boy—a boy of not more than seventeen at the most. He lay on his back, with his teeth set, his right hand clenched on his breast, and his glaring eyes looking straight upward. I could not see where his wound was, as I kneeled on one knee over him ; but I could see that he was dying of a wound from a sharp point.

“ ‘I am a doctor, my poor fellow,’ said I. ‘Let me examine it.’

“ ‘I do not want it examined,’ he answered ; ‘let it be.’

“It was under his hand, and I soothed him to let me move his hand away. The wound was a sword-thrust, received from twenty to twenty-four hours before, but no skill could have saved him if it had been looked to without delay. He was then dying fast. As I turned my eyes to the elder brother, I saw him looking down at this handsome boy whose life was ebbing out, as if he were a wounded bird, or hare, or rabbit ; not at all as if he were a fellow-creature.

“ ‘How has this been done, monsieur ?’ said I.



“ ‘A crazed young common dog ! A serf ! Forced my brother to draw upon him, and has fallen by my brother’s sword—like a gentleman.’

“There was no touch of pity, sorrow, or kindred humanity, in this answer. The speaker seemed to acknowledge that it was inconvenient to have that different order of creature dying there, and that it would have been better if he had died in the usual obscure routine of his vermin kind. He was quite incapable of any compassionate feeling about the boy, or about his fate.

“The boy’s eyes had slowly moved to him as he had spoken, and they now slowly moved to me.

“ ‘Doctor, they are very proud, these Nobles ; but we common dogs are proud too, sometimes. They plunder us, outrage us, beat us, kill us ; but we have a little pride left, sometimes. She—have you seen her, Doctor ?’

“ ‘The shrieks and the cries were audible there, though subdued by the distance. He referred to them, as if she were dying in our presence.

“ ‘I said, ‘I have seen her.’

“ ‘She is my sister, Doctor. They have had their shameful rights, these Nobles, in the modesty and virtue of our sisters many years, but we have had good girls among us. I know it, and have heard my father say so. She was a good girl. She was betrothed to a good young man, too : a tenant of his. We were all tenants of his—that man’s who stands there. The other is his brother, the worst of a bad race.’

“It was with the greatest difficulty that the boy gathered bodily force to speak ; but his spirit spoke with a dreadful emphasis.

“ ‘We were so robbed by that man who stands there, as all we common dogs are by those superior beings—taxed by him without mercy, obliged to work for him without pay, obliged to grind our corn at his mill, obliged to feed scores of his tame birds on our wretched crops, and forbidden for our lives to keep a single tame bird of our own, pillaged and plundered to that degree that when we chanced to have a bit of meat, we



ate it in fear, with the door barred and the shutters closed, that his people should not see it and take it from us—I say, we were so robbed, and hunted, and were made so poor, that our father told us it was a dreadful thing to bring a child into the world, and that what we should most pray for, was, that our women might be barren and our miserable race die out.’

“I had never before seen the sense of being oppressed bursting forth like a fire. I had supposed that it must be latent in the people somewhere ; but I had never seen it break out until I saw it in the dying boy. *well*

“ ‘Nevertheless, Doctor, my sister married. He was ailing at that time, poor fellow, and she married her lover, that she might tend and comfort him in our cottage—our dog-hut, as that man would call it. She had not been married many weeks, when that man’s brother saw her and admired her, and asked that man to lend her to him—for what are husbands among us. He was willing enough, but my sister was good and virtuous and hated his brother with a hatred as strong as mine. What did the two then, to persuade her husband to use his influence with her, to make her willing ?’

“The boy’s eyes, which had been fixed on mine, slowly turned to the looker-on, and I saw in the two faces that all he said was true. The two opposing kinds of pride confronting one another, I can see, even in this Bastille ; the gentleman’s all negligent indifference ; the peasant’s, all trodden-down sentiment, and passionate revenge. *face*

“ ‘You know, Doctor, that it is among the Rights of these Nobles to harness us common dogs to carts, and drive us. They so harnessed him and drove him. You know that it is among their Rights to keep us in their grounds all night, quieting the frogs, in order that their noble sleep may not be disturbed. They kept him out in the unwholesome mists at night, and ordered him back into his harness in the day. But he was not persuaded. No. Taken out of harness one day at noon, to feed—if he could find food—he sobbed twelve times, once for every stroke of the bell, and died on her bosom.’

“Nothing human could have held life in the boy but his determination to tell all his wrong. He forced back the gather-



ing shadows of death, as he forced his clenched right hand to remain clenched, and to cover his wound.

“ ‘Then with that man’s permission and even his aid, his brother took her away ; in spite of what I know she must have told his brother—and what that is, will not be, long unknown to you, Doctor, if it is now his brother took her away—for his pleasure and diversion, for a little while. I saw her pass me on the road. When I took the tidings home, our father’s heart burst ; he never spoke one of the words that filled it. I took my young sister (for I have another) to a place beyond the reach of this man, and where, at least, she will never be *his* vassal. Then, I tracked the brother here, and last night climbed in—a common dog, but sword in hand. Where is the loft window ? It was somewhere here ?’

“ ‘The room was darkening to his sight ; the world was narrowing around him. I glanced about me, and saw that the hay and straw were trampled over the floor, as if there had been a struggle.

“ ‘She heard’ me, and ran in. I told her not to come near us till he was dead. He came in and first tossed me some pieces of money ; then struck at me with a whip. But I, though a common dog, so struck at him as to make him draw. Let him break into as many pieces as he will, the sword that he stained with my common blood ; he drew to defend himself—thrust at me with all his skill for his life.’

“ ‘My glance had fallen, but a few moments before, on the fragments of a broken sword, lying among the hay. That weapon was a gentleman’s. In another place, lay an old sword that seemed to have been a soldier’s.

“ ‘Now, lift me up, Doctor ; lift me up, where is he ?’

“ ‘He is not here,’ I said, supporting the boy, and thinking that he referred to the brother.

“ ‘He. Proud as these Nobles are, he is afraid to see me. Where is the man who was here ? Turn my face to him.’

“ ‘I did so, raising the boy’s head against my knee. But, invested for the moment with extraordinary power, he raised himself completely : obliging me to rise too, or I could not have still supported him.



“ ‘Marquis,’ said the boy, turned to him with his eyes opened wide and his right hand raised, ‘in the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon you, and yours to the last of your bad race, to answer for them. I mark this cross of blood upon you, as a sign that I do it. In the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon your brother, the worst of the bad race, to answer for them separately. I mark this cross of blood upon him, as a sign that I do it.’

“Twice he put his hand to the wound in his breast, and with his forefinger drew a cross in the air. He stood for an instant with the finger yet raised, and, as it dropped, he dropped with it, and I laid him down dead.

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“When I returned to the bedside of the young woman, I found her raving in precisely the same order and continuity. I knew that this might last for many hours, and that it would probably end in the silence of the grave.

“I repeated the medicines I had given her, and I sat at the side of the bed until the night was far advanced. She never abated the piercing quality of her shrieks, never stumbled in the distinctness or the order of her words. They were always, ‘My husband, my father, and my brother! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, Hush!’

“This lasted twenty-six hours from the time when I first saw her. I had come and gone twice, and was again sitting by her, when she began to falter. I did what little could be done to assist that opportunity, and by and by she sank into a lethargy, and lay like the dead.

“It was as if the wind and rain had lulled at last, after a long and fearful storm. I released her arms, and called the woman to assist me to compose her figure and the dress she had torn. It was then that I knew her condition to be that of one in whom the first expectations of being a mother have arisen; and it was then that I lost the little hope I had had of her.

“‘Is she dead?’ asked the Marquis, whom I will still describe as the elder brother, coming booted into the room from his horse.



“ ‘Not dead,’ said I ; ‘but like to die.’

“ ‘What strength there is in these common bodies,’ he said, looking down at her with some curiosity.

“ ‘There is prodigious strength,’ I answered him ‘in sorrow and despair.’

“He first laughed at my words, and then frowned at them. He moved a chair with his foot near to mine, ordered the woman away, and said, in a subdued voice.

“ ‘Doctor, finding my brother in this difficulty with these hinds, I recommended that your aid should be invited. Your reputation is high, and, as a young man with your fortune to make, you are probably mindful of your interest. The things that you see here, are things to be seen, and not spoken of.’

“I listened to the patient’s breathing, and avoided answering.

“ ‘Do you honour me with your attention, Doctor ?’

“ ‘Monsieur,’ said I, ‘in my profession, the communications of patients are always received in confidence.’ I was guarded in my answer, for I was troubled in my mind by what I had heard and seen.

“Her breathing was so difficult to trace, that I carefully tried the pulse and the heart. There was life, and no more. Looking round as I resumed my seat, I found both the brothers intent upon me.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ I write with so much difficulty, the cold is so severe, I am so fearful of being detected and consigned to an underground cell and total darkness, that I must abridge this narrative. There is no confusion or failure in my memory ; it can recall, and could detail, every word that was ever spoken between me and those brothers.

“She lingered for a week. Towards the last, I could understand some few syllables that she said to me, by placing my ear close to her lips. She asked me where she was, and I told her who I was. It was in vain that I asked her for her family name. She faintly shook her head upon the pillow, and kept her secret, as the boy had done.



"I had no opportunity of asking her any question, until I had told the brothers she was sinking fast, and could not live another day. Until then, though no one was ever presented to her consciousness save the woman and myself, one or other of them had always jealously sat behind the curtain at the head of the bed when I was there. But when it came to that, they seemed careless what communication I might hold with her ; as if the thought passed through my mind—I were dying too.

"I always observed that their pride bitterly resented the younger brother's (as I call him) having crossed swords with a peasant, and that peasant a boy. The only consideration that appeared really to affect the mind of either of them, was the consideration that this was highly degrading to the family, and was ridiculous. As often as I caught the younger brother's eyes, their expression reminded me that he disliked me deeply, for knowing what I knew from the boy. He was smoother and more polite to me than the elder ; but I saw this. I also saw that I was an encumbrance in the mind of the elder too.

"My patient died, two hours before midnight—at a time, by my watch answering almost to the minute when I had first seen her. I was alone with her, when her forlorn young head drooped gently on one side, and all her earthly wrongs and sorrows ended.

"The brothers were waiting in a room downstairs, impatient to ride away. I had heard them, alone at the bedside, striking their boots with their riding-whips, and loitering up and down.

" 'At last she is dead ?' said the elder, when I went in.

" 'She is dead,' said I.

" 'I congratulate you, my brother,' were his words as he turned round.

"He had before offered me money, which I had postponed taking. He now gave me a rouleau of gold. I took it from his hand, but laid it on the table. I had considered the question, and had resolved to accept nothing.

" 'Pray excuse me,' said I. 'Under the circumstances, no !'



"They exchanged looks, but bent their heads to me as I bent mine to them, and we parted without another word on either side.....

"I am weary, weary, weary—worn down by misery. I cannot read what I have written with this gaunt hand.

"Early in the morning, the rouleau of gold was left at my door in a little box, with my name on the outside. From the first, I had anxiously considered what I ought to do. I decided, that day, to write privately to the Minister, stating the nature of the two cases to which I had been summoned, and the place to which I had gone : in effect, stating all the circumstances. I knew what Court influence was, and what the immunities of the Nobles were, and I expected that the matter would never be heard of, but I wished to relieve my own mind. I had kept the matter a profound secret, even from my wife ; and this, too, I resolved to state in my letter. I had no apprehension whatever of my real danger ; but I was conscious that there might be danger for others, if others were compromised by possessing the knowledge that I possessed.

"I was much engaged that day, and could not complete my letter that night. I rose long before my usual time next morning, to finish it. It was the last day of the year. The letter was lying before me just completed, when I was told that a lady waited, who wished, to see me.....

"I am growing more and more unequal to the task I have set myself. It is so cold, so dark, my senses are so benumbed, and the gloom upon me is so dreadful.

"The lady was young, engaging, and handsome, but not marked for long life. She was in great agitation. She presented herself to me, as the wife of the Marquis St. Evremonde. I connected the title by which the boy had addressed the elder brother, with the initial letter embroidered on the scarf, and had no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that I had seen that nobleman very lately.

"My memory is still accurate, but I cannot write the words of our conversation. I suspect that I am watched more closely than I was, and I know not at what times I may be watched. She had in part suspected, and in part discovered, the main facts of the cruel story, of her husband's share in it, and my



being resorted to. She did not know that the girl was dead. Her hope had been, she said in great distress, to show her, in secret, a woman's sympathy. Her hope had been to avert the wrath of Heaven from a house that had long been hateful to the suffering many.

"She had reasons for believing that there was a young sister. I could tell her nothing but that there was such a sister; beyond that I knew nothing. Her inducement to come to me, relying on my confidence, had been the hope that I could tell her the name and place of abode. Whereas, to this wretched hour I am ignorant of both.....

"These scraps of paper fail me. One was taken from me, with a warning, yesterday. I must finish my record to-day.

"She was a good, compassionate lady, and not happy in her marriage. How could she be. The brother distrusted and disliked her, and his influence was all opposed to her; she stood in dread of him, and in dread of her husband too. When I handed her down to the door, there was a child, a pretty boy, from two to three years old, in her carriage.

" 'For his sake, Doctor,' she said, pointing to him in tears, I would do all I can to make what poor amends I can. He will never prosper in his inheritance otherwise. I have a presentiment that if no other innocent attonement is made for this, it will one day be required of him. What I have left to call my own—it is little beyond the worth of a few jewels—I will make it the first charge of his life to bestow, with the compassion and lamenting of his dead mother, on this injured family, if the sister can be discovered.'

"She kissed the boy, and said, caressing him, 'it is for thine own dear sake. Thou wilt be faithful, little Charles?' The child answered her bravely, 'Yes.' I kissed her hand, and she took him in her arms, and went away caressing him. I never saw her more.

"As she had mentioned her husband's name in the faith that I knew it, I added no mention of it to my letter. I sealed my letter, and, not trusting it out of my own hands, delivered it myself that day.



“That night, the last night of the year, towards nine o’clock, a man in a black dress rang at my gate, demanded to see me, and softly followed my servant, Earnest Defarge, a youth, upstairs. Then my servant came into the room where I sat with my wife—O my wife, beloved of my heart ! My fair young English wife ! We saw the man, who was supposed to be at the gate, standing silent behind him.

“An urgent case in the Rue St. Honore, he said. It would not detain me, he had a coach in waiting.

“It brought me here, it brought me to my grave. When I was clear of the house, a black muffler was drawn tightly over my mouth from behind, and my arms were bound. The two brothers crossed the road from a dark corner, and identified me with a single gesture. The Marquis took from his pocket the letter I had written, showed it me, burned it in the light of a lantern that was held, and extinguished the ashes with his foot. Not a word was spoken. I was brought here ; I was brought to my living grave.

“If it had pleased GOD to put it in the hard heart of either of the brothers, in all these frightful years to grant me any tidings of my dearest wife—so much as to let me know by a word whether alive or dead—I might have thought that he had not quite abandoned them. But now I believe that the mark of the red cross is fatal to them, and that they have no part in His mercies. And then and their descendents, to the last of their race, I, Alexandre Manette, unhappy prisoner, do this last night of the year 1767, in my unbearable agony, denounce to the times when all these things shall be answered for. I denounce them to Heaven and to earth.”

A terrible sound arose when the reading of this document was done.

And all the worse for the doomed man, that the denouncer was a well-known citizen, his own attached friend, the father of his wife.

“Much influence around him, has that Doctor ?” murmured Madame Defarge, smiling to The Vengeance. “Save him now, my Doctor, save him !”



At every juryman's vote, there was a roar. Another and another. Roar and roar.

Unanimously voted. At heart and by descent an aristocrat, an enemy of the Republic, a notorious oppressor of the people. Back to the conciergerie, and death within four-and-twenty hours !

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## CHAPTER XXVI

### DUSK

THE wretched wife of the innocent man thus doomed to die, fell under the sentence as if she had been mortally stricken. But she uttered no sound.

"Farewell, dear darling of my soul. My parting blessing on my love. We shall meet again, where the weary are at rest !"

They were her husband's words, as he held her to his bosom.

"I can bear it, dear Charles. I am supported from above ; don't suffer for me. A parting blessing for our child."

"I sent it her by you. I kiss her by you. I say farewell to her by you."

Her father had followed her, and would have fallen on his knees to both of them, but that Darnay put out a hand and seized him, crying,

"No, no ! what have you done, what have you done, that you should kneel to us ! We know now, what a struggle you made of old. We know now, what you underwent when you suspected my descent, and when you knew it. We know now, the natural antipathy you strove against, and conquered, for her dear sake. We thank you with all our hearts, and all our love and duty. Heaven be with you !"

Her father's only answer was to draw his hands through his white hair, and wring them with a shriek of anguish.



"It could not be otherwise," said the prisoner. "All things have worked together as they have fallen out. It was the always—vain endeavour to discharge my poor mother's trust that first brought my fatal presence near you. Good could never come of such evil, a happier end was not in nature to so unhappy a beginning. Be comforted, and forgive me. Heaven bless you !"

As he went out at the prisoners' door, she turned, laid her head lovingly on her father's breast, tried to speak to him and fell at his feet.

Then, issuing from the obscure corner from which he had never moved, Sydney Carton came and took her up. Only her father and Mr. Lorry were with her. His arm trembled as it raised her and supported her head. Yet there was an air about him that was not all of pity—that had flush of pride in it.

"Shall I take her to a coach ? I shall never feel her weight."

He carried her lightly to the door, and laid her tenderly down in a coach. Her father and their old friend got into it, and he took his seat beside the driver.

When they arrived at the house, he laid her down on a coach, where her child and Miss Pross wept over her.

"Don't recall her to herself," he said softly to the latter, "She is better so ; do not revive her to consciousness, while she only faints."

"Oh, Carton, Carton, dear Carton !" said little Lucie, springing up and throwing her arms passionately round him—in a burst of grief. "Now that you have come, I think you will do something to help mamma, something to save papa ! Oh, look at her, dear Carton ! can you, of all the people who love her, bear to see her so ?"

He bent over the child, and laid her blooming cheek against his face. He put her gently from him, and looked at her unconscious mother.

"Before I go," he said, and paused—"I may kiss her ?"

The child, who was nearest to him, told them afterwards and told her grandchildren when she was a handsome old lady, that she heard him say, "A life you love."



When he had gone out into the next room, he turned suddenly on Mr. Lorry and her father, who were following, and said to the latter,

“You had great influence but yesterday, Doctor Manette ; let it, at least, be tried. The judges, and all the men in power, are very friendly to you ; are they not ?”

“Nothing connected with Charles was concealed from me. I had the strongest assurances that I should save him and I did.” He returned the answer in great trouble, and very slowly.

“Try them again. The hours between this and tomorrow afternoon are few and short, but try.”

“I intend to try. I will not rest a moment.”

“That’s well I have known such energy as yours do great things before now—though never” he added, with a smile and sigh together, “such great things as this. But try. Of little worth as life is when we misuse it, it is worth that effort. It would cost nothing to lay down if it were not.”

“I will go,” said Doctor Manette, “to the Prosecutor and the President straight, and I will go to others whom it is better not to name. I will write too, and—but stay. There is a celebration in the streets, and no one will be accessible until dark.”

“That’s true. Well. It is a forlorn hope at the best, and not much the forlornier for being delayed till dark. I should like to know how you speed ; though mind, I expect nothing. When are you likely to have seen these dread powers, Doctor Manette ?”

“Immediately after dark, I should hope. Within an hour or two from this.”

“It will be dark soon after four. Let us stretch the hour or two. If I go to Mr. Lorry’s at nine, shall I hear what you have done, either from our friend or from yourself ?”

“Yes.”

“May you prosper !”

Mr. Lorry followed Sydney to the outer door, and touching him on the shoulder as he was going away, caused him to turn.



"I have no hope," said Mr. Lorry, in a low and sorrowful whisper.

"Nor have I."

"If any one of these men, or all of these men, were disposed to spare him—which is a large supposition ; for what is his life, or any man's to them !—I doubt if they durst spare him after the demonstration in the court."

"And so do I. I heard the fall of the axe in that sound."

Mr. Lorry leaned his arm upon the door-post, and bowed his face upon it.

"Don't despond," said Carton very gently ; don't grieve. I encouraged Doctor Manette in this idea, because I felt that it might one day be consolatory to her. Otherwise she might think 'his life was wantonly thrown away or wasted,' and that might trouble her."

"Yes, yes, yes," returned Mr. Lorry, drying his eyes, "you are right. But he will perish ; there is no real hope."

"Yes. He will perish ; there is no real hope," echoed Carton. And walked, with a settled step, downstairs.

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## CHAPTER XXVII

### DARKNESS

SYDNEY CARTON paused in the street, not quite decided where to go. "At Tellson's banking-house at nine," he said, with a musing face. "Shall I do well, in the meantime, to show myself ? I think so. It is best that these people should know there is such a man as I here ; it is a sound precaution, and may be a necessary preparation. But care, care, care. Let me think it out."

Carton came out of the closer streets again and dined at a place of refreshment and fell sound asleep after dinner. For the first time in many years, he had no strong drink.



It was as late as seven o'clock when he awoke refreshed, and went out into the streets again. As he passed along towards Saint Antoine, he stopped at a shop window where there was a mirror, and slightly altered the disordered arrangement of his loose cravat, and his coat collar, and his wild hair. This done, he went on direct to Defarge's, and went in.

There happened to be no customer in the shop but Jacques Three, of the restless fingers and the croaking voice. This man whom he had seen upon the jury stood drinking at the little counter, in conversation with the Defarges, man and wife. The Vengeance assisted in the conversation, like a regular member of the establishment.

As Carton walked in, took his seat, and asked for a small measure of wine, Madam Defarge cast a careless glance at him and then a keener, and then advanced to him herself, and asked him what it was he had ordered.

He repeated what he had already said.

"English?" asked Madame Defarge, inquisitively raising her dark eyebrows.

"Yes, madame, yes. I am English!"

Madame Defarge returned to her counter to get the wine, and, as he took up a Jacobin journal and pretended to pore over it puzzling out its meaning, he heard her say, "I swear to you, like Evremonde!"

Defarge brought him the wine, and gave him good-evening.

"How?"

"Good-evening."

"Oh! Good-evening, citizen," filling his glass. "Ah! and good wine. I drink to the Republic."

Defarge went back to the counter and said, "Certainly, a little like." Madame sternly retorted, "I tell you a good deal like."

"He is so much in your mind, see you, madame," Jacques Three remarked.

"Well, well," reasoned Defarge, "but one must stop somewhere."



“At extermination,” said madame ; “Defarge, I was brought up among the fishermen of the seashore, and that peasant family so injured by the two Evremonde brothers, as that Bastile paper describes, is my family. Defarge, that sister of the mortally wounded boy upon the ground was my sister, that husband, that brother, that father was my father, those dead are my dead, and that summons to answer for those things descends to me. Ask him, is that so ?”

“It is so,” assented Defarge once more.

“Then tell wind and fire where to stop,” returned madame ; “but do not tell me.”

Customers entered, and the group was broken up. The English customer paid for what he had had, perplexedly counted his change, and asked, as a stranger, to be directed towards the National Palace.

He went his way and was soon swallowed up in the shadow of the prison wall. At the appointed hour, he emerged from it to present himself in Mr. Lorry’s room again, where he found the old gentleman walking to and fro in restless anxiety. He said he had been with Lucie until just now, and had only left her for a few minutes, to come and keep his appointment. Her father had not been seen, since he quitted the banking-house towards four o’clock. She had some faint hopes that his mediation might save Charles, but they were very slight. He had been more than five hours gone ; where could he be ?

Mr. Lorry waited until ten ; but Doctor Manette not returning, and he being unwilling to leave Lucie any longer, it was arranged that he should go back to her, and come to the banking-house again at midnight. In the meanwhile, Carton would wait alone by the fire for the Doctor.

He waited and waited, and the clock struck twelve, but Doctor Manette did not come back. Mr. Lorry returned, and found no tidings of him, and brought none, where could he be ?

They were discussing this question, and were almost building up some weak structure of hope on his prolonged absence when they heard him on the stairs. The instant he entered the room, it was plain that all was lost.



Whether he had really been to any one, or whether he had been all that time traversing the streets, was never known. As he stood staring at them, they asked him no question, for his face told them everything.

"I cannot find it," said he, "and I must have it, where is it?"

His head and throat were bare, and, as he spoke with a helpless look straying all around, he took his coat off, and let drop on the floor.

"Where is my bench? I have been looking everywhere for my bench, and I cannot find it. What have they done with my work? Time presses: I must finish those shoes."

They looked at one another, and their hearts died within them.

"Come, come," said he, in a whimpering, miserable way; "let me get to work. Give me my work."

Receiving no answer, he tore his hair, and beat his feet upon the ground, like a distracted child.

"Do not torture a poor forlorn wretch," he implored them, with a dreadful cry; "but give me my work. What is to become of us, if those shoes are not done to-night?"

Lost utterly lost! Carton was the first to speak,

"The last chance is gone; it was not much. Yes; he had better be taken to her. But before you go, will you, for a moment, steadily attend to me? Do not ask me why I make the stipulations I am going to make, and exact the promise I am going to exact; I have a reason—a good one."

"I do not doubt it," answered Mr. Lorry. "Say on."

Carton stooped to pick up the coat, which lay almost entangling his feet. As he did so, a small case in which the Doctor was accustomed to carry the list of his day's duties, fell lightly on the floor. Carton took it up, and there was a folded paper in it. "We should look at this?" he said. Mr. Lorry nodded his consent. He opened it, and exclaimed, "Thank GOD!"

"What is it?" asked Mr. Lorry eagerly.



"A moment. Let me speak of it in its place. First," he put his hand in his coat, and took another paper from it, "that is the certificate which enables me to pass out of this city. Look at it. You see Sydney Carton, an Englishman?"

Mr. Lorry held it open in his hand, gazing in his earnest face.

"Keep it for me until to-morrow. I shall see him to-morrow, you remember, and I had better not take it into the prison."

"Why not?"

"I do not know : I prefer not to do so. Now, take this paper that Doctor Manette has carried about him. It is a similar certificate, enabling him and his daughter and her child, at any time, to pass the barrier and the frontier. You see?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps he obtained it as his last and utmost precaution, against evil, yesterday. When is it dated? But no matter; do not stay to look; put it up carefully with mine and your own. Now, observe! I never doubted until within this hour or two, that he had, or could have, such a paper. It is good, until recalled. But it may be soon recalled, and, I have reason to think, will be."

"They are not in danger?"

"They are in great danger. They are in danger of denunciation by Madame Defarge. I know it from her own lips. I have overheard words of that woman's, to-night, which have presented their danger to me in strong colours. I have lost no time, and since then I have seen the spy. He confirms me. He knows that a wood-sawyer, living by the prison wall, is under the control of the Defarges, and has been rehearsed by Madame Defarge as to his having seen her"—he never mentioned Lucie's name—"making signs and signals to prisoners. It is easy to foresee that the pretence will be the common one, a prison plot, and that it will involve her life—and perhaps her child's—and perhaps her father's—for both have been seen with her at that place. Do not look so horrified. You will save them all."



"Heaven grant I may, Carton ! But how ?" •

"I am going to tell you how. It will depend on you, and it could depend on no better man. This new denunciation will certainly not take place until after to-morrow, more probably not until two or three days afterwards. You know it is a capital crime to mourn for, or sympathise with, a victim of the guillotine. She and her father would unquestionably be guilty of this crime, and this woman would wait to add that strength to her case, and make herself doubly sure. You follow me ?"

"So attentively, and with so much confidence in what you say, that for the moment I lose sight," touching the back of the doctor's chair, "even of this distress."

"You have money and can buy the means of travelling to the sea-coast as quickly as the journey can be made. Your preparations have been completed for some days to return to England. Early to-morrow have your horses ready so that they may be in starting trim at two o'clock in the afternoon."

"It shall be done !"

His manner was so fervent and inspiring that Mr. Lorry caught the flame, and was as quick as youth.

"You are a noble heart. Did I say we could depend upon no better man ? Tell her, to-night, what you know of her danger as involving her child and her father. Dwell upon that for she would lay her own fair head beside her husband's, cheerfully." He faltered for an instant ; then went on as before. "For the sake of her child and her father, press upon her the necessity of leaving Paris, with them and you, at that hour. Tell her that more depends upon it than she dare believe, or hope. You think that her father, even in this sad state, will submit himself to her ; do you not ?"

"I am sure of it."

"I thought so. Quietly and steadily, have all these arrangements made in the courtyard here, even to the taking of your own seat in the carriage. The moment I come to you, take me in and drive away."

"I understand that I wait for you, under all circumstances ?"



"You have my certificate in your hand with the rest, you know, and will reserve my place. Wait for nothing but to have my place occupied, and then for England !"

"Why, then," said Mr. Lorry, grasping his eager but so firm and steady hand, "it does not all depend on one old man but I shall have a young and ardent man at my side."

"By the help of Heaven you shall ! Promise me solemnly that nothing will influence you to alter the course on which we now stand pledged to one another."

"Nothing, Carton."

"Remember these words tomorrow : change the course, or delay in it—for any reason—and no life can possibly be saved, and many lives must inevitably be sacrificed."

"I will remember them. I hope to do my part faithfully."

"And I hope to do mine. Now, good-bye !"



## CHAPTER XXVIII

### FIFTY-TWO

IN the black prison of the Conciergerie the doomed of the day awaited their fate. They were in number as the weeks of the year.

Being allowed to purchase the means of writing and a light, Darnay sat down to write letters to Lucie, her father and Mr. Lorry until such time as the prison lamps should be extinguished.

He never thought of Carton. His mind was so full of the others that he never once thought of him.

He had time to finish these letters before the lights were put out. When he lay down on his straw bed, he thought he had done with this world.



The hours went on as he walked to and fro and the clocks struck the numbers he would never hear again. Nine gone for ever, ten gone for ever, eleven gone for ever, twelve coming on to pass away.

He heard one struck away from him without surprise. The hour had measured like most other hours. Devoutly thankful to Heaven for his recovered self-possession, he thought, "There is but another now," and turned to walk again.

Footsteps in the stone passage, outside the door. He stopped.

The key was put in the lock, and turned. Before the door was opened, or as it opened, a man said in a low voice, in English, "He has never seen me here ; I have kept out of his way. Go you in alone ; I wait hear. Lose no time !"

The door was quickly opened and closed, and there stood before him, face to face, quiet, intent upon him, with the light of a smile on his features and a cautionary finger on his lip, Sydney Carton.

"Of all the people upon earth, you least expected to see me ?" he said.

"I could not believe it to be you. I can scarcely believe it now. You are not" the apprehension came suddenly into his mind—"a prisoner ?"

"No. I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of the keepers here, and in virtue of it I stand before you. I come from her, your wife, dear Darnay."

The prisoner wrung his hand.

"I bring you a request from her."

"What is it ?"

"A most earnest, pressing, and emphatic entreaty, addressed to you in the most pathetic tones of the voice so dear to you, that you well remember."

The prisoner turned his face partly aside.

"You have no time to ask me why I bring it, or what it means ; I have no time to tell you. You must comply with it—take off those boots you wear, and draw on these of mine."



There was a chair against the wall of the cell, behind the prisoner. Carton, pressing forward, had already, with the speed of lightning, got him down into it, and stood over him bare-foot.

"Draw on these boots of mine. Put your hands to them ; put your will to them. Quick !"

"Carton, there is no escaping from this place ; it never can be done. You will only die with me. It is madness."

"It would be madness if I asked you to escape : but do I ? When I ask you to pass out at that door, tell me it is madness and remain here. Change that cravat for this of mine, that coat for this of mine. While you do it, let me take this ribbon from your hair, and shake out your hair like this of mine."

With wonderful quickness, and with a strength, both of will and action, that appeared quite supernatural, he forced all these changes upon him. The prisoner was like a young child in his hands.

"Carton ! Dear Carton ! It is madness. It cannot be accomplished, it never can be done, it has been attempted, and has always failed. I implore you not to add your death to the bitterness of mine."

"Do I ask you, my dear Darnay to pass the door ? When I ask you that, refuse. There are pen and ink and paper on this table. Is your hand steady enough to write ?"

"It was, when you came in."

"Steady it again, and write what I shall dictate. Quick, friend, quick."

Pressing his hand to his bewildered head, Darnay sat down at the table. Carton, with his right hand in his breast, stood close beside him.

"Write exactly as I speak."

"To whom do I address it ?"

"To no one." Carton still had his hand in his breast.

"Do I date it ?"

"No."



The prisoner looked up at each question. Carton, standing over him with his hand in his breast, looked down.

“ ‘If you remember,’ ” said Carton, dictating, “ ‘the words that passed between us, long ago, you will readily comprehend this when you see it. You do remember them, I know. It is not in your nature to forget them.’ ”

He was drawing his hand from his breast ; the prisoner chancing to look up in his hurried wonder as he wrote, the hand stopped, closing upon something.

“Have you written ‘forget them’ ?” Carton asked.

“I have. Is that a weapon in your hand ?”

“No ; I am not armed.”

“What is it in your hand ?”

“You shall know directly. Write on ; there are but a few words more.” He dictated again. “ ‘I am thankful that the time has come when I can prove them. That I do so is no subject for regret or grief’.” As he said these words, with his eyes fixed on the writer, his hand slowly and softly moved down close to the writer’s face.

The pen dropped from Darnay’s fingers on the table, and he looked about him vacantly.

“What vapour is that ?” he asked.

“Vapour ?”

“Something that crossed me ?”

“I am conscious of nothing ; there can be nothing here. Take up the pen and finish. Hurry, hurry !”

As he looked at Carton with clouded eyes and with an altered manner of breathing, Carton—his hand again in his breast—looked steadily at him.

“Hurry, hurry !”

The prisoner bent over the paper once more.

“ ‘If it had been otherwise’ ”—Carton’s hand was again watchfully and softly stealing down—“ ‘I never should have used the longer opportunity. If it had been otherwise’ ”—the hand was at the prisoner’s face—“ ‘I should but have had so much the more to answer for. If it had been other-



wise'." Carton looked at the pen, and saw it was trailing off into unintelligible signs.

Carton's hand moved back to his breast no more. The prisoner sprang up, with a reproachful look, but Carton's hand was close and firm at his nostrils, and Carton's left arm caught him round the waist. For a few seconds he faintly struggled with the man who had come to lay down his life for him, but within a minute or so, he was stretched insensible on the ground.

Quickly, but with hands as true to the purpose as his heart was, Carton dressed himself in the clothes the prisoner had laid aside, combed back his hair and tied it with the ribbon the prisoner had worn. Then he softly called, "Enter there ! Come in !" and the spy presented himself.

"You see," said Carton, looking up, as he kneeled on one knee beside the insensible figure, putting the paper in the breast ; "is your hazard very great ?"

"Mr. Carton," the spy answered, with a timid snap of his fingers, "my hazard is not *that* in the thick of business here, if you are true to the whole of your bargain."

"Do not fear me. I will be true to the death."

"You must be, Mr. Carton, if the tale of fifty-two is to be right. Being made right by you in that dress I shall have no fear."

"Have no fear ! I shall soon be out of the way of harming you, and the rest will soon be far from here, please God ! Now get assistance and take me to the coach."

"You ?" said the spy nervously.

"Him, man, with whom I have exchanged. You go out at the gate by which you brought me in ?"

"Of course."

"I was weak and faint when you brought me in and I am fainter now you take me out. The parting interview has overpowered me. Such a thing has happened here often, and too often. Your life is in your own hands. Quick ! Call assistance !"

"You swear not to betray me ?" said the trembling spy, as he paused for a last moment.



"Man, man !" returned Carton, stamping his foot ; "have I sworn by no solemn vow already, to go through with this, that you waste the precious moments now ? Take him yourself to the courtyard you know of, place him yourself in the carriage, show him yourself to Mr. Lorry, tell him yourself to give him no restorative but air, and to remember my words of last night and his promise of last night, and drive away !"

The spy withdrew, and Carton seated himself at the table, resting his forehead on his hands. The spy returned immediately, with two men.

"How then ?" said one of them, contemplating the fallen figure. "So afflicted to find that his friend has drawn a prize in the lottery of Saint Guillotine ?"

"A good patriot," said the other, "could hardly have been more afflicted if the aristocrat had drawn a blank."

They raised the unconscious figure, placed it on a litter they had brought to the door, and bent to carry it away.

"The time is short, Evremonde," said the spy, in a warning voice.

"I know it well," answered Carton. "Be careful of my friend, I entreat you, and leave me."

"Come, then, my children," said Barsad. "Lift him, and come away !"

The door closed, and Carton was left alone. Straining his powers of listening to the utmost, he listened for any sound that might denote suspicion or alarm. There was none. Keys turned, doors clashed, footsteps passed along distant passages : no cry was raised or hurry made that seemed unusual. Breathing more freely in a little while, he sat down at the table, and listened again until the clocks struck two.

Sounds that he was not afraid of, for he divined their meaning then began to be audible. Several doors were opened in succession, and finally his own. A jailor, with a list in his hand, looked in, merely saying, "Follow me, Evremonde !" and he followed into a large dark room, at a distance. It was a dark winter day, and what with the shadows within, and what with the shadows without, he could but dimly discern the others who were brought there to have their arms bound. Some were



standing, some seated, some were lamenting and in restless motion ; but these were few. The great majority were silent and still, looking fixedly at the ground.

As he stood by the wall in a dim corner, while some of the fifty-two were brought in after him, one man stopped in passing, to embrace him, as having a knowledge of him. It thrilled him with a great dread of discovery ; but the man went on. A very few moment after that a young woman, with a slight girlish form, a sweet spare face in which there was no vestige of colour, and large, widely opened, patient eyes, rose from the seat where he had observed her sitting and came to speak to him.

“Citizen Evremonde,” she said, touching him with her cold hand. “I am a poor little seamstress who was with you in La Force.”

He murmured for answer ; “True. I forget what you were accused of.”

“Plots. Though the just heaven knows I am innocent of any. Is it likely ? Who would think of plotting with a poor little weak creature like me ?”

The forlorn smile with which she said it so touched him that tears started from his eyes.

“I am not afraid to die, citizen Evremonde, but I have done nothing. I am not unwilling to die, if the Republic which is to do so much good to us poor, will profit by my death ; but I do not know how that can be, citizen Evremonde. Such a poor weak little creature !”

As the last thing on earth that his heart was to warm and soften to, it warmed and softened to this pitiable girl.

“I heard you were released, citizen Evremonde. I hoped it was true !”

“It was. But I was again taken and condemned.”

“If I may ride with you, citizen Evremonde, will you let me hold your hand ? I am not afraid, but I am little and weak, and it will give me more courage.”



As the patient eyes were lifted to his face, he saw a sudden doubt in them, and then astonishment. He pressed the work-worn, hunger-worn young fingers and touched his lips.

"Are you dying for him?" she whispered.

"And his wife and child. Hush! Yes."

"Oh, you will let me hold your brave hand, stranger?"

"Hush! Yes, my poor sister; to the last."

The same shadows that are falling on the prison, are falling, in that same hour of the early afternoon, on the barrier with the crowd about it, when a coach going out of Paris drives up to be examined.

"Who goes here? Whom have we within? Papers."

The papers are handed out, and read.

"Alexandre Manette. Physician. French. Which is he?"

This is he; this helpless, inarticulately murmuring, wandering old man pointed out.

"Apparently the citizen-doctor is not in his right mind? The revolution-fever will have been too much for him?"

Greatly too much for him.

"Hah! Many suffer with it. Lucie. His daughter. French. Which is she?"

This is she.

Apparently it must be. Lucie the wife of Evremonde; is it not?"

It is.

"Hah! Evremonde has an assignation elsewhere. Lucie, her child. English. This is she?"

She and no other.

"Sydney Carton. Advocate. English. Which is he?"

He lies here, in this corner of the carriage. He, too, is pointed out.

"Apparently the English advocate is in a swoon?"

It is hoped he will recover in the fresher air. It is represented that he is not in strong health, and has separated sadly from a friend who is under the displeasure of the Republic.



"Is that all? It is not a great deal, that! Many are under the displeasure of the Republic, and must look out at the little window. Jarvis Lorry. Banker. English. Which is he?"

"I am he. Necessarily, being the last."

It is Jarvis Lorry who has replied to all the previous questions.

"Behold your papers, Jarvis Lorry, countersigned."

"One can depart, citizen?"

"One can depart. Forward, my postillions! A good journey!"

"I salute you, citizen—And the first danger passed!"

These are again the words of Jarvis Lorry as he clasps his hands, and looks upward. There is terror in the carriage, there is weeping, there is the heavy breathing of the insensible traveller.

"Are we not going too slowly? Can they not be induced to go faster?" asks Lucie, clinging to the old man.

"It would seem like flight, my darling. I must not urge them too much; it would rouse suspicion."

"Look back, look back, and see if we are pursued!"

"The road is clear, my dearest. So far we are not pursued!"

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## CHAPTER XXIX

### THE KNITTING DONE

When the fifty-two awaited their fate, Madame Defarge held darkly ominous council with The Vengeance and Jacques Three of the revolutionary jury. Not in the wine-shop did Madame Defarge confer with these ministers, but in the shed of the wood-sawyer, erst a mender of road.



"It is not quite like a good citizen ; it is a thing to regret."

"See you," said madame, "I care nothing for this Doctor, I. He may wear his head or lose it, for any interest I have in him ; it is all one to me. But the Evremonde people are to be exterminated, and the wife and child must follow the husband and father."

Jacques Three croaked, "No one must escape. We have not half enough as it is. We have not half enough as it is. We ought to have six score a day."

The wood-sawyer, advanced with his hand to his red cap.

"Touching those signals, little citizen," said Madame Defarge sternly, "that she made to the prisoners, you are ready to bear witness to them this very day ?"

"Ay, ay, why not ?" cried the sawyer. "Every day, in all weathers, from two to four, always signalling, sometimes with the little one, sometimes without. I know what I know. I have seen with my eyes."

"Clearly plots," said Jacques Three, "Transparently."

"You are engaged at three o'clock ; you are going to see the batch of to-day executed. You ?"

The question was addressed to the wood-sawyer, who hurriedly replied in the affirmative.

"I", said madame, "am equally engaged at the same place. After it is over—say at eight to-night—come you to me, in Saint Antoine, and we will give information against these people at my section."

Madame Defarge beckoned the juryman and The Vengeance a little nearer to the door, and there expounded her further views to them thus :

She will now be at home, awaiting the moment of his death. "She will be mourning and grieving. She will be in a state of mind to impeach the justice of the Republic, She will be full of sympathy with its enemies. I will go to her."

It was nothing to her that an innocent man was to die for the sins of his forefathers ; she saw, not him, but them. It was nothing to her that his wife was to be made a widow and his daughter an orphan ; that was insufficient punishment, because



they were her natural enemies and her prey, and as such had no right to live. Such a heart Madame Defarge carried under her rough robe. Lying hidden in her waist was a sharpened dagger. Thus accounted, and walking with the confident tread of such a character, and with the supple freedom of a woman who had habitually walked in her childhood bare-foot and bare-legged, on the brown sea-sand, Madame Defarge took her way along the streets.

Now, when the journey of the travelling-coach, at that very moment waiting for the completion of its load, had been planned out last night, the difficulty of taking Miss Pross in it had much engaged Mr. Lorry's attention. It was not merely desirable to avoid overloading the coach, but it was of the highest importance that the time occupied in examining it and its passengers should be reduced to the utmost; since their escape might depend on the saving of only a few seconds here and there. Finally, he had proposed, after anxious consideration, that Miss Pross and Jerry, who were at liberty to leave the city, should leave it at three o'clock in the lightest-wheeled conveyance known to that period.

Seeing in this arrangement the hope of rendering real service in that pressing emergency, Miss Pross hailed it with joy. She and Jerry had beheld the coach start.

"Now what do you think, Mr. Cruncher," said Miss Pross, whose agitation was so great that she could hardly speak, or move, or live—"What do you think of our not starting from this courtyard? Another carriage having already gone from here today, it might awaken suspicion."

"My opinion, miss," returned Mr. Cruncher, "is as you are right. Likewise wot I will stand by you, right or wrong."

"I am so distracted with fear and hope for our precious creatures," said Miss Pross, wildly crying, "that I am incapable of forming any plan. Are you capable of forming any plan, my dear good Mr. Cruncher?"

"Respectin' a future spear life, miss," returned Mr. Cruncher, "I hope so. Respectin any present case o' this here blessed old head o' mine, I think not, Would you do me the favour, miss, to take notice o' two promises and wows wot it is my wishes fur to record in this here crisis?"



"Oh, for gracious' sake !" cried Miss Pross, still wildly crying, "record them at once, and get them out of the way, like an excellent man."

"First," said Mr. Cruncher, who was all in a tremble, and who spoke with an ashy and solemn visage : "them poor things well out o' this, never no more will I do it, never no more !"

"I am quite sure, Mr. Cruncher," returned Miss Pross, "that you never will do it again, whatever it is, and I beg you not to think it necessary to mention more particularly what it is."

"No, miss," returned Jerry, "it shall not be named to you. Second : them poor things well out this, and never no more will I interfere with Mrs. Cruncher's flopping, never no more !"

"Whatever housekeeping arrangement that may be ?" said Miss Pross, striving to dry her eyes and compose herself, "I have no doubt it is best that Mrs. Cruncher should have it entirely under her own superintendence. O my poor darlings !"

"I go so far as to say, miss, moreover," proceeded Mr. Cruncher, with a most alarming tendency to hold forth as from a pulpit—"and let my words be took down and took to Mrs. Cruncher through yourself—that wot my opinions respectin' flopping has undergone a change, and that wot I only hope with all my heart as Mrs. Cruncher may be a-flopping at the present time."

"There, there, there ! I hope she is, my dear man," cried the distracted Miss Pross, "and I hope she finds it answering her expectations."

"Forbid it," proceeded Mr. Cruncher, with additional solemnity, additional slowness, and additional tendency to hold out, "as anything wot I have ever said or done should be visited on my earnest wishes for them poor creatures now. Forbid it, as we should not all flop, (if it was anyways convenient) to get 'em out o' this here dismal risk. Forbid it, miss. Wot I say, forbid it !" This was Mr. Cruncher's conclusion after a protracted but vain endeavour to find better one.

And still Madame Defarge, pursuing her way along the streets, came nearer and nearer.



"If we ever get back to our native land," said Miss Pross, "You may rely upon my telling Mrs. Cruncher as much as I may be able to remember and understand of what you have so impressively said ; and at all events you may be sure that I shall bear witness to your being thoroughly in earnest at this dreadful time. Now, pray let us think. My esteemed Mr. Cruncher, let us think !"

Still Madame Defarge, pursuing her way along the streets came nearer and nearer.

"If you were to go before," said Miss Pross, "and stop the vehicle and horses from coming here, and were to wait somewhere for me ; wouldn't that be best ?"

Mr. Cruncher thought it might be best.

"Where could you wait for me ?" asked Miss Pross.

Mr. Cruncher was so bewildered that he could think of no locality but Temple Bar. Alas, Temple Bar was hundreds of miles away, and Madame Defarge was drawing very near indeed.

"By the cathedral door," said Miss Pross. "Would it be much out of the way to take me in near the great cathedral door between the two towers ?"

"No, Miss," answered Mr. Cruncher.

"Then, like the best of men," said Miss Pross, "go to the post-house straight, and make that change."

"I am doubtful," said Mr. Cruncher, hesitating and shaking his head, "about leaving of you, you see. We don't know what may happen."

"Heaven knows we don't," returned Miss Pross ; "but have no fear for me. Take me in at the cathedral, at three o'clock, or as near it as you can, and I am sure it will be better than our going from here. I feel certain of it. There ! Bless you, Mr. Cruncher ! Think-not of me, but of the lives that may depend on both of us !"

With an encouraging nod or two, he immediately went out to alter the arrangements and left her by herself to follow as she had proposed.



Miss Pross got a basin of cold water and began laving her eyes, which were swollen and red, but constantly paused and looked round to see that there was no one watching her. In one of those pauses she recoiled and cried out, for she saw a figure standing in the room.

The basin fell to the ground broken, and the water flowed to the feet of Madame Defarge.

Madame Defarge looked coldly at her, and said, "The wife of Evremonde ; where is she ?"

It flashed upon Miss Pross's mind that the doors were all standing open, and would suggest the flight. Her first act was to shut them. There were four in the room, and she shut them all. She then placed herself before the door of the chamber which Lucie had occupied.

Madame Defarge's dark eyes followed her through this rapid movement, and rested on her when it was finished. Miss Pross had nothing beautiful about her ; years had not tamed the wildness, or softened the grimness, of her appearance ; but she too was a determined woman in her different way, and she measured Madame Defarge with her eyes, every inch.

"You might, from your appearance, be the wife of Lucifer," said Miss Pross, in her breathing. "Nevertheless, you shall not get the better of me. I am an Englishwoman."

"On my way yonder," said Madame Defarge, with a slight movement of her hand towards the fatal spot, "where they reserve my chair and my knitting for me, I am come to make my compliments to her in passing. I wish to see her."

Each spoke in her own language ; neither understood the other's words ; both were very watchful, and intent to deduce from look and manner what the unintelligible words meant.

"It will do her no good to keep herself concealed from me at this moment," said Madame Defarge. "Good patriots will know what that means. Let me see her. Go tell her that I wish to see her. Do you hear ?"

"If those eyes of yours were bed-winsches," returned Miss Pross, "and I was an English four-poster, they should not loose a splinter of me. No, you wicked foreign woman ; I am your match."



Madame Defarge was not likely to follow these remarks in detail ; but she so far understood them as to perceive that she was set at naught.

*made* "Woman, imbecile and pig-like !" said Madame Defarge, frowning. "I demand to see her. Either tell her that I demand to see her, or stand out of the way of the door and let me go to her." This with an angry explanatory wave of her right arm.

"I little thought," said Miss Pross, "that I should ever want to understand your nonsensical language ; but I would give all I have, except the clothes I wear, to know whether you suspect the truth, or any part of it."

Neither of them for a single moment released the other's eyes. Madame Defarge had not moved from the spot where she stood when Miss Pross first became aware of her ; but she now advanced one step.

"I am a Briton," said Miss Pross, "I am desperate. I don't care an English Twopence for myself. I know that the longer I keep you here, the greater hope there is for my Ladybird. I'll not leave a handful of that dark hair upon your head, if you lay a finger on me !"

This was a courage that Madame Defarge so little understood as to mistake for weakness. "Ha, ha !" she laughed, "you poor wretch ! What are you worth ! I address myself to that Doctor." Then she raised her voice and called out, "Citizen Doctor ! Wife of Evremonde ! Child of Evremonde ! Any person but this miserable fool, answer the Citizeness Defarge !"

Perhaps the following silence, perhaps some latent disclosure in the expression of Miss Pross's face, perhaps a sudden misgiving apart from either suggestion, whispered to Madame Defarge that they were gone. Three of the doors she opened swiftly, and looked in.

"These rooms are all in disorder, there has been hurried packing, there are odds and ends upon the ground. There is no one in that room behind you ! Let me look."

"Never !" said Miss Pross, who understood the request as perfectly as Madame Defarge understood the answer.



"If they are not in that room, they are gone, and can be pursued and brought back," said Madame Defarge to herself.

"As long as you don't know whether they are in that room or not, you are uncertain what to do," said Miss Pross to herself; "and you shall not know that, if I can prevent your knowing it; and know that or not know that, you shall not leave here while I can hold you."

"I have been in the streets from the first, nothing has stopped me, I will tear you to pieces, but I will have you from that door," said Madame Defarge.

"We are alone at the top of a high house in a solitary courtyard, we are not likely to be heard, and I pray for bodily strength to keep you here, while every minute you are here is worth a hundred thousand guineas to my darling," said Miss Pross.

Madame Defarge made at the door. Miss Pross, on the instinct of the moment, seized her round the waist in both her arms, and held her tight. It was in vain for Madame Defarge to struggle and to strike; Miss Pross, with the vigorous tenacity of love, always so much stronger than hate, clasped her tight, and even lifted her from the floor in the struggle that they had. The two hands of Madame Defarge buffeted and tore her face; but Miss Pross, with her head down, held her round the waist, and clung to her with more than the hold of a drowning woman.

Soon, Madame Defarge's hands ceased to strike, and felt at her encircled waist. "It is under my arm," said Miss Pross, in smothered tones, "you shall not draw it. I am stronger than you, I bless Heaven for it. I hold you till one or other of us faints or dies!"

Madame Defarge's hands were at her bosom. Miss Pross looked up, saw what it was, struck at it, struck out a flash and a crash, and stood alone—blinded with smoke.

All this was in a second. As the smoke cleared, leaving an awful stillness it passed out on the air, like the soul of the furious woman whose body lay lifeless on the ground.

In the first fright and horror of her situation, Miss Pross passed the body as far from it as she could, and ran down the



stairs to call for fruitless help. Happily, she thought of the consequences of what she did, in time to check herself and go back. It was dreadful to go in at the door again ; but, she did go in, and even went near it, to get the bonnet and other things that she must wear. These she put on, out on the staircase, first shutting and locking the door and taking away the key. She then sat down on the stairs a few moments to breathe and to cry, and then got up and hurried away.

By good fortune she had a veil on her bonnet, or she could hardly have gone along the streets without being stopped. By good fortune, too, she was naturally so peculiar in appearance as not to show disfigurement like any other woman. She needed both advantages, for the marks of gripping fingers were deep in her face, and her hair was torn, and her dress (hastily composed with unsteady hands) was clutched and dragged a hundred ways.

In crossing the bridge, she dropped the door key in the river. Arriving at the cathedral some few minutes before her escort, and waiting there, she thought, what if the key were already taken in a net, what if it were identified, what if the door were opened and the remains discovered, what if she were stopped at the gate, sent to prison, and charged with murder ! In the midst of these fluttering thoughts, the escort appeared, took her in, and took her away.

“Is there any noise in the streets ?” she asked him.

“The usual noises,” Mr. Cruncher replied ; and looked surprised by the question and by her aspect.

“I don’t hear you,” said Miss Pross. “What do you say ?”

It was in vain for Mr. Cruncher to repeat what he said ; Miss Pross could not hear him. “So I’ll nod my head,” thought Mr. Cruncher, amazed, “at all events she’ll see that.” And she did.

“Is there any noise in the streets now ?” asked Miss Pross again, presently.

Again Mr. Cruncher nodded his head.

“I don’t hear it.”



"Gone deaf in an hour?" said Mr. Cruncher, ruminating, with his mind much disturbed; "wot's come to her?"

"I feel," said Miss Pross, "as if there had been a flash and a crash, and that crash was the last thing I should ever hear in this life."

"Blest if she ain't in a queer condition!" said Mr. Cruncher, more and more disturbed. "Wot can she have been a takin', to keep her courage up? Hark! There's the roll of them dreadful carts! You can hear that, miss?"

"I can hear," said Miss Pross, seeing that he spoke to her, "nothing. O, my good man, there was first a great crash, and then a great stillness, and that stillness seems to be fixed and unchangeable, never to be broken any more as long as my life lasts."

"If she don't hear the roll of these dreadful carts, now very nigh their journey's end," said Mr. Cruncher, glancing over his shoulder, "it's my opinion that indeed she never will hear anything else in this world."

And indeed she never did.

Along the Paris streets, the death-carts rumbled, hollow and harsh. Six tumbrils carry the day's wine to La Guillotine.

On the steps of a church, awaiting the coming-up of the tumbrils, stands the Spy and prison-sheep. He looks into the first of them; not there. He looks into the second: not there. He already asks himself, "Has he sacrificed me?" when his face clears, as he looks into the third.

"Which is Evremonde?" says a man behind him.

"That. At the back there."

"With his hand in the girl's?"

"Yes."

The man cries, "Down, Evremonde! To the Guillotine all aristocrats! Down, Evremonde!"

"Hush, hush!" the Spy entreats him, timidly.

"And why not, citizen?"

"He is going to pay the forfeit: it will be paid in five minutes more. Let him be at peace."



But the man continuing to exclaim, "Down Evremonde !" the face of Evremonde is for a moment turned towards him. Evremonde then sees the Spy, and looks attentively at him, and goes his way.

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash !—A head is held up, and the knitting-women who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count One.

The second tumbril empties and moves on ; the third comes up. Crash !—And the knitting-women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count Two.

The supposed Evremonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. They solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it ; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone ; the knitting-women count Twenty-Two.

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, Twenty-Three.

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peace fullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

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## NOTES

### CHAPTER I

**The Mail :** mail coach ; a large four-wheeled carriage that carries mail on its roof and travellers inside.

**the Dover road :** the road that goes from London, *via* Blackheath and Rochester, to Dover on the Channel Coast.

**between whiles :** at times.

**near leader :** the carriage horse in front and on the left side.

**the guard :** on a travelling carriage the man who attends to passengers and luggage.

**My blood !** a curse or oath.

**burst :** a sudden effort.

**to skid :** to fasten a wooden or metal shoe in order to prevent a wheel from revolving and moving downhill at great speed.

**In the king's name :** to safeguard or protect the mail under the king's authority.

**adjuration :** request.

**on the offensive :** prepared to fire on mere suspicion.

**holster :** leather case that is fixed to a saddle.

**o' yours :** of yours.

**a Devil at a quick mistake :** likely to shoot in haste and without hesitation, on mere suspicion.

**blunderbuss :** a short gun.

**a crown to drink :** five shillings to buy a drink with.

**If so be as you're quick :** if it is so that you are quick.

**blazing strange message :** (the great surprise of Jerry will become clear in Chapter XII).

**dig out of a grave :** help at the release of a person who had been in prison for 18 years.

**kept his own counsel :** did not tell his secrets to anyone.

### CHAPTER II

**head drawer :** chief waiter.

**valise :** a small leather trunk for clothes.

**packet :** a ship which carries mail.



**winds sets fair** : wind is favourable and will continue so.

**concord** : name of a bedroom.

**sea-coal** : coal carried from New Castle over the sea.

**digging in the coals** : remembering the past while gazing on the live coals. Perhaps thinking of the release of the prisoner who had been in jail for 18 years.

**It has.....throw him out of work** : it may recall him from his fits of absentmindedness.

**Channel** : the English Channel.

**intelligence** : information.

**curtsied** : made a feminine salutation by bending at the knees.

**Beauvais** : a town in France to the north of France.

**turning an immense pecuniary mangle** : turning a huge machine, *i.e.*, Tellson's Bank, the only aim of which is to make money without caring for its clients' feelings. (Mr. Lorry says he has no feelings. He conveys to Miss Manette indirectly that he does not expect her to be unduly upset on hearing about her father who she thinks has been dead long since.)

**the privilege** : Before the French Revolution, the French king or any of his ministers could order the imprisonment of a person for an indefinite period without giving any reasons and by merely filling in his name in the blank space on a form. Such an order was called a *Lettre de Cachet*. Any person with influence could get a minister pass the order.

**credentials** : documents which prove a person's identity.

**smelling salts** : a cure for faintness.

### CHAPTER III

**had undergone a grinding in the mill** : had borne the hardships of life.

**dominoes** : an indoor game.

**what the devil.....gallery there ?** : a saying meaning "what business have you there ?"

**triumvirate** : a party of three.

### CHAPTER IV

**One hundred and five** : the prisoner's number and designation in the records of the prison.

**travelling papers** : passport and other documents.

**barrier** : a gate on the frontier of a country.

**postillion** : where customs etc. are collected.



## A TALE OF TWO CITIES

## CHAPTER V

**Whitefriars** : name of a district so called because there was formerly in it a convent of friars who dressed in white. It was now a place where bad characters stayed.

**patchwork counterpane** : a quilt made of many-coloured patches.

**Harlequin** : a character in pantomime who wears many-coloured clothes and dances.

**bust** : burst.

**Aggerawayter** : 'Aggravater' wrongly pronounced.

**Agin** : against.

**wittles** : victuals, food.

**Old Bailey** : This was the central criminal court of London.

**quartering** : cutting a body into four parts. This used to be a form of punishment for high treason in England till about the end of the 18th. century.

**Lewis** : Louis XVI, the French King.

## CHAPTER VI

**Judas** : Judas Iscariot, the disciple of Christ who betrayed him.

**shaping them into grave clothes** : trying his best to get him convicted and sentenced to death.

## CHAPTER VII

**offices** : services.

**calling the reckoning** : asking for the bill in order to pay it.

**went the same circuit** : they attended courts in the same district.

**Jackal** : Here Carton is compared to a jackal because he followed Stryver, the lion, and helped the latter with his cases in the courts.

**the Temple** : One of the Inns of Court in London. These are a sort of Law Colleges.

**Memory** : Sydney Carton helped Stryver in remembering the important points of a case. That is why he was called 'Memory' by the latter.

## CHAPTER VIII

**Ladybird** : a pet name ; originally given to Juliet by her nurse in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*.

**affidavit** : a written declaration on oath.

## CHAPTER IX

**Monseignuer** : title given to the nobles and princes of the French Court.



**Monsieur** : French for 'sir'. Plural 'messieurs'.

**courier** : messenger.

**chateau** : a large country house.

**flambeau** : torch.

## CHAPTER XI

**waif** : homeless wanderer.

## CHAPTER XII

**Saint Pancras** : name of an ancient church.

**young 'un** : young one.

**wenturs** : ventures.

**again me** : against me.

**short commons** : insufficient food.

**Izaak Walton** : a famous fisherman, author of "The Compleat Angler", published in 1653.

**wital** : vital, important.

## CHAPTER XIV

**chariot** : a four-wheeled carriage.

**chaise** : a carriage with four wheels which was used by passengers travelling by relays.

## CHAPTER XV

**professional claptrap** : a lawyer's tricks.

**flights** : deeds, achievements.

**run of confidence** : so much of confidence in a bank that it results in a great rush of clients to deposit money there.

**turnkey** : the warder of a jail who keeps the keys of the prison-rooms.

**the Bastille** : this prison was got built by Charles V of France in 1370. During the rule of Louis XIII and afterwards the King of France could order anybody's imprisonment in this famous prison.

**linstock** : a stick with a fork at one end in which a lighted match was placed to fire a cannon.

**Hotel de Ville** : the Town Hall of Paris.

**the grim old officer** : This officer has been identified as Marquis de Lannay whose body was hacked to pieces and taken through the streets.

## CHAPTER XVII

**codger** : fellow ; a mean person.



## A TALE OF TWO CITIES

**Abbaye :** The Abbey of St. Germain, a convent, which was used as a prison during the French Revolution.

**sequestration :** confiscation of the property of an accused or suspect. This was done under the law of February 9, 1791 by the Revolutionaries.

**emigrant :** A person who leaves his own native country to live in another. In revolutionary France the term was applied to any French noble who ran away from his country.

**process :** a civil suit in a court of law.

## CHAPTER XVIII

**patriot :** any citizen of France who supported the Revolution.

**Beauvais :** the birth place of Doctor Manette.

**the decree :** In revolutionary France laws under which families of emigrants were put watch as suspects.

**the Guillotine :** It was an instrument invented by a Dr. Guillotine. With it the heads of condemned persons were cut off by the Revolutionaries in 1792.

**La Force, La Conciergerie :** two of the more important prisons where the condemned were placed by the Revolutionaries.

## CHAPTER XIX

**St. Germain quarter :** Abbaye prison was situated in this part of the city to the south of river Seine.

## CHAPTER XXI

**Tribunal :** Court of justice set up by Revolutionaries for summary trial of prisoners.

**their lists :** The lists which included the names of those prisoners who were to be tried and sentenced on a particular day. The Public Accuser prepared these.

## CHAPTER XXII

**Purveyor :** One who provides articles of food.

**denounced to the section :** With the beginning of the French Revolution Paris was divided into 48 sections, and a Revolutionary Committee was formed in each section. Suspected enemies of the Revolution were reported to these Section Committees.

## CHAPTER XXIII

**Pont Neuf :** This is the bridge, near Conciergerie, that joins the island in the river Seine, in Paris, to its north and south banks. On the island is the famous Cathedral of Notre Dame.

**over the water :** across the Channel, i.e., England.



**sheep of the prisons** : a cant word of the time for a spy under the jailors. These were the hateful traitors who, in order to save themselves for a time, reported and bore witness against the accused.

**overthrown government** : the government of Louis XVI of France.

## CHAPTER XXIV

**wot** : that, which.

**fardens** : farthings.

**sarse** : sauce.

**blow upon** : inform against ; betray.

## CHAPTER XXV

**rouleau** : roll of coins wrapped in paper.

**pretty boy** : the boy here referred to is Charles Darnay.

## CHAPTER XXVII

**Jacobin** : The extremist society of Revolutionaries in France which took its name 'Jacobin' from the fact that at first they used to meet in the Jacobin Convent of St. Jacques in Paris.

## CHAPTER XXIX

**spear** : sphere.

**wows** : vows.

**them** : those.

**no more** : any more.

**that wot** : that.

**Lucifer** : Satan.

**bed winch** : an instrument with which the screws and bolts of a bed are twisted.

**the day's wine** : the day's group of the condemned prisoners who were to be guillotined.



## QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What conditions prevailed on the English high roads towards the end of the eighteenth century ?
2. What story does Mr. Lorry relate to Miss Manette about her father ?
3. Give an account of the meeting between Miss Manette and her father.
4. What sort of a life did the Cruncher family live at home ?
5. What do you learn about their characters from the conversation that took place between Sydney Carton and Charles Darnay, after the latter's acquittal ?
6. Describe Sydney Carton's way of life.
7. How did the aristocracy in France live towards the end of the eighteenth century ?
8. What incidents led to the assassination of Charles Darnay's uncle ?
9. What were the two promises made by Charles Darnay and Dr. Manette to each other ?
10. What entreaty was made by Sydney Carton to Miss Manette ?
11. How did young Jerry come to know of the 'honest' calling of his father ?
12. How did the Defarges handle Barsad, the spy, when he entered their wineshop ?
13. Describe briefly the trial of Charles Darnay.
14. Relate, in its chronological order, the story of Dr. Manette.
15. Compare and contrast the characters of Defarge and Madame Defarge. *Sydney*
16. What part do the following characters play in the story :  
(a) Barsad, (b) Jerry Cruncher, (c) Miss Pross.
17. Whom do you consider the central character in the novel ? Give reasons.
18. Write character-sketches of (a) Sydney Carton, (b) Charles Darnay, (c) Jarvis Lorry.
19. Write character-sketches of (a) Lucie Manette, (b) Madame Defarge, (c) Miss Pross.
20. Point out, and relate briefly, the dramatic situations on which the story turns.
21. Write a note on the humour of Dickens and illustrate your points ?
22. Explain and illustrate how the novel is a story of self-sacrifice.
23. Which one of the characters in the novel do you like best, and why ?
24. Describe the condition of England, particularly of London, in the reign of George III, on the basis of what you gather from this novel.
25. In what sense can one call *A Tale of Two Cities* a historical novel ?
26. What light does the Old Bailey trial of Charles Darnay throw on the administration of justice in England in the eighteenth century ?



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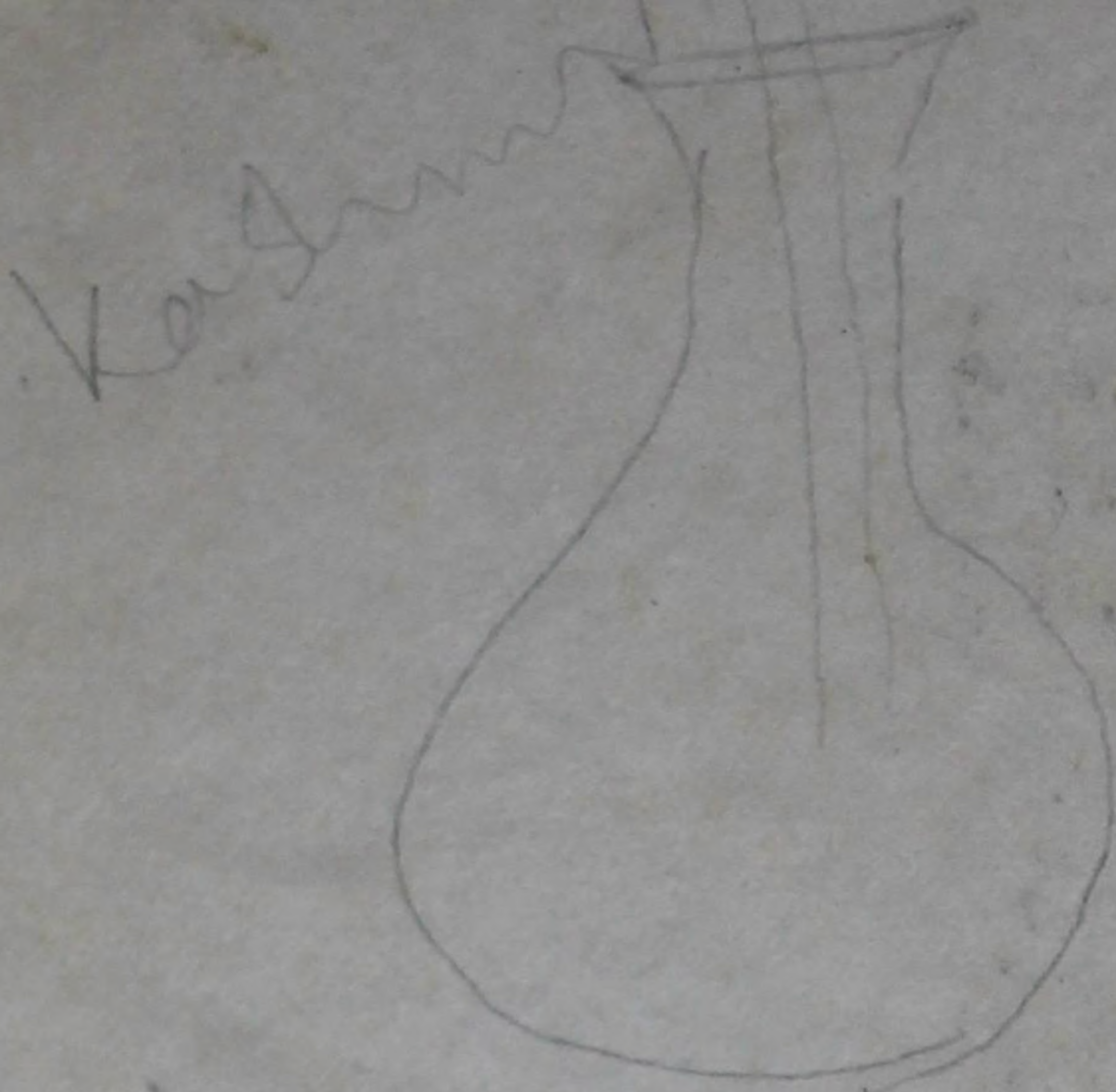


14  
Low reasoning

1/1/1

low, little  
(the) a beam in (angle)





maglo